

# CONNOLLY SHIELD WINNER TO BE ANNOUNCED MUNRO DAY

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★  
20 UNIVERSITIES IN I.S.S. DRIVE

Intercollegiate  
Badminton  
Meet Friday  
and  
Saturday

## THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

America's Oldest College Paper

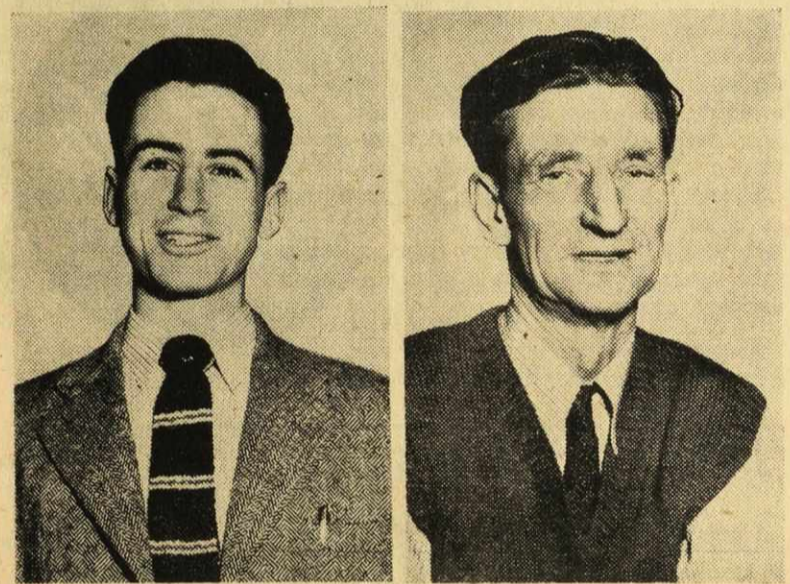
Munroe Day  
Tuesday  
March 8th

Vol. LXXXI

HALIFAX, N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 1949

No. 34

# DAL STUDENTS WILL TAKE OVER CJCH FOR SECOND D-DAY MONDAY



Andy MacKay and "Butsy" O'Brien . . . Challengers for the title of "Campus King" in the contest sponsored by I.S.S.

## Twenty Canadian Universities Taking Part In I.S.S. Fund Raising Campaign

At 20 universities and colleges across Canada funds are now being raised for International Student Service. The organization includes professors and graduates and students. Honorary President is Viscount Alexander, Governor General of Canada, and the President is Dr. N. A. M. MacKenzie, President of the University of British Columbia.

## D.G.A.C. Elects Officers For '50

At a meeting of the D.G.A.C. the following were elected as officers for next year:

- President—Frances Doane.
- Secty.—Treas.—Jan Robertson.
- Basketball Mgr.—Noelle Barter.
- Badminton Mgr.—Joanne Beau-bien.
- Archery Mgr.—Jean Bowers.
- Field Hockey Mgr.—Nancy Hendersoon.
- Ice Hockey Mgr.—Marjorie Yeaton.
- Tennis Mgr.—Shirley McCoy.
- Swimming Mgr.—Pat Pigot.

## Notice -- Glee Club

The Glee Club Business Manager will be in the Glee Club office (backstage) on Saturday, March 6 and Wednesday, March 8 between the hours of 10 and 11 for the purpose of finalizing the Glee Club accounts. Will all those with outstanding Glee Club bills please bring them, together with supporting vouchers, on either of the above dates OR place same in an envelope addressed to the Business Manager leaving them in the Glee Club office before next Friday.

### SPECIAL NOTICE

Admission to all Munro Day activities will be by Students' Council card ONLY.

By Order

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

Organized after the First World War by a group of university men and women who sought to alleviate the needs of European universities, it was realized that international understanding was being created by the relief organization. The International Student Service was established in 1926 with national headquarters at Geneva.

In 1940, a group of senior university professors and graduates met to establish a Canadian branch of the I.S.S. It received a Dominion Charter and was under the patronage of Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor General of Canada.

At the Third Annual Conference, held at Ajax, Ontario in October 1948, changes were made in the Canadian Committee. The name was changed to the International Student Service of Canada, and an annual conference was established as the policy making body of the organization.

The I.S.S. is the only body in the Dominion uniting the three levels of university life, students, graduates and faculty members in a common program. The groups are given full representation on the National Committee and at the National Conference. Regional representation is provided under the vice presidents on the National Committee, for the Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario and Western regions.

Nationally and internationally, I.S.S. is by tradition impartial and unbiased.

## All Programmes Will Be Written, Produced And Directed By Students; Daily Shows Will Be Specially Adapted For Occasion

### Convocation To Be Held Tuesday

Dr. Scammell, Registrar of Dalhousie University, has extended a cordial invitation to the student body to attend the Convocation which will be held in the Gym on Munroe Day. The chief feature of this convocation, which will commence at 10.30, will be the presentation of an honorary degree of LL.D. to Thomas H. Raddall, the foremost author of historical fiction in Canada.

The citation for this degree will be given by Prof. C. L. Bennet. Mr. Raddall will give the Convocation Address. Dr. A. E. Kerr will also speak.

The highlights of Munroe Day afternoon will be the Interfac basketball game, the quartet contest and the presentation of the Munroe Day Queen.

In the evening, after a supper dance in the residence, there will be the presentation of the new Council, presentation of awards and the Munroe Day show followed by a dance from 9.00 to 1.00.

D-Day will celebrate its first anniversary this Monday, Dalhousie Day . . . the day when Dal students 'take over' Radio Station CJCH . . . the day when all programming and announcing heard over that popular station will be handled by Dalhousians.

### U.N.T.D. Cadets To Be Trained For Aviation

OTTAWA, March 2—A plan to enter a number of University Naval Training Division Cadets in the Royal Canadian Navy executive branch for specialization in Naval aviation was announced today by Naval Headquarters.

Candidates must graduate in 1949 or 1950 and be under 23 years of age on June 30 of the year of graduation.

After graduation, accepted applicants will spend a six months probationary period at sea in the rank of acting sub-lieutenant.

On successful completion of this period, they will be sent to the United Kingdom for sub-lieutenants' courses, with the rank of acting lieutenant.

Flying training will follow and on attaining wings, standard officers will be confirmed in the rank of lieutenant.

From seven o'clock Monday morning, when the voices of Bob Smith and Ian McDermid pierce your peaceful slumber, to one o'clock the following morning (Munroe Day) when Art Hartling will assist Norm Reilly in putting you to bed, it will be Dalhousie's day.

Co-eds will be interviewed by Abbie Lane; Alf Coward will give out with piano stylings as only Alf can; excerpts of the Glee and Dramatic Society's "Patience" will be broadcast; Don Warner, Dal's most colorful alumnus of the entertainment world will do a disc show especially recorded for D-Day; Dr. Kerr will speak on the life of George Munroe; Town and Country will feature the Dalhousie Bunkhouse Boys; a service will be broadcast from King's Chapel and be sure to hear Joyce Whittier in "A Date With Joyce".

To the uninitiated, D-Day is the brainchild of last year's Publicity Director Art Mears, and through the co-operation of Station Manager Finlay MacDonald, proved a huge success. It was the first time in Canada that university students carried on a complete day of broadcast.

D-Day staff will include Sherm Zwicker, Bob Smith, Ian McDermid, Clem Beaton, Tom Lowe, Joyce Whittier, Don Trivett, Vail Cato, Ken Phelps, Bob Kaill, Art Hartling, Jack Lusher.

Production Manager, John Grant; Traffic Manager, Bill Wren; Station Manager, Jack Wilcox; Chief Announcer, John Trim and D-Day adviser, Bruce Lockwood comprise the D-Day Committee.

## N.F.C.U.S. Elects Slate Of Officers

The Dalhousie NFCUS Committee, at a meeting held in the Murray Homestead, Wednesday night, elected Richey Love its new chairman. This election was made necessary by the resignation of Ross Hamilton, who felt that his new post as Maritime Vice-President of NFCUS would take up a great deal of his time. Patsy Pigot was elected Secretary by a unanimous vote of the Committee.

## Last Three Connolly Shield Plays Presented At Gym Tuesday Evening

The Connolly Shield Competition closed Tuesday evening with the presentation of the last three plays. Professor Bennet in giving his comments after the plays, said that the presentations showed a lack of rehearsal, and should have had more time, care and effort. In praise of the entries, he stated that many of the plays entered this year could have won in previous years.

Taking the plays in reverse order, Bennet remarked that "The Dabblers" presented by Delta Gamma, was perhaps not so easy to do as it appeared at first, because it is harder for 19 and 20 to play 19 and 20 than perhaps older parts." The parts were evenly divided, but he gave Doreen Nathanson in her part as Cora a slight edge.

"Lemon Pie for Andy" presented by Arts and Science, was a bit overplayed. Andy, played by John Trim, and Betts, played by Betty Cousins, seemed mad rather than happy. They made an effort out of something which should have been light.

"The Bishop's Candlesticks", which was presented by the Newman Club, had more possibilities than either of the others. It had drama, and could stand

up even under the rigorous treatment of amateurs. The set was effective, although not quite so much as King's, the previous night.

The Bishop, played by Al Bacardax, was well costumed, and had a suitable ecclesiastical air, with poise and a good voice. He did not give the impression of the type of man to be bossed by his sister. He should have been a little more merciful, and throughout the play, he did not seem to enter completely into the part.

The Convict, portrayed by Frank Flemming, entered wholeheartedly into his part. His voice was excellent, expressing far more than his actions, which were somewhat weak.

Professor Bennet will announce the winner of the competition on Munroe Day.

# DALHOUSIE Gazette

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Member Canadian University Press

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No. 34

## THE UNINTERESTED 800

Some 900 Dalhousie students went to the polls Tuesday to vote for their representatives—the people who will manage affairs at Dalhousie for the next year. We now know the result of the voting, and we have learned the names of the new members of the Council of Students. But we will never know who the uninterested 800 students were who didn't bother to vote.

These days, what with the great Red shadow and all, democracy and the secret ballot are privileges enjoyed by some people and ardently desired by others. Then, of course, there are some people who have no choice in the matter and apparently happy that way. Whoever these people are and wherever they may be, at least we can understand them.

But who can understand the action of a person who pays money into an organization, has the chance to select the people who will spend this money, and doesn't make a choice?

Apparently at Dalhousie there are some 800 students who are beyond understanding—some 800 students who paid money into the council coffers and did not bother to vote for those candidates they thought best suited to the job of handling that money.

One thing we can understand about them, however, is that they are the same type of people who don't bother to vote for their chosen candidates out in the cold, cruel world to which we are supposedly going to be exposed.

They are the type of people who, in Halifax say, don't bother to voice opinions about what they think is a wrong—as in the Business Tax business recently—until it is too late. And then they don't bother to right the wrong, they go somewhere else, or look for a better place, or just accept the wrong.

A lot of people in Europe and Asia and practically everywhere in the world have been trying "go somewhere else" when faced with the scourge of Communism—they haven't all gone too far. Their search for a better place has been a futile one in most cases.

But a great many of them have realized too late that they had a chance and missed it, that opportunity was there but apathy barred the door. So they have accepted the wrong, believing it wasn't too bad, and found it to be worse than their wildest imaginings.

All this of course, seems to have little to do with anything as trivial as a student election at a little university. But actually it is pertinent, for people who avoid the little issues don't usually become strong in action about big issues.

They become fence jumpers—leaping from one side of the fence to the other. And apparently it is a pretty good method of avoiding trouble, and bother, and worry.

But what do they do when they find the same thing on both sides of the fence, and don't like it? They do nothing because it is too late—and you can't stand on the fence for very long.

Some 800 Dalhousie students didn't bother to vote. And it is reasonable to assume that a majority of that number will not bother to vote when they graduate. In other words, they will be poor citizens. They are already poor Dalhousians.

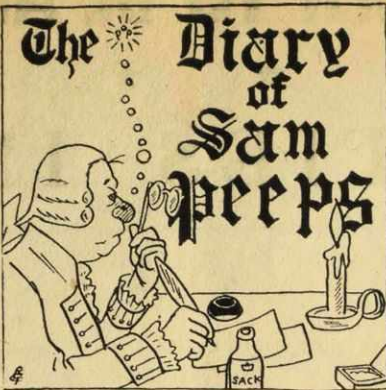
## THE JUNIOR PROM DEFICIT

For many years at Dalhousie, it has been a custom—almost a rite—for the Junior Class to stage the big dance of the college year, the Junior Prom.

In line with habit of the past, this year's junior class operated the Junior Prom. They went "into the red". Several bills are outstanding — and in the minds of the people to whom the money is owed, Dalhousie is the debtor, not the Junior Class of Dalhousie.

The Council of Students have been trying, unsuccessfully, to find a way out of this dilemma. Constitutionally, they cannot advance money to the Junior Class because it is not a student society under their jurisdiction. And the Junior Class can't raise any money.

Meanwhile the bills are still owed. Dalhousie's name is still connected with unpaid debts. Might it not be a solution for the Council to pay the bills, and then argue out how the Junior Class are going to pay the Council? At least our credit would be reinstated.



Tuesday, March 1—Up early today and to the polls wherein I did cast my ballot in the democratic fashion—which same is very encouraging, methinks.

Did go down along the line and sneaked into the poll whereat the Pharmacy scholars were assigned to make their vote, and did most secretly drop in a ballot in favor of my great and good companion Gym Hairless. I am resolved I will vote only for him, he being such a fine fellow and much to my liking, as he knows nothing about the college on the hill, and thus will be able to misconstrue and dissemble all the better.

Have this day laid in a mighty fine supply of snuff in anticipation of Sunday and the Lords' Day Malignance. I am almost dead from sneezing, having had to use pepper in my nostrils all through last Sunday. It is not a good substitute for real snuff.

Have resolved, too, that I will set my already popular little tune "Oh! Honey Have a Snuff on Me.", to the music of my viol, and play it at the next Festival.

This night early I did make my way to home where I did sleep for a full hour before setting out on the night's debauch—which will be a wondrous thing.

With Less Ozone to the office of the Spectator (early edition) where in we did wait anxiously for reports from Charles Bigapple, who was participating in the counting of the ballots to see who will win the elections. Great pleasure at final result for a time, with many fine people gaining office.

Even Less Ozone who was running for some minor office was able to get in somehow. However, I did receive news which has for once and for all cured me of any desire for the new democratic elections. My great and boon candidate, Hairless—received only one vote. And as I voted for him, I must have been alone in seeing his finer qualities. It is too bad for him that people are not as intelligent as myself for I think him to be a rare good man. Still, people are calling him "No-Friends" Hairless already.

Wednesday, Mar. 2.—Celebration still on, and I becoming greatly angered at this bufoon Less Ozone who is pleased withal that he is to hold some no account under-secretaryship. Highly amused when the door did open and in came Carmen McSpike with a great red rose clenched between his plates. He did inform me that he was greatly twisted, having played some fool sport last evening, one the wrong side, or something. In any case, his team mates did play well and smote the enemy and a great celebration was held.

This fiesta whereat there were many people with roses, and mostly Irish, was held in the Lemonmens' Hall where I did sing mightily and pleased all there with my rendition of Dullhousie Nightmare, a fine new song, accompanied on the piano by Ilack Perception of the Wail.

Thursday, Mar. 3—Still up, and mighty tired—and disgusted too, everytime I hear that Hairless got only One vote. Everywhere today there is a hustle and a bustle and a preparation for the great holiday which is called Morrow Day in memory of James Morrow who broke his arm on the play fields of Eton.

It seems that this is a day when all and sundry have a good time, which same is a fine idea. I am resolved that I shall pay no attention to the rules of society but shall be my old self on this day. I do fervently wish, however, that I not meet that great sot, Roast Porkington, who is a schemer of sorts, I think.

## CONTINUOUS QUALITY IS QUALITY YOU TRUST

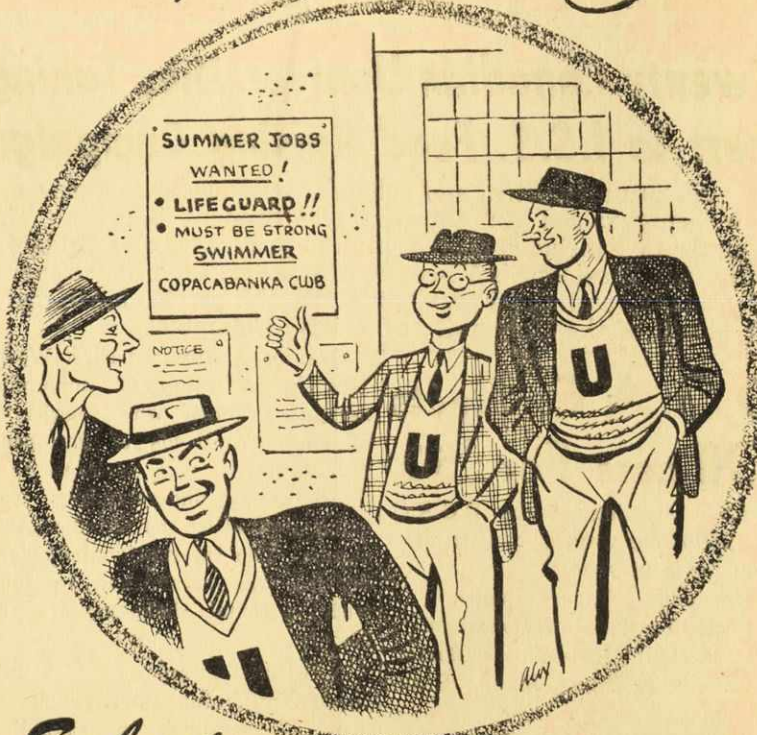
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# American Legion

\* \* \* \* \*

Gene stomped his feet and clapped his hands together. It was the middle of August and only forty knots off the coast of that hot little island of Trinidad, but the temperature somehow reminded him of the Arctic Ocean in January. Well, it didn't remind him of the Arctic. How could it? He had never been there. Still it could not be much colder, and except for an iceberg now and then, not much different. That was his only objection to the sea; it was just the same whether you were off the coast of India or the United States. And all this truck about adventure on the high seas. Why he had been sailing on the American Legion for two months and nothing had happened. Of course there was that time in Buenos Aires when he almost got killed by a drunken native, but that could have happened in his home town. The Wops down on School Street were always getting themselves knifed. Yes, the sea was rather a disappointment, but then everything seemed to be a little disappointing if you stopped to figure it out.

Still he was glad he had taken this job on the merchant marine, if it was only to get what he wanted from his parents. Then too, that damn idea to sail was out of his system forever. How sick he was of dirty dishes and brass rails! Any job on land would look better to Gene now. Just to have his feet on good solid ground would satisfy him; his stomach would have a chance to rest too. It had never quite regained its stability after that first bad swell. He just wasn't cut out to be a sailor. Gene was glad he found it out though, instead of going through life wondering.

In another hour the Dog Watch would be over. That name sure fitted anything connected with the sea—a dog's life it was, without a redeeming feature. It sure was hell trying to keep your eyes open on these windy nights. Gene had gotten so that he could almost go to sleep standing up. That was a

bad way to be too, because all of a sudden, he'd hear that damn mate yell. The voice breaking the black stillness of the night always sent shivers through his body. He would strain his eyes for a sign of anything unusual. Always there was a black shadow lurking somewhere along the deck. It never turned out to be anything worth reporting though. God, how he wished something would happen to break the monotony of these awful watches! Nothing terrible of course, nothing that wouldn't turn out all right in the end. Gene was no fool. He liked excitement as well as the next guy, but hell, he also wanted to get home to his family and his girl. He was young and not even dying a hero appealed to him. Sometimes, when the night was as black as this and not even God seemed to be around, he would think a little surreptitiously

about losing his life for a great cause; but the first penetrating rays of the morning sun washed that crazy idea from his head.

My God, what was that! Some one moaned. Now who the hell would be on deck to moan at this hour? Gee, the sea was getting on his nerves! Well that wind could sound human whistling past those stacks. There it was again. It was like a man's voice! What's more it didn't come with the gusts of wind. It wasn't the wind. That damn moan was rising in pitch until it became a inhuman scream! Gene jumped like a frightened rabbit when the first officer clapped a hand on his shoulder and asked,

"Mister Tower, did you hear that?"

"Yes, sir!"  
"One of those goddam men smuggled gin aboard at Trinidad, and now he's crazy drunk. The Skipper gave express orders about that stuff. He'll give me hell for letting them bring it aboard. Go get that drunken fool and I'll give him a taste of what I'll get!"

That was excitement for you! The only time anything unusual happened it was because some one got drunk. You could find a million drunks on any street corner at home. There it was again! What the hell was the matter with the guy? It sounded as if he were being tortured. Probably an advanced case of D. T.'s. Well in that case he might as well put in a call for the ship's doctor as he went past the office. These D. T.'s were no cinches, you needed the doc to control the fools. Where had that awful scream come from—Oh yes up on the Poop. Boy, the lad had some nerve drinking his liquor there.

It seemed a mile long, that walk to the Poop Deck. At last he reached the stairs. He couldn't see them, but he knew that they were there because he tripped over the damn things. If that lousy drunk thought he was going to get

any gentle treatment tonight, he was mistaken. Oh, well, he wouldn't know what was going on any how. Why the hell didn't that moon come out from behind the clouds? It was darker than pitch and the drunk had stopped moaning. No, there it was again. God what a wail. Gene wanted to knock him one over the head and put them both out of their misery. It sounded as if it came from near the port; yes, there he was. What did he have on? No ordinary sailor's clothing. It looked like the long flowing robe of an Arab, except that it was all white. And he was kneeling. Well he ought to kneel and pray to God that Gene wouldn't give him a good swift kick.

Gene had his hand outstretched to grab the drunk by the neck. His foot slipped and he threw both hands in the air to retain his balance. It was no use. He went down like an anchor. For a moment he sat there and swore softly. He put his hand on the deck to push himself up and it landed in the midst of some warm sticky liquid. The liquid did not feel like gin either. It felt strangely like—my God it was blood! Gene was scared now. He got up quickly and walked stealthily around the figure. He was a fool to sneak up that way after he had made such a hell of a noise when he fell, but there was something about that kneeling figure that made him act like a hero in a melodrama. He had to lean over close to the body in order to see the face. There was at least a months growth of beard and an inch of dirt covering it; yet Gene could see the guy was a white man.

The white covering slowly began to rise as if under its own power. Suddenly it parted and two outstretched arms took form.

"Help me! In the name of God, don't stand there, help me!"

The voice rose from a weak groan to another piercing scream. Gene thanked God that the doctor broke in on the little drama just then.

"What seems to be the trouble? More liquor aboard?"

"No, doc, this guy isn't drunk, he's sick! What's more he isn't one of our men."

"Help me, Lord! Help me!"  
"That scream! If he does it again I'll go nuts!"

"Now then, my boy, take it easy. Carry this man to my office and we'll see what is going on."

Gene did as he was told without thinking about it. If he'd ever stopped to think, he'd have probably made a dive for the rail. There was something about the white clad figure that made him want to go away and hide. Perhaps it was just because he had found him in the dark, and didn't quite understand how he got aboard or where he came from. In the light of the doc's office he would be all right again. Gees, he sure was a baby. His knees were shaking so he could hardly hold on to the human cargo, though it was light enough for a woman to carry.

When he finally got it to the doc's office he laid it on the cot. The doc, damn him, tore off the white covering without giving Gene a chance to leave. This time Gene did run. Straight to the open porthole out of which he emptied the contents of his revolting stomach.

"Come back here, you fool! I need your help. This fellow won't hurt you."

Gene gasped. He could never look at that thing again. It had no ears, its feet were spouting blood like a fountain, one hand looked as if it had been chawed at by a rat.

The doctor had lain a hand on Gene's shoulder.

"It's a pretty rotten case of leprosy, but I need your help."

Leprosy! Instinctively Gene wiped his hands furiously on his pants. He'd die now all right, and not even a hero's death at that! It was too late now to do anything about it, he might as well go back. Anyhow what he felt now was not repulsion, but indescribable pity for a fellow sufferer.

"O.K., doc. What can I do?"  
Together the men prepared to bathe the body of the patient.

"Oh God don't touch me! I've been through enough agony. Let me die in peace. Only please listen to what I have to say!"

\* \* \*

Gene stomped his feet again to ward off the numbing effects of the cold. Ten miles from New York and August and yet he was shivering. Thank God this was his last watch for this trip forever. It hadn't been so bad after all though. That sure was a funny thing about the leper. He wouldn't have been lying when he knew he was going to die; yet that was the wierdest tale Gene had ever heard. A nice happy home life, a wife and kids, and then the war. Deserted—afraid to face his family again—escape to South America—and then leprosy. What luck! Funny how he managed to sneak aboard the American Legion. A last desperate attempt to die on his own soil. Gees, it sounded like a fairy tale, but then there was the ring from Columbia University which proved something. Gene would never forget that burial. The night had been so cold and dark, but just as the poor guy went down, the clouds parted. The moon shone down right on the body, just as if it were a sign from God.

Weird. Damn weird. But it sure would make a swell story to tell Gene's kids.



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*for a smooth  
smoke...*

*Before the Exam*



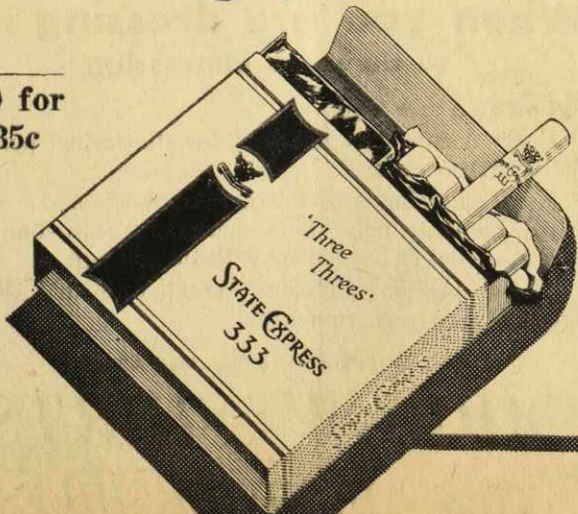
*During the Prom*



*After the Show*

**STATE EXPRESS**  
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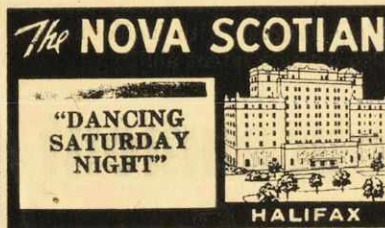
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## The Campus Roundup

by Windy O'Neill

One of the most significant things about the Dalhousie student elections was the small number that cast votes. Out of 1,582 eligible, only 935 voted which is (according to the last year commerce student who just stuck out his head from under the desk) 59%. This total, of course, excludes the 126 King's students, who did not pay Student Council fees.

What's the answer? Is it that everyone is satisfied the way things are going? Is a great part of the Dalhousie student body disinterested in the welfare of campus affairs—or is Dalhousie University the scene of mass hookey-playing?

The elections also showed the existence of two schools of thought in the student body. One, the minority, favours a conciliatory, obeisant attitude towards the university, the other, favouring an aggressive, independent approach.

Due to the crying need for student facilities and self-government the latter attitude has been necessary in the past three years, and has paid off in stirring the university into a cognizance of our needs. Some results—a new football field, stands for the gym, freedom of the Gazette.

However, in the process, the former school of thought claims that a feeling of enmity between the university authorities and the student body has developed. Whether this is true or not we will not venture to say, but such an enmity should not now be started or continued for the good of Dalhousie University as a whole. The new council has promised to work for a rink, an adequate book store and canteen, and a Dalhousie "Homecoming Day". We feel quite sure that the University officials and the new student council will labor side by side in an effort to make these things a reality. Co-operation with firmness should be the slogan for 1950.

Lastly, we would like to compliment Norm Stewart, of Engineering, for the most competent way that he and his committee handled the elections. Old hands say they can't remember a better job. Also, we must not neglect the work of Commissioner Harris MacDonald, late of the Mare Equus, who sternly administered solemn oaths to all those Med student who left council cards in their hope chests.

Last summer, quite a furore was caused amongst the good citizens of Halifax when one city council member accused another of "wanting all the gravy". This particular member later explained that "gravy" meant "glory". In the light of last week's snowblowing we can't resist commenting—"Paths of glory lead but to the gravy".

Re Varsity hockey. We are going to risk a temptation of saying "We told you so". Serious consideration should be given the abandonment of varsity hockey next year. It is about time that Dalhousie realized that vaudeville is dead, and we stopped trying to entertain the other universities.

Our hockey players did their best and tried their hardest but the handicap thrown on us by the My.A.U., and the lack of proper facilities has made it impossible for us to put up an effort worthy of the name of Dalhousie. The only players we have developed have been goalkeepers, of whom, several passed on of rubber-in-the-bloodstream, shell shock, and housemaid's back from gleaming pucks out of the twine. Varsity hockey, this year, has cost the student body in the vicinity of \$1,000—the benefits are not commensurate.

This corner proposes that next year we take this money and run a real super-duper inter-faculty hockey league, with uniforms and sticks supplied. In this way we may also develop latent ability.

## Badminton Tournament Begins Today In Gym

The Intercollegiate Badminton Championship Tournament began this morning at 9.30 in the gym. This tournament is divided into two sections with the Intercollegiate team competition, a round robin affair in which U.N.B., Mt. A., and Dal are entered, taking place today.

The second part of the tournament is the individual competition among students from Dal Mt. A., U.N.B., Tech, and the N. S. Agriculture College, which takes place tomorrow.

Dalhousie, the defending intercollegiate Champions, have all three members of last year's men's team back, Noel Hamilton, last year's Singles Champ, A. Cleveland and Ned Banks. The girls' squad have two of last year's team back, Yvonne LeBrocq and Patty MacKinnon, and an outstanding newcomer to the Dal courts, Freshette Joanne Beaubien. Dal entries are as follows; Men's Singles—Noel Hamilton; Men's Doubles—Noel Hamilton and Al Cleveland; Mix Doubles—Ned Banks and Joanne Beaubien; Ladies' Singles—Yvoone LeBrocq; Ladies' Doubles—Yvonne LeBrocq and Patty MacKinnon.

The Mt. A. team is composed of Gaskin (Men's Singles), Coltas and Cook (Men's Doubles), Heartz and Wade (Mixed Doubles), Goodfellow (Ladies' Singles), Brown and MacDonald (Ladies' Doubles).

From U.N.B. R. Bishop will contest the Men's Singles, R. Bishop and H. Miller, the Men's Doubles; Ryan, the Ladies' Singles; M. Ryan and E. Holder, the Ladies' Doubles and J. Strickland and M. L. Hay, the Mixed Doubles.

Tech and the Agricultural College are entered in the Individual Tournament only. E. Langley, G.

Bruce, P. Duff, and B. Bauld are representing the Engineers, while R. Gaskin, R. Dickie, H. Lawrence and C. Roy are entered from the "Aggie School."

### D.A.A.C. NOTICE

The D.A.A.C. requires managers for the following sports in 1949-50 season—Canadian Football, English Rugby, Track and Tennis. All interested are asked to submit their applications to the Physical Director's Office or to Andy MacKay before March 20.

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Dalhousie Junior Tigers—Front, Earl Smith, Jim Ells, Andy MacKay, Jim Mahon, "Arp" Robertson, "Gibby" Reid. Back, Jack Thomas, (Coach), Scott Henderson, "Dee" Shaw, Bill Calquhoun, Dave McCurdy, Al Drysdale, Ian Palmeter (Manager).

## Dal Cagers Down Tech 50-44; Panthers 58-31

By JERRY COOPER, Sport Reporter

The Dalhousie Varsity Basketball team finished its schedule by defeating Nova Scotia Tech, 50-44 in a hard fought contest Wednesday night.

Jimmy Mahon climaxed a great scoring season by netting 27 points for the Tigers. He scored 11 out of 12 from the foul line.

Arp Robertson opened the scoring for Dalhousie with a neat one-hander. Smith made the score 6-0 as he quickly scored twice. Bauld then connected for Tech with a long set shot. Dal continued to score from close in on picture plays, while Tech, despite greater height, could only connect from outside. Dal's early lead was slowly diminished as Tech became more accurate in their shooting. Morrow evened the score at 11-all on a pivot shot from close in. Tech took the lead as their set shooting and height became effective. As Tech held the edge, the Tigers play became sloppy and the Engineers increased their lead to 27-20 at the half.

Frank Rogers started Dal off with a beautiful lay up five seconds after the second half started. Kyte of Tech scored on a long one handed set which was quickly equalized by Scott Henderson. Kyte came through again on a long one, but once more, the Tigers retaliated as Mahon scored twice from the foul line. The Tiger surge was warded off by Callahan as he sank two foul shots. Both teams drove up and down the court with Tech retaining a small lead.

At this stage of the game, Dal's only scoring came from Mahon's accurate foul shooting. A lay up by Earl Smith gave the Tigers a 38-37 advantage, however, Tech regained the lead and increased it to three points as Bauld sank a long set shot.

Dalhousie's Junior Tigers left little doubt as to their superiority in the City Basketball League by whipping the Black Panthers 58-31, last night in the Dal Gym. This game was the first of a two game total point series for the city championship.

The game started at a fast pace with Forbes of Black Panthers dropping in the first basket. Smith score dfor Dal and the Tigers rolled up a 13-6 lead after the first five minutes of play. The play then became erratic and as a result both teams failed to score.

The Panthers opened the second half with White and Clancy scoring quick field goals. White sunk a foul shot as the Tiger lead diminished. Dal untracked themselves with Mahon laying one up and MacKay scoring on a picture play. The scoring pace slowed down as both teams became sloppy. With MacKay setting up the plays Dalhousie turned the game into a rout. Robertson and Shaw paced the attack and the Tigers were now scoring at will.

## Girls' 1st Team Wins 23-15; Other Team In Finals

The Dal girls' first team won the last game of the regular schedule of the city league as they downed the Academy Grads 23-15 Wednesday night at the gym. The Tigresses, at full strength after a series of injuries, outplayed the Grads most of the way leading 15-7 at half time and equaling the 8 points of the Academy girls in the second half. Big guns for the Dal team were Eileen Landrigan with 8 points, 6 of them in the first half, and Pat Snuggs who netted 9 points and was high scorer for the game. Joyce Parker and Betty Petrie, until she again dislocated her shoulder, played well on the guard line For the Academy Grads Donna Spracklin and Mary Munro stood out.

By virtue of their win the Dal girls ended up in second place in the "A" section of the league but did not qualify for playoffs. The Dal second team, which won all their games in the "B" section, will now meet Q.E.H. Grads, winners of the "A" section, in a two game total point series for the city championship.

The Dal first team has one more game this season an exhibition affair at Mt. A. March 12.

## For Graduation

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