

THE
DALHOUSIE GAZETTE
America's Oldest College Paper

LAST
GAZETTE OF
THE YEAR

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Dal

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**PLANS FOR ALUMNI HOMECOMING
APPROVED BY STUDENTS' COUNCIL**



Gazette photo by Soberman

GHOST UNVEILED

Baffled by the first photographic appearance of the ghost, and determined to discover the cause of the apparition, the Gazette had its photographer trap the ghost again with his camera with the above result.

**Council Instructs Publicity Committee
To Set Up Press Relations Department**

The Publicity Committee has been instructed by the Student Council to consider the introduction of a Press Relations Dept. in Publicity, to establish information and cut services about Dal activities to all provincial and Maritime newspapers.

**Committee Will
Study Athletics**

A discussion of the problem of payment of coaches led into a general discussion of the whole athletic setup at Dal at last Wednesday's Council meeting. This being a matter of athletics in which the D.A.A.C. and D.G.A.C. would have to be consulted before any action in the matter was taken, a joint committee of the two societies was formed, which will take their findings and recommendations to the University by the end of the present session.

This will probably require a separate manager since the present duties of the publicity director take all the time of one individual. It is hoped that it will be as successful as the other department has been. This project in no way reflects on the present or past publicity directors, whose work the Council regards as excellent, but will be a separate field. There is no conflicting positions, and the Publicity will continue under the present setup. Before the plan can be put into effect, a consultation with the outgoing Council must be held, as they appoint the new heads of the department.

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**Meeting Receives Promise Of Cooperation
From D.A.A.C., D.G.D.S., D.G.A.C.; Professor
Bennet Elected To Advisory Committee**

**Council Condemns
Olympic's Action**

After careful investigation of the circumstances, the Council of Students has found that there is little or no doubt that a Dalhousie student has been the victim of a "color bar" imposed by a local dance hall. The Council wishes to go on record in the strongest possible terms as condemning the actions of those very few misguided persons in the city of Halifax who still believe that social acceptability is dependent upon color, creed or race.

The Committee of the Council who interviewed the management of the dance hall were told that discretion is used by the staff in deciding who will, or will not, enter, and that no arbitrary "color bar" is enforced. Under the circumstances, however, the only conclusion possible for the Council to reach is that this Dalhousie student was excluded because of his color. Moreover, it would seem that if the student had been willing to perjure himself to the extent of saying that he was a member of the Merchant Marine, he would have been allowed to enter. Upon telling the official at the door that he was a Dalhousie student, he was refused admittance. This fact in particular makes it impossible for the Student Body and the Students' Council to overlook or ignore the matter.

It is safe to say that racial prejudice on the Dalhousie campus is non-existent, and the Council is determined to do everything possible to ensure that the many colored students among us will find the same condition in existence in the city at large.

**Winners of Short-
Story Contest Named**

The judges of the Gazette Short Story Contest announced their decision yesterday. First place was taken by "The Beginning and The End", a story by Jack Lusher, followed by Lew Miller's "Lovely Is The Way". These stories appear on Page 3 of this issue. There was a tie for third position in the contest; between "Citizen Jones" by Brent Hooper, and "In Strange Ways," Harry McCoubrey. Contest judges were Professor C. L. Bennett, Doreen Ally, and Derek Griffen.

Plans for an Alumni homecoming weekend, were approved at a meeting of the new Student Council held Wednesday evening in the Murray Homestead. A committee has been set up to consider arrangements, subject to University approval and cooperation, and the backing of the Alumni Association.

To Advisory Board...



Professor Bennet was elected by the Council as its Faculty member on the Advisory Committee. Professor Bennet is also Veterans' Advisor, and is head of the English Department at the University.

The heads of the D.A.A.C., D.G.D.S., and D.G.A.C. have agreed to cooperate, and a large program will be presented. Any society wishing to contribute a program for the weekend is urged to do so at the beginning of next term.

Professor Bennet was elected by the Council as its Faculty member on the Advisory Committee, and accepted the position.

The Council for next year will advise all heads of societies holding dances that the societies should be sure they can afford them before undertaking expensive ones in the future.

A recommendation was received from the out-going Council that the University be asked to stick to the rule about dealing with students or student organizations through the council, according to the Constitution.

Arts students have requested the Council to approach the University about keeping the MacDonald Memorial Library open until eleven o'clock, if possible.

**Personal Service Announces Setting
Up of Summer Tourist Guide Service**

"Bub" Troy, Manager of the Dal Personal Service has announced that part-time employment will be available to students as tourist guides during the coming summer. A short qualifying course, consisting of a series of lectures and instructional tours, given by local historians will be given, free of charge to those interested.

Mr. G. R. Smith, of the Dalhousie Alumni Executive, has arranged the course, and the University authorities thoroughly approve of the plan, having offered a classroom for the course.

This course will be approximately a week in length and will take place, according to present arrangements, during the week between the end of exams and Convocation. No one will be allowed to work unless qualified by this course. It is hoped to use about 50 students or more for this job.

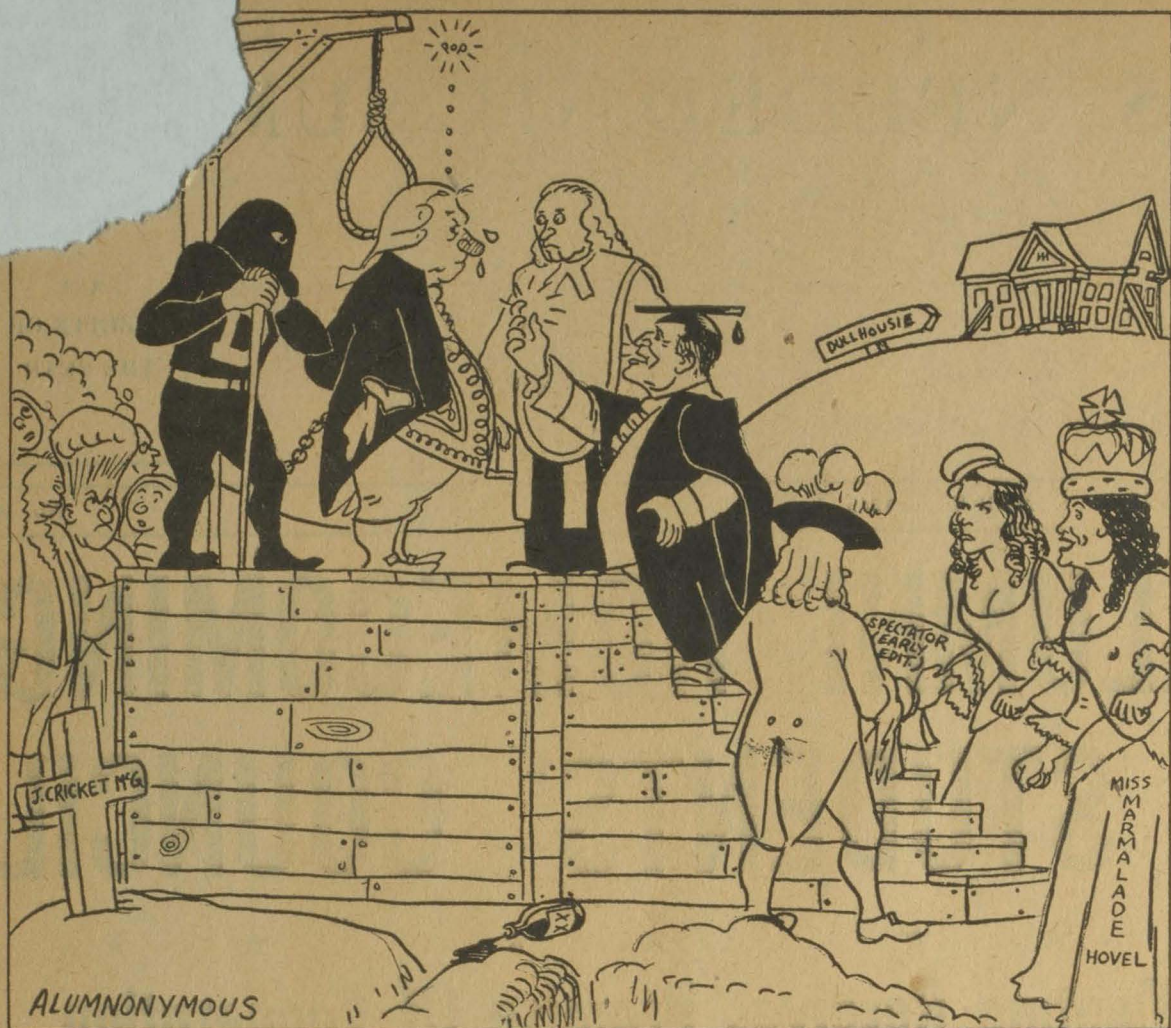
Girls as well as boys, may apply, and it is hoped to get a few French speaking guides to cater to the French-Canadian tourists.

It should be understood that this is not full time employment, but will rather supplement other earnings. It would be convenient for the articling law students.

Mr. Troy may be contacted at 4-1546.

**Committees For '49 '50
Appointed By Council**

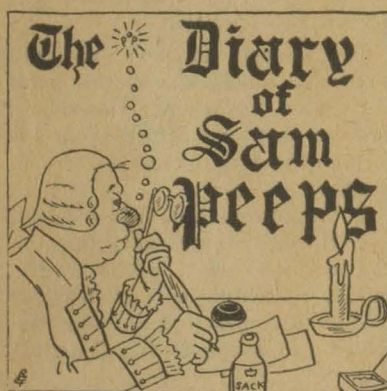
- Executive Committee: Al Lomas, Frannie Doane, B. Sawyer, P. Doig, and Ralph Hill.
- Alumni Homecoming Committee: B. Sawyer, G. Coles, R. Campbell, P. Doig, F. Doane.
- Publicity Committee: A. Lomas, D. Hemeon, S. Newman.
- Awards Committee: G. Coles, S. Newman, A. MacKay.
- Book Store Committee: Ned Banks, S. Newman.
- Personal Services Committee: Rusty Milnes, Duff Hicks, A. Lomas.
- Gymnasium and Schedule Committee: Peter Mingo.
- Gate Receipts Committee: I. McCulloch, Dave Jamieson.
- Committee on Athletics; (to meet with D.A.A.C., D.G.A.C.) W. Archibald, P. Doig, B. Sawyer



Official Proclamation

At Dawn tomorrow, Sam Peeps will be hanged. The execution will be carried out by the all-victorious Women's Marmalade Hovel Vigilante Committee. Chief executioner, Birdbrain Absurdy will spring the trap when the final order is given by the long-suffering head of the committee, Fancy MacTermite.

In order that students everywhere may know what a craven sot was the diarist, the Committee have ordered that this last excerpt from the Diary of Sam Peeps be printed. It is anticipated that the notorious Knave Flusher will be deported for his insults toward the Marmalade Hovel Vigilante Committee. Vive la revolution!



Tuesday, March 29—Alas! I am undone. This day to the office early, where came a great mob of women, snarling and shouting like animals in the street below, and clambering up the stairs so that I was fortunate to creep away through a rear entrance and make my way home, where I am now.

I disbelieve that I shall escape, for they are gathered in thousands outside my door, and one is causing them to cheer loudly and swear death to me, for I have insulted their committee.

I am resolved that I shall not leave this world a sober man, for it is much too late for amends. I have with me several bottles of the finest sack from my cellar, which I brought up with me while my ugly wife was busy smashing in my barrels of ale at the other end of the cellar. She, too, has deserted me, and I am all alone, a tired old man.

As I peep over the sill, I see her, with her hair in a great pile on top of her flat head, cheering savagely. Taking a brass spittoon from the floor, I did cast it out the window, smiting her fair on the side of the mouth, and loosening her teeth, I vow. She did fall among the crowd.

Did ever a man live such a life? Since I have come to the college on the hill, and been employed at the business of writing for the Spectator (early edition) I have

had naught but trouble, worry and fear, in addition to the most damnable attack of the gout.

None have left me in peace—all have attacked me. Led by President Car and Kernel Lorry, they have done all they could safely do to cause me discomfiture, but I have survived and yea, even thrived. But I am afraid those days are over and done, for the women below are shouting: "Hang 'im, hang 'im, hang 'im!" And they have brought up a great length of rope—Pushie Bluecoal and Choice Wentron (the charwoman) and Batty MyKeenOne (the gossip). I have ever perceived that women are a bad lot, but when they have committees I do see they are even worse, for they know not the law, taking the punishment into their own hands, at which I am greatly frightened.

There is a great pounding and smashing below now. They are breaking in my fine front door, which was of considerable expense to me. I am resolved that they shall pay dearly for this, if I live. Now Beverly Fishingdone and Surely She'sCoy (the silent members of the council) are at the stairway, and I do see that time is short. This Surely She'sCoy woman doth believe she is doing this for mine own good, as she did say so when she did want me sacked from the Spectator (early edition) at the time of the great altercation.

I have now but one bottle of sack left with me, and I shall save it for drinking before I speak my last words, which I am resolved to make many, the better to prolong the final minutes, and stave off what I now see is inevitable. I shall be hung, by a mad horde of savage, bestial women from Marmalade Hovel! Even my true friend, Knave Flusher, has deserted me—he could not help in any case if he has not a troop of

cavalry and several cannons of the King's Guard.

Earlier they did send up a note on a long poll, saying that if I would apologize for attacking their silly committee, I would be let off. I am resolved to apologize now, but I see it is too late for they have reached my cellar and are despoiling it.

They are at the dishes and fine things in my main rooms downstairs now and I do hear mysterious crashing and banging, and hurly-burly down there which speaks bad for my possessions.

Now they are on the steps that lead up to my room, and time is shorter than it has even been before. I see that there is no way out, and I shall attempt to die a man, albeit I am a greatly scared one.

They have asked me to come out and surrender but I shall not. Now a disturbance, and I hear a male voice, which says:

"Now, Mr. Peeps, you must come out of there. It is against the regulations of the college on the hill for you to be locked in that room, and you are drinking too, as usual. It will be hard on you, Mr. Peeps, if you do not obey!"

Recognizing the voice as that of old Otto, I did reply in the usual manner:

"Get thee to hell, dog!"

At this a great roar of rage was made by all the women, and they began to smash at the door of my chamber. It will not be long now before I am taken from my happy home.

The door is giving way. The things I have wanted to do, I have not done, and many things I have done I wish were undone, but it is too late for that now. One more drink of my precious sack, and yet another, while the door holds.

And so goodbye, I shall not "home to bed" this night.

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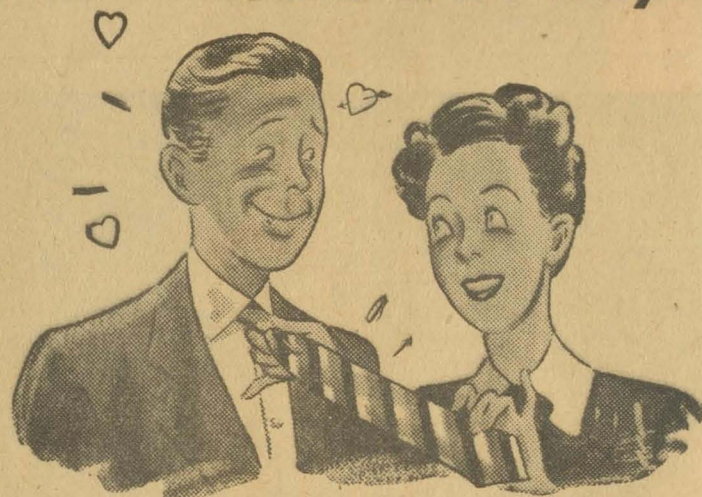
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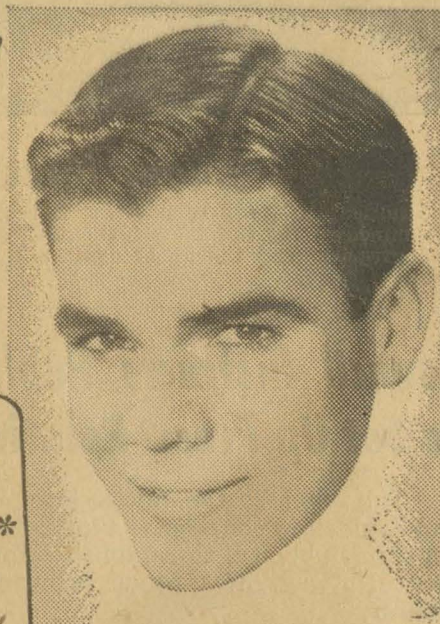
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