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("Inside" News from the Political Front)
A CANADIAN UNIVERSITY PRESS FEATURE
By NEIL MacDONALD

ANYONE CAN WIN

The by-election in Grey North is now ancient history, and even the interest focussed on it in Ottawa is beginning to die down. The results were something of a shock to all parties: to the Liberals because they felt that their candidate had made a very strong impression on the electors, to the Progressive Conservatives because the seat was less than certain, and to the Cooperative Commonwealth Federation because they thought that they had developed a much stronger campaign than the event proved.

By-Election Reactions

The by-election reaction among the populace of Ottawa was typical of the various elements in the city. The Civil Service can be divided in many ways, but the most valid break-down is that which takes into consideration three main categories. The biggest group in the Service are the stenographers, typists, and junior clerks; then there is the large number of "bright young people" who hold more or less responsible positions; and finally there is the senior hierarchy of more important executives.

I don't think that two percent of the workers in the first group, the routine services, cared a damn which way the by-election went. Although the issues, charges and counter-charges, had been fully aired in both local papers, this group had not become interested, a fact which might be attributed to the length of the campaign as much as anything else.

Disappointed in CCF

The bright young men and women who do most of the spade work in the initiating and implementing of policy, were interested as a group in the by-election. Most of them did not expect the Progressive Conservative candidate to win and they felt that the CCF would have made a much better showing.

21 Percent Undecided

Looking over election prospects, a total of 34 percent of the electors (according to a recent nationwide poll) do not support any of the three major parties. Twenty-one percent are still sitting on the fence, an in-

Staff Sketches

No. 6



"(AHEM), YES-S-S, -THANK YOU.."

PROFESSOR A. K. GRIFFIN, of the Department of Classics, was born in Kincardine, Ontario, and attended school at Kincardine, Dresden and North Toronto. From 1910 to 1915 he attended the University of Toronto and in 1915 received his M.A. degree. He spent the next four years in the army with the Royal Artillery serving in France and Northern Russia. On leaving the Army he went to Oxford and in 1921 graduated in Arts and Literature. He spent the next two years in Poland with the American Y.M.C.A. doing relief work. He then returned to Canada and joined the Dalhousie and Kings' teaching faculties where he has been ever since.

crease of almost 20 percent from previous figures.

It will be this doubtful group, this 21 percent which will decide the outcome of the next election.

An Eighteenth Century Vignette

Will Wimble was tired, very, very tired—so tired in fact that he felt that he simply could not drag his wary, foppish carcass to dear Lady Trimblewood's public breakfast entertainment — even, demmit, even if Cynthia Ringsby were there, (and Will knew very well that delightful wench would not miss such an exquisite affair.)

Leaning back in his elbow-chair, Will gazed vacantly through the blue haze about him and sipped his steaming coffee. The "Persian" was a fine coffee-house—old Colonel Archgate had said so, and if any man had ever seen good coffee-houses the Colonel had seen 'em. Will could even remember the Colonel's exact words, "A dem fine house, Wimble, (the Colonel always called Will by his surname after the military custom. Will had once turned out with the Militia, and had suffered an embarrassment when a careless fellow-militiaman shot off his ramrod, which very nearly removed half of the officer complement and frustrated Will's martial ambitions) "a dem fine house, best coffee house I ever laid eyes on, demmit."

The bell over the street door tinkled and Will swung his bleary eyes in that direction, hoping to see the saucy post-boy rush in with the latest newspapers. Will recalled that his name most certainly would appear in the town gossip. He had been late at Lady Frothingham's the previous night, and at Lady Dukesbury's two nights previous, two of the most brilliant and gay assemblies of the year. At both he had ben surpassingly witty and charming, tossing off 'bon mots' and extemporaneous epigrams (culled from aging magazines) as if he were the very personification of wit. Now like many another periwigged, lace-coated young fop, he sprawled in a coffee-house elbow chair waiting for the post to arrive with the latest newspapers wherein he might find a mention of his name.

The post-boy was late. In all probability he was at that very moment delivering up His Majesty's Mail to a masked highwayman, dressed in a riding cloak and armed with a huge brace of pistols. Usually the post-boy had the last laugh however. Master highwayman was often quickly caught and after a sure, quick trial, was publicly hanged at Tyburn before large and enthusiastic crowds.

While he waited, Will begged a pipe of Capt. Weekley's best Virginia, and between sips and puffs reflected on what he should do during that afternoon. Were he back at Oxford, that delightful chambermaid should have made such a problem impossible. There was of course the Rhinoceros, the first in London since 1685, who so amused the ladies when his sides were rubbed with straw. There was too, the lion-boy whose mother had been frightened by the old lion in the Tower, and the strange sea monster lately taken from the sea near Yarmouth. Finally Will decided to stroll to Ranelagh Gardens, where he hoped to take advantage of the new town taste for hoop-petticoats, or if things went poorly there, to Drury-Lane to see that orange-girl lately turned actress, then back to his cheap room to powder his wig anew, freshen his lace, sweeten his breath, and so ready himself for Lady Gresham's great assembly of that evening, for which he had got by memory fragments of Horace and tags from Prior.

He would surely be mentioned in the newspapers of the following day, which he would scan with bleary eyes; while he sat very, very tired over coffee and Capt. Weekley's best, at the "Persian" in the morning.

I. W. C.

Altercations with Governors Necessitated Resignation

Active in Educational and Journalistic Fields

Carleton Stanley has stepped down from the presidency of Dalhousie. His resignation "due to a fundamental divergence in viewpoint with the governing board of the university," was officially disclosed to The Gazette last Monday night prior to its publication in the local press. He has held the senior faculty post at Dalhousie for some 12 years.

Distinguished Academic Career

Dr. Stanley's academic career was a distinguished one. In 1913 he graduated from the University of Toronto, majoring in Classics and winning two gold medals for scholastic excellence. Pursuing his studies in England, he received both a Bachelor's and Master's degree in Arts at New College, Oxford. Honorary Doctorates of Law from Toronto and Maine universities followed respectively in 1933 and 1935. In the latter year, the University of Colorado awarded him an Honorary Doctorate in Literature.

Prior to his appointment to the Dalhousie presidency, Dr. Stanley served successively as Professor of Greek and Assistant to the Principal of McGill University in Montreal.

Author of two books, "The Roots of the Tree," and "Matthew Arnold," he was also active, and still is, in the field of journalism, contribut-

ing to numerous publications, both in Canada and the United Kingdom. From 1913-16 he was on the editorial staff of the Manchester Guardian.

Exponent of Liberal Arts

During his tenure of office at Dalhousie he achieved national prominence as an ardent exponent of the Liberal Arts and a vigorous supporter of the Humanities. A sincere idealist, his address to the Student Body last Fall was noteworthy in its significance. He urged students to rebel against the "ignorance and apathy" prevalent in higher educational circles today.

"The study of how to live the good life and how to spread the good life among one's fellows, lies close to the focal purpose of education," Dr. Stanley declared. "No one has ever been able to live the good life without living the good life for others."

WE HAVE SOCIALISM - -

(Continued from page one)

government to the extreme practices of Soviet Russia.

Fascism is the product of monopolistic capitalism, and it is not impossible, Mayor Lloyd warned, for such a development under the present Canadian system.

"The destruction of confidence," said Lloyd, "is the least recognized evil of our day. We have to be positive in putting those things into the machinery of government which will not destroy confidence in democratic principles. Ideals are very hard to achieve in politics, but it is the striving to achieve them that counts."

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