

"forgive them"

"they know not what they say .."

By RAY SHANKMAN

A large topic that has irked me for many years in varying degrees is that of communication or rather the lack of it.

No one really cares about anyone else. No one really cares when they say "How are you?" or "How are you doing?" They fade away in sheer horror if you say: What the hell do you care how I am or what I'm doing."

"If I were sick would you come and see me? If I were dying would you be at my bedside or even think? . . . No, You wouldn't. It is only when you see me that it leaps to your mind to say hello or to ask how I am."

These everyday amenities, why, they are automatic, as unfeeling and as unsympathetic as any comment could be. We all say them. In a sense, if this is to be our criteria, we are all distinguishingly phony — We talk for the sake of talking.

Have you ever been in a group where not much was said? It is uncomfortable. It is only uncomfortable when somehow the silence adds to our communicative powers rather than taking away from them.

Usually, this is not the case, the person who really cares says the same things. Are we to discriminate only by inflections in speech? Is it necessary to discriminate at all?

In fact, it is annoying to think of the lonely student emerging

from his room once or twice a week to attend the odd class who meets with a few well-wishers.

"How are you, where have you been keeping yourself?"

Then he answers quite informatively that he goes to class, goes home, and in the interim between his repeated emergence and the present, he sleeps for a month or more.

After a while he emerges again. No one is the wiser. The same insipid comments greet him. He is the modern day Rip Van Winkle. Who cares?

This person, to get more than a pretentious greeting has to give enough in return, has to become sufficiently obnoxious and therefore become sufficiently social to make a myriad of acquaintances in the hope that he will find a friend that cares.

So much time is wasted. He is in danger of becoming a bouncing ball, the campus playboy, a boomerang of sorts who, when the chips are down, retires into himself, disillusioned, if not defeated.

Think of all the sincere people who would like to communicate soul to soul who, because of certain environmental training, inhibitions, cannot with anyone. So no communication takes place.

A newspaper tries to communicate to people. . . but no response. Is it too artificial?

Barriers, needless barriers, are created. No one understands any

one else. Why then are books like the "Catcher in the Rye" and "Poetry" written? Is it because everybody is acutely in tune to what the other man means?

In a dissonant world, full of rhapsodic gestures, the problem of no communication continues to irk. I feel that it is a major issue. How can anyone write to an audience who reads badly, clearly and preceptively. He can only hope and try.

The best rationalization is "no one understands me". This would not exist if the ideal communication existed — a soul rapport, with no artificial barriers — a relationship based on honesty.

On the other hand maybe it is better to retain the status quo. We need our con-lines, our getting — to know your techniques.

It is not an honest man who can appreciate a real honesty. It is only a token honesty that she appreciates and most men are repelled by the girl who makes her feelings clear.

The game must continue. Most of all it is a personal game that becomes distorted and a larger scale premeates the world in weedy ugliness.

It spreads and spreads until the only honesty is dishonesty. The truth would not be recognized or wanted even if given. It would neither be appreciated nor communicated.

Prof. D. O. Hebb FAMOUS DALHOUSIE ALUMNUS RETURNS TO HIS ALMA MATER

By Wendy Dayton and Mary Stockwood

One of the best known experimental psychologists in the Western Hemisphere, Professor D. O. Hebb, comes to Dalhousie, Friday, October 18th, to speak on the subject "Brain and Behaviour".

A native of Nova Scotia, Professor Hebb returns frequently to his family home at Marriot's Cove, near Chester.

He attended Dalhousie where he got the "lowest possible mark in psychology without flunking out" and he graduated from Dalhousie in 1925 with a Bachelor of Arts.

At Harvard where he was the student of one of the most famous physiologists, Karl Lashley, he received his Ph.D. He continued his studies at the Yerkes Laboratory in Florida, his most extensive work being done with chimpanzees.

In 1949, Hebb, who had already acquired a considerable reputation in his field, published his revolutionary work: **The Organization of Behaviour**. This book probably gave rise to more discussion than any other psychological book in this decade. It was the result of Leskney's and Von Senden's amazing findings concerning the function of the brain that led to Hebb's deep interest, this resulting in this writing.

The basic theory presented in this book and around which his career has revolved can be summed up as follows:

"The brain at birth consists of a random mass of nerve cells. Originally, any particular pattern of sensory stimulation would activate, by chance, some of these cells and not others.

Through such firing a number of cells would become organized. A particular stimulus would repeatedly give rise to firing in the same cell assembly, and firing in one part of the assembly would activate the whole assembly."

By the extension of such ideas, Hebb has been able to offer explanations of such disparate things as the effects of brain injuries, the perception of simple forms, early experience, expectancy and the

pathology of boredom.

Hebb's great achievement has been offering, for the first time, a plausible bridge across the great gap between the individual nerve cell and the psychological phenomena.

If it had not been for Hebb's theorizing, this new and stimulating field of research would never have been opened. The extensive study which has taken place during the last decade has resulted in modifications of his original theory.

Professor Hebb is now directing experimental research at McGill University where, as a result of his inspiration and genius, his students have produced many findings in psychology.

At present his interest revolves around two issues: the stabilization on the retinal image and the problem of whether it is possible for the isolated nerve cell to learn.

Professor Hebb has been the main influence on a great member of Canadian and American psychologists. He has held such respected positions as President of both the Canadian and the American Psychological Associations. He honours Dalhousie by coming to speak.

HALL —

— (Continued from page 2) —

ON THE DINING ROOM SYSTEM:

"We are supposed to be mature young college girls, and yet we are checked every day when we go in for meals."

"The lunch-hour should be extended to accommodate different time-tables.

"If there isn't more speed in the dining room, people will stop bothering to eat." "It's not the quality of the food that is bad; it's the way they prepare it. We have those rotten prepared potatoes, and we get no fresh fruit."

ON LATE LEAVES:

"I can see the reason for leaves, but the Men's residence should have them too."

"I am glad we are restricted. If we have leaves at all, the ones we have are very good."

"I would like to know if the University has any legal responsibility for us."

ON (UN) HOUSEMOTHERS:

"I don't know what they are here for. They just check up on us, and there goes the honour system down the drain."

"They don't take a personal interest in the girls."

"I haven't come in contact with one since I've been here."

ON THE NEW DEAN:

"She doesn't see things from the girls' point of view."

And that, kiddies, wraps it up. From the editorial view, it's a tempest in a teapot. A lot of people seem to run about feeling angry for the same reason we like to hate the Yanks: You gotta hate somebody.

CANADIAN PEYTON PLACE

Grace Metalious, who will be remembered for Peyton Place has just published another novel, 'No Adam in Eden.'

The difference however is that Mrs. Metalious' gang of perverts, lesbians, prostitutes and nymphomaniacs have been transferred from the green fields of Maine to the backwoods of Quebec.

Comments Time: "This must be her way of getting her own back at Canada for having banned publication of Peyton Place."

ALL CAN AFFORD IT

Can you afford to live on rich day and read, study or court the vagaries of society all night, thus wasting your vitality, exhausting your nervous system, and bringing on permature disease, decay and old age?

Can you afford to eat hastily, and then rush to study or business, withdrawing the nervous energy from the digestive system to the brain and muscles, and thus inducing dyspepsia, in a few years, at most, to scourge and haunt and make you miserable for years or for life?

Can you afford to live on rich or highly seasoned food, eat champagne suppers, because an artificial appetite is thus gratified, rendering gout, dyspepsia, apoplexy, in the middle of life almost a certainty?

Can you afford to commit suicide through the indulgence of appetite and passion, adopting the food's motto, "A short life and a merry one?"

Can you afford to indulge in

fast living, dressing beyond your means, driving livery horses, or keeping a horse yourself, when your income is not adequate to such expenses?

Can you afford to smoke and chew tobacco, thus spending from five to twenty or thirty dollars a month, injuring your nervous system, and thereby transmitting to your children a weakened constitution, making them puny invalids for life?

Can you afford to live on rich nervous system and demoralize your whole character by the use of alcoholic liquor? Can you afford to make money at the expense of your manhood, your health, your just respectability and integrity?

Can you afford even to gain the whole world and thereby make of yourself a moral wreck?

Can you afford to rob your mind to clothe your back with silks and satins, and gratify a mere love of display?

Can you afford to be tricky,

and thus defraud your employer of the just service you owe him, even though you get your pay, thereby making yourself a moral bankrupt?

"Yes," they say, 'membership in The Green and White Society afforded you all this, and much more than can't be crammed in.' (From The Waverly Magazine and Literary Repository.)

LIBERAL CLUB

At the first meeting of the Dalhousie Liberal Club, the following officers were elected: President, Garth Burrow; Vice-President, Don Brazier; Treasurer, Doug Roberts; Secretary, Janette Fisher; and Public Relations Man, Art MacDonald.

FOR SALE

1959 custom Volkswagen, Black, Radio, New White Wall Tires, Battery, Muffler, Seat Covers, Heater.

EXCELLENT CONDITION

BRIAN QUINN

6307 York St. — 422.3411

MacRAE'S BARBER SHOP

6254 Quinpool Road

Near West End Baptist Church

EXPERIENCED BARBERS

Retakes of Student Card Pictures will be held on —

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 9 - 9.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 9 - 12.

Students who did not have pictures taken during registration MUST do so at this time.

PHOTOGRAPHY

- AERIAL
- ARCHITECTURAL
- COMMERCIAL
- PHOTO PRINTERS
- ADVERTISING
- COLOR
- INDUSTRIAL
- PORTRAITS

MAURICE CROSBY

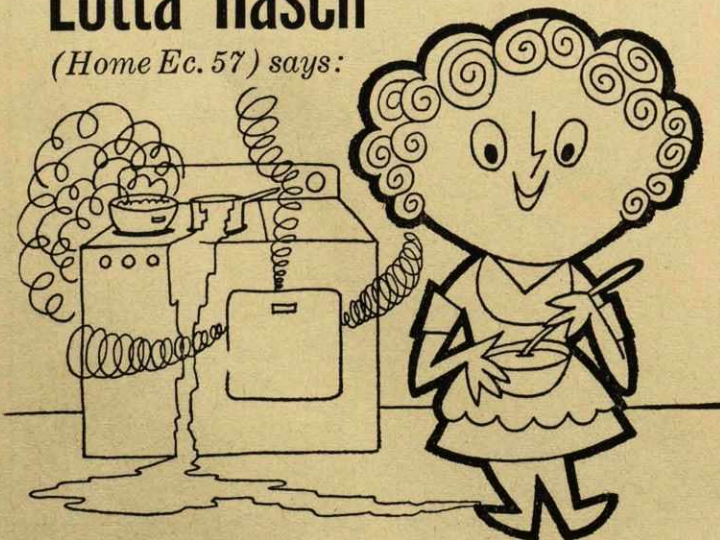
PHOTOGRAPHY LTD.

Lord Nelson Hotel Bldg.

Telephone 423-8844

Lotta Hasch

(Home Ec. 57) says:



My favourite ingredients for success are a growing Savings Account and a good banking connection at...



BANK OF MONTREAL
Canada's First Bank for Students

a big step on the road to success is an early banking connection