

The Dalhousie Gazette

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"I defend your right to say it"

Last week the Acadian Athenaeum had a few words to say about the Dalhousie Gazette and a few words about Dalhousie itself. Fortunately for the honor of Acadia they had most of the facts correct, otherwise the Gazette would be forced to demand satisfaction on the field on honor; as far as the errors in facts concerning Dalhousie Student Council finances are concerned, it can be only presumed that the financial complexities of a larger University are somewhat over the heads of the rural editorial writers of the Acadia Athenaeum. However such petty affairs are not the chief concern of this editorial; to be quite truthful we were quite pleased to see Acadia taking such a fraternal interest in Dalhousie's activities.

It is truly heart warming to know that the Acadians think so highly of Dalhousie that they would take time to offer us constructive criticism and also mildly chastise their older brother for his little shortcomings in the world of inter-university activities.

For never has criticism injured anyone; criticism, when headed by an intelligent group, such as is found in the Gazette office, is a means to improvement and betterment and hence it is in a welcome light that Acadia's last editorial was read by those to whom it was directed.

The prevalent hope in Gazette circles is that we may someday be able to reply in kind for we have never yet seen an Athenaeum which has been beyond critical comment and we are quite sure therefore that when the occasion arises, as surely it will, the Gazette will be as profuse and kindly in attacking the Athenaeum as they have been to us.

Nineteen Fifty-Four

Beginning in this week's issue of the Gazette is the first of an eight-part true story about the life and existence of a Latvian farmer who was carried away into slave labor by the Russians in the summer of 1940. The story has been expertly translated from the original Russian by a Dalhousie student, Oscar V. Pudyamaitus, who found the story in a Russian language quarterly magazine published in New York.

We recommend this series as good reading, if not for the insight it gives to the true conditions within Russia, then just for the good reading.

With the present trend to appeasement with Russia we tend to forget the evil that exists behind the Iron Curtain, partly because we have very little access to authentic material and partly because it is a failing of the western world to forget crimes rather quickly. Thus it is that Mr. Pudyamaitus has taken the trouble to offer this translation of a situation which still exists in Russia in this very day.

The original writer of the story, the man who learned at first hand of the "Great People's Democracy," is now residing in Europe and it is in a modest tribute to those who have died under Communist rule that we bring you this true story entitled "Nineteen-fifty-four".

For those of you who have read Orwell's "Nineteen-eighty-four" it will provide some interesting speculation as to whether or not we will have to wait thirty years for the age of terror to set in.

To Newfoundland

To my old friend and squid-jigger, David William Grouchy, this ode is mockingly dedicated

Oh, Newfoundland, Where is Thy glory now
Thy sacred heritage in sinful servitude to Canuck bound,
What songs can they who serve Thee sing?
What glorious deeds to Thy old honor ring?
When all that's left is dusty death, and honor goes uncrown'd.

What ails Thee, barren island, in a waste of angry sea?
Where are the men, the brave young men, who used to sing
of Thee?

Where is the pride that once Thy nation felt,
When kings did make obeisance as they knelt?
Where is the anger that the storm to Thee bequeathed?
Where is the fame with which Thy brow, ere this, was
wreathed?

Where are the songs, where are the saints, where are the
sailing men?
Where are the ancient liberties of which Ye once had ken?

In Ottawa, in Ottawa, there reigned a Cabinet,
In Ottawa, in Ottawa, the same men reign here yet.
And never a surge of breaking spray,
And never the light of breaking day,
Can change a sob as the strong men pray,
And Newfoundland Cannot Forget!

Far better than this peace, of sin,
Great empire's memory growing dim,
Far better that this iron land,
Far better that this metl'd band,
Had clung to what is true and old
(Forgotten now in lust for gold),
Had clung to ancient liberty,
and peace—Upon a stormy sea.

—M.N.S.

Tribute To Professor Coffin

Carl Coffin first registered at Dalhousie in the fall of 1921. At the same time I began my third year as a teacher at the University. In some ways it seems a long time ago, in others it seems only yesterday.

I have a very vivid recollection of the first time that I met him. I do not remember the year but I do recall the occasion very clearly. He was staying at the Pine Hill Residence and I came in to share the evening meal. Sidney Bonnell and I had walked around the park and it was under the latter's protection that I ventured into the dining room. I seemed to me that we were out almost as soon as we were in, but it was afterwards that I made Coffin's acquaintance. Almost instantly I took a great liking for him—a liking that never changed. I can still see the round and rosy face, the flash of his eyes and his charming smile. It was very evident that he was liked by all his fellow students and I soon made up my mind that he was very intelligent too. Good health, good looks, charm, vitality and

intelligence were the gifts with which he had started life.

That was over thirty years ago. In the later twenties I lost track of him. His chosen field was chemistry and he went to McGill where he secured his doctor's degree. Afterwards he studied in Holland. In 1930 he returned to Dalhousie and taught his subject until the other day. In spite of pain and weakness he felt that he must do his duty to his students, to his subject and to the University. It is painful to record that he gave his last lecture less than a month before his death.

At the same time it was characteristic of Carl Coffin. Modest and unassuming, never pressing his own claims, thoughtful and considerate of others—it is thus that his friends will always remember him. They may forget his scientific achievements but they will not forget the purity of his character, his honesty, his integrity, and his unselfishness. He never changed. Man and boy he was the same person.

—G. E. Wilson, Dean,
Arts and Science Faculty.



W.U.S.C. SPEAKER FROM INDIA.—Above is the executive secretary of World University Service of Canada who addressed various meetings of Dalhousie WUSC during the past week. He is Mr. Lewis Perinbam, currently visiting all major universities across the country.

—Photo by Fred Cowan

TOO LATE TO PHALAROPE

Alan Paton's most recent novel is certainly a welcome successor to *Cry the Beloved Country*. With this work he has firmly established his position not only among his contemporaries but is deserving of an equal footing among the greater novelists.

The theme is the time worn conflict between man and his troubled conscience.

The story concerns a well loved white police lieutenant in Africa who, in his need, turns to a native girl. He is betrayed, reported and accused thus bring shame to his family, as well as himself.

The superb simplicity of the author's style bears a marked similarity to the lucid composition of the English Bible. This similarity is not merely coincidental but has been employed to set the mood of the entire book.

The story is seen through the eyes of the lieutenant's maiden aunt who fills in the background of family pride, righteous disdain, unbending adherence to imposed restrictions and the falsity of many basic customs in part of South Africa.

The people are real, not merely puppets moving across a scene but well-rounded living people faced with the everyday conflicts of life. It is this authenticity of characterization which gives the work its power. The reader is swept along to the inevitable conclusion by the moving forces of theme, style and characterization.

Mr. Paton has written one of the truly great novels of our generation.

—George B. Hallett

Campus Rambler

As the North West Arm Patrol fish out their usual post-Christmas crop of students, and the more fortunate among us gloat all too freely over our own achievements in those little tests that the faculty handed out to us before the holidays—the second term begins.

From our grapevine we hear that a lot of the fellows made New Year's Resolutions to really go "all out" after the girls, and to have a gay social season this term. (That's one resolution that shouldn't be too hard to keep!) Somehow this brings to mind the fact that the Anniversary of Acadia's "pantie raid" is coming up soon. Some of the boys are supposed to be planning an anniversary pantie raid, but don't put too much stock in that—probably just wishful thinking on the part of some of "The Hovel" girls.

The Students' Council held a rather successful dance in the

gym last Friday evening. The whole idea put a few of us in mind of the days of old, when those who governed Rome entertained the masses in the Colosseum and Circus Maximus, to keep their minds diverted from their true state of ignorance, poverty and misrule.

Apart from the Arts and Science dance, and the Commerce Sweater dance, the BIG thing that came up this week was the Black and Gold Review. From what we were able to gather, it was called "Singing in the Seine" From that one would gather it was "all wet," but not so! Sponsored by WUSC and the Ice Mice, this review was the baby of Messers Blackbacon Night and Goliath Rind. They had an Apache dance, and the Can-Can girls performed—oh, it was intellectual enough—all the boys were there anyway!

—A.M.O.

By The Way

by ALAN MARSHALL
When Trotsky Came to Halifax

In recent years, the goings-on of the men in the Kremlin have come to dominate the political and international life of the West. It was not always so. Only ten years ago, the Russians were our allies, and the Nazis were the enemies. Most people, on this side of the Atlantic, gave little thought either to Communism or to Russian expansion. The Russian version of Communism, however, has been around for quite some time. In its early days, it was known as Bolshevism, and it made quite a stir, because it was so alien and outlandish. It also made a wonderful subject for adventure stories, with Russian princesses fleeing from shadowy villains across the face of Europe. As an example of beauty in distress, there is nothing better than Russian princesses in flight. They can't be beat. John Buchan for instance, had one in his story "Huntingtower," and all the characters in the book were dedicated to rescuing her, except for those (Bolsheviks) who were trying to capture her. These outlandish characters with their bright eyes, dark beards and secretive movements actually existed. They were real men with real leaders, and we can thank them today for a great deal of our worries.

The Bolsheviks were Russians conspiring against the Czarist regime, as were many others. What distinguished them from other revolutionaries and anarchists was their creed of Communism, which came from Karl Marx. Often in hiding, in jail, in Siberia, or exiled to the cities of the West, they bided their time. Then came the First World War. Many believed that the working classes in Europe would refuse to fight in an imperialistic war for their capitalist masters, as this war was made out to be by the Communists, it being Communist doctrine that wars are caused by the ferocious competition among nations for markets for their capitalists. It did not turn out that way. Nationalism and patriotism were too strong, and the workers supported their countries in the war. So the Bolsheviks settled down to wait for the war to end.

In Russia, this turned out to be unnecessary. There has been a great deal of discussion as to just how oppressive the Czarist regime in Russia was. Certainly, it was incompetent, at least in its handling of the war. Discontent rose to the point where the government was overthrown, after three days of street fighting in Petrograd, now Leningrad, the old capital of Russia. A new government, representing the Duma, or Russian Parliament, was set up under the regency of the Czar's brother. A surprisingly bloodless revolution, in view of what followed, rather like the recent upsets that tumbled Farouk and Mossadegh from power. The Allies rejoiced when they heard of the revolution, for several reasons. They hoped to see a more efficient and vigorous prosecution of the war. The Czarist efforts had been marked with inefficiency, dilatoriness, resistance in the bureaucracy, and even treason and political assassination. Further, in a war which was coming more and more to be a war for democracy, the Allies felt increasingly uncomfortable with an autocracy as a partner.

To the Bolsheviks, however, revolution was a time of opportunity. They hurried home to take part in it. The Allies would give them no help, because, being Communists, they wanted to take Russia out of the war. The Germans, however, gave them a train, and carried them across Germany to the Russian border. This was the famous "sealed train." Even in those days, they

Germans hoped that the Bolsheviks would take Russia out of the war, which, in fact, they did.

Trotsky, however, was in New York, and a long way from home. He got some money from his friends, and bought a ticket to Russia, on a Norwegian vessel sailing out of New York. When the ship came to Halifax, on the way, the Canadian government took him off, because his passport was not in order. They popped him into the citadel.

The Halifax citadel is built in the classical style of fortifications: an earth wall, faced with stone, surrounded by a moat. It is shaped like an eight pointed star, as can be seen in any aerial photographs of it. There is a bridge over the moat, and a tunnel through the ramparts, leading to the central yard. There are rooms built into the ramparts, and a few buildings in the yard. The largest of these is a big rectangular shoe box of a building, with three floors, and called the "Cavalier." In peacetime it served as barracks, but in wartime, prisoners of war were held there, and this is where Trotsky cooled his heels. Barbed wire was strung around the building to prevent prisoners from escaping; a precaution for the most part successful. A few prisoners succeeded in escaping, from time to time, but Trotsky was quite well behaved. No wonder: he was a long way from home, and could not return if the authorities of the world were on his tail. So while Trotsky was waiting in the Cavalier, the Canadian government asked the British what to do, and the British asked the Russians. Kerensky apparently thought that he had nothing to fear from an obscure Bolshevik revolutionary, and said to let him go. So off he went, to join Lenin and Company in pulling the Kerensky government down. The British and Canadian authorities knew nothing of the man they held, until it was too late.

Trotsky became Lenin's right hand man, and Stalin's rival. After Lenin's death, Trotsky and Stalin fought it out. Trotsky had to flee to Mexico, where he was murdered. His murderer was caught, tried, convicted and imprisoned. He is still in jail, and only a few weeks ago, he passed up an opportunity to go free on parole. He lives in fear of (1) Trotskyites, burning for revenge, and (2) Stalinists, hoping to silence him before he talks. He is very well off where he is now, thank you.

SWEET CAPS

always fresh and

TRULY MILD!



CORK OR PLAIN