

The Tub-Thumper

Last Friday evening was a big event at Pine Hill when the Resident Freshmen held their annual brawl in the dining hall. Initiation will never be stepped at Pine Hill, even though they tub about every student in the residence and hurl bags of water around like peanuts. Also, it is not unusual to see toilet paper stretched out the length of the three floors. Quite a suitable abode for students who are studying for the ministry. It has often been misquoted that theologs are out on their last fling, but they are just as noisy and half-hearted as the other students.

One doesn't hear much from Pine Hill except when Munroe Day swims around in its inebriated fashion. Next summer they are planning to tear down the old building and erect a new one. They plan to have a bowling alley in the basement so one can get his daily exercise without swimming in the Arm as some students have done. Wouldn't it be a wise decision to build a residence on the campus for the benefit of the male student? I believe they were going to build at one time but perhaps they thought that Memorial Rink would be more serviceable than Memorial Hall.

I suppose that no one has thought about the exams since there is so much activity around the campus. Do you realize that it is only seven weeks away? Joy killer!!

No Fishing Today!

There is a ring around the moon
As the young men watch the sea,
While the ships, like helpless flowers,

Await the nimble bee.
No fishing, today,
The young men say,
And they watch the cliffs resist the spray.

The shore is deserted,
The seagulls cry aloud,
And a wind begins to bellow
While the young men in a crowd
Turn away.
No fishing, today.

John McCurdy

A Frosh Writes A Friend

Dear Ian:
You probably have heard stories of how the professors mark papers by throwing them from the top of the Arts building. Well, that's a lie; our professors are too old to climb to the top of the Arts building.

Finally had to stop wearing my black and gold Dalhousie sweater. All my associates kept telling me that the sweater was gaudy, but I paid no attention until Vic told me—he's colour blind.

A friend of mine is being rushed by a fraternity. He said perhaps the reason that people were called rushees is because at the fraternity houses everybody was a rush-eeing to the bar.

Saw a friend of mine who lives in Dalhousie Men's Residence. Ha! ha! What a place. Every morning they draw straws and whoever loses goes into the wash-room first. While the loser fights the cockroaches, the others sneak in and wash.

Remember how your father and my father would study until the wee hours of the morning? Well, my lights burn until the wee hours, too. No heat in my room.

Heard a story by a Dalhousie student and it must be true, for our students can't do anything wrong except at examinations. It seems that while he was in a restaurant he saw a football player slap a girl (he assumed it was a football player since he had a crew cut, bottle in his hip pocket, and four copies of Mickey Spillane under his arm). Just as the player slapped the girl for the third time the coach ran and grabbed the player by the throat and hollered, "What are you trying to do?" "The next time you slap a girl wear a glove or you'll ruin your hand." No wonder this team never loses.

Yesterday a professor called me into his office and told me that in all his years of teaching he had never seen a student like me. In fact he insisted that I was different, in fact so different he was wondering if he could obtain a job for me on Sable Island.

Your pal,
Kos.



Two Dalhousie students inspecting the Music Library in Dal's Music Room. They are Virginia Ritcey and Graham Conrad.

Tschaikowsky "Swan Lake" "Death and Transfiguration" Rinsky-Korsakov "Scheherazade"

The music room was opened at Dalhousie to provide the students with facilities for hearing good music and to give them the opportunity to participate in organized music appreciation groups. This room, situated on the third floor of the Arts and Administration Building, directly above the main door, is open to the students from 8.30 to 5.30, Monday to Friday, and from 8.30 to 1 on Saturday. Tobacco fiends on the campus will be glad to hear that smoking is allowed there so come along and spend some of your leisure time there.

At first glance, the record collection may seem small but since all the recordings are made on 33 1/3 rpm discs, there are really many hours of classical music recorded on them. Long-playing records are by far the best medium for reproducing classical works. One record can contain an entire symphony and it is reproduced for us as flawlessly as modern science allows. By using microgroove records a much higher degree of fidelity can be attained than was possible on the old style 78 rpm records. The long playing records give a complete uninterrupted

programme and they are unbreakable; but please don't toss them out the third-floor window to see if they will bounce on the concrete steps.

The list of recordings includes Handel's "Messiah", "Death and Transfiguration", Chopin's "Preludes", famous concertos and symphonies and, in short, the best in classical music.

If you have never stopped to listen to or to appreciate the long-hair type of music, why not give it a try? Maybe you will be surprised at what you find on a classical record. Even if you are still unimpressed by serious music (and I don't see how this is possible) there are a few recordings in a lighter vein. For instance, one may find "Swan Lake" by Tschaikowsky, "Scheherazade" and also a delightful programme of Boston Pops arrangements.

The last time I wandered into the music room there wasn't a living soul in it. What a waste of good music! The records are not doing anyone any good by collecting dust. They were bought to be played, not to look pretty by sitting in the music room. Speaking of looking, there is an

exceptional bird's-eye view of eastern Halifax from the windows of the music room. Sight and sound are both satisfied in this tricky sound-proof room. While the ear is attune to the three great B's of music (Bach, Brahms and Beethoven) the eye is free to gaze at the trees and buildings and also the fair town of Dartmouth.

This is certainly a pleasant way to spend a free period and I am sure it would do just as much good as an hour spent studying. It usually takes fifteen or twenty minutes to settle down in the library and by the time you are well under way in your work it is time to close your books and wend your way to the next class.

In the music room an hour is an hour and you may hear good music from the time you walk through the double-door sound-proof arrangement until you reluctantly depart. A guilty conscience about not studying can be cured by this remedy. Books can be carried around and studied in any old place at any old time, but the records are in the music room, so enjoy them while you are on the campus.

As the music room acquires more classical music, the Gazette

The Continental

NFCUS, NFCUS, is the cry across the nation. We find it on the front page of the McGill Daily, the Queens Journal, and the Toronto Varsity, and this week on the title page of the Dalhousie Gazette.

McGill was the host to the 1953-54 NFCUS Conference. As was fitting their chairman opened the session by saying that "perhaps the most valuable thing that NFCUS does, is that it helps to bring together the students of Canada into a united student community. This goal, he emphasized, was the original purpose of NFCUS and is the most important part of the Conference." New member universities to NFCUS are St. Dunstan's, Queen's University and Waterloo College, who joined the Federation last year. This was not all the news at McGill. In a rough, tough, whoop-it-up and smack-'em-down game at the Richardson Memorial stadium, the Redmen lost a 13-12 decision to the Gaels of Queen's University, in Canadian football.

The Toronto Varsity looked at the conference of NFCUS in this light. "In what can be considered an unanimous vote, delegates in Commission 3 decided to investigate 'possibility of a qualified relationship with the International Union of Students (akin at Dalhousie to WUSC)'. They made it clear that there should be no consideration given to the idea of joining IUS at this Conference. While Toronto was the lone dissenting vote it did not oppose the content of the motion but rather the tone. The Toronto delegate felt that the proposal as presented by Laval took a negative instead of a positive view of associate

membership with IUS." The conference next year will be held at Toronto. On the frivolous side the Varsity wonders if "A Woman's Place is in the Home?" One brave soul looked at the problem this way. He said, "a woman is to marriage like an anchor to a ship. As long as the anchor stays in its place, the ship is safe. As soon as the anchor is lifted and wanders, the ship is swamped".

It was interesting to note that the Dalhousie initiation squabble aroused the Queen's Journal to the tune of four inches, third column, first page, at the bottom. It was titled "Dalhousie Moves For Self-Respect". On the question of the NFCUS Conference Queen's seemed to be primarily concerned with the fiscal policy. "The conference's administration and finance committee decided Tuesday night to base discussions on a 50c per capita levy . . . Some universities may be subject to the increase, but six have stated that they will refuse to pay more than the present rate of twenty cents." Turning to the light side of the Kingstonites, one student appeared concerned about the Kinsey Report, and disagreed that the \$8.00 volume was not a book that was straightforward and free from bias," but did assert that it was a contribution to knowledge. The author of the letter did not state the type of knowledge with which the text supplied him.

In conclusion I would like to inform those of you who read the column that good-natured ribbing should not, I hope, be mistaken for sarcasm or prejudice. The Athenaeum is admittedly one of the best college newspapers in Canada.

Poem: To Milton

Milton does all that one man can
To justify God's ways to men.

And now and then he strikes a place
Where the defence might rest its case
But, charmed by his own eloquence,
He keeps on adding evidence.

By his rich rhetoric bemused
The listener is too confused

To see the whole crux of the case is
Lawyer and client should change places,

Milton himself should land in quod
Or justify his ways to God.

J. S. W.

will publish the names of the new recordings.

These are the recordings that the music room has now:
Verdi's "Rigoletto"
Mozart "The Magic Flute"

Bach "Saint Matthew's Passion"
Beethoven "Symphony Number 9"

Mozart "The Marriage of Figaro"
Handel "The Messiah"
Chopin "Preludes"

INDIVIDUAL OR STATE MAN OR MOUSE?

by JOHN R. NICHOLS

The freshman has faced the problem. Since the first day he set foot on the campus he has been besieged by personnel and posters to join one of the university branches of a government service, either the naval, military or air branch. His choice has been resolved and action has been taken. But have they thought? Herein lies the greater problem.

The university branches of the armed forces offer among other things a chance for a student to free himself from the economic burdens that he shoulders at entrance to college. His very existence can be cared for to the n'th degree. Security is guaranteed in return for which the government requests only that he spend a few nights through the year and his summers with them in training. Like the feudal lord, granting safety and security in return for so much labor, the student like the serf, allies himself to a form of economic feudalism, giving of his time and mentality for the mess of government pottage.

The government stipend is a splendid inducement for spending a summer on a cruise or seeing parts of Canada, if the student is content to be hypocritical enough to take without giving much in return other than making up a reserve force of some sort. For true Christians the word force should be a deterrent to uniting with any such organization. But just as there are those who enjoy a completely ascetic life, so there are those who are completely worldly. The crux of the problem lies not in this but in the after effects, in what happens after graduation.

Those students who have worked in these schemes just to make some money find that after they graduate there are not so many openings in the world of reality that offer financial inducements and security comparable to those of the service organizations. Rather than optimistically facing the struggle of life and giving constructively to it they are content to rest under the sheltering branches of the maple tree, caring little for the earth that is nourishing it.

The government is supported by the citizens who as part of the "madding crowd" are individuals desiring to preserve the right to be individuals. Whether presidents, priests or prostitutes they have all in their small way, if not in their taxes, contributed something for the welfare and enjoyment of the others. They are not

content to let others support them deluding themselves that what they were doing was patriotic or loyal. As Voltaire emphasizes in *Candide*, one's work in one's garden is more important than sitting and worrying about what is not accomplished or should be done in the larger gardens of the world and people.

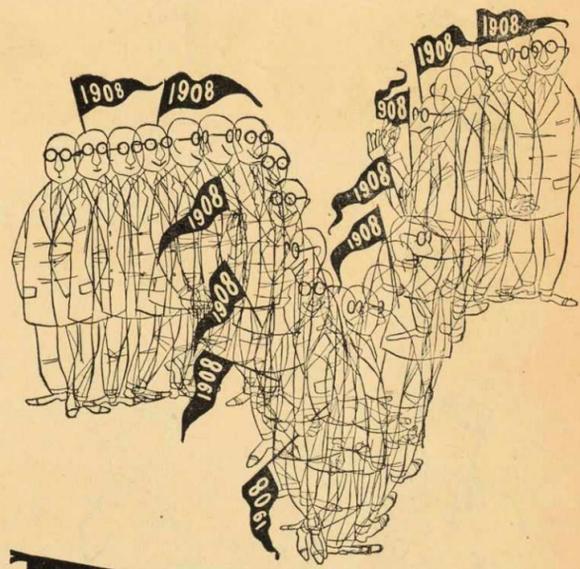
The "economic serfs" find that they themselves are supporting a system that is itself a serfdom depending on other nations for the security it guarantees its individuals. Because of maintaining a standing or reserve force, means of employment must be found for it. What is the sense in having a new shovel without having holes to dig, or fill in somewhere? Like a young child in a sand pile eager to test the bombing mechanism of his toy plane, they construct a sand castle of false economy so they may destroy it, to create a stronger economy. It develops into a vicious circle. Forces used to create the need for forces. The supply far outreaches the demand so a demand has to be created. The number crying for security, desirous of economic feudalism increases forcing the need of balance. The balance is effected at the expense of those seeking security and those supporting the state that operates in this manner. Is it to be the individual or the state?

There are those that will argue that the state is a collection of individuals, which is quite true, but which is to be supreme and at

the sacrifice of which, the individual or the state? Is the dog to wag the tail, or is the tail to be food for the dog? The student must choose. Milton wrote in *Areopagitica*, "When God gave him reason, He gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing."

Man must exert himself above the pressure of public opinion. He must make himself more than a mouse with which the state may play cat and mouse, for the betterment of himself and his fellows. The state is you: make it what you will, but make it. A university training is not to learn how better to kill or maim your enemies, but how to enrich the lives of all with whom you come in contact. As Plato points out in his *Republic* each has a peculiar work or function or activity in the satisfactory exercise of which will be found his well being. Those undergraduates who are not in the trade or business schools of this university realize the importance of the contribution of self for the benefit of many. That is why he is at university.

The university is not preparing for the ways of death but of life. Granted that until human nature is changed we will need a police force of sorts. But should we let a like force control the entire actions of the individuals? The paradox still exists: Man or Mouse, Individual or State?



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