

DALHOUSIE Gazette

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Editors-in-Chief

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News Editors
RED LAMPERT

BRUCE LOCKWOOD

Reporters—Ken Pholps, Valerie Cato, R. Levey, P. Simon, A. Harris, D. Soberman, Ralph Brooks, K. Lawley, B. McGeoch

Circulation Manager: Don Hall

Assistant Business Manager: Alf Harris

Photographers: E. Richter, Dan Soberman

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A. MOREIRA

Business Manager
ROBIN MACLEAN

Features

M. GOLBURGH

C. W. MacINTOSH

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No. 18

What's Wrong With The Press?... No. 2

The following is taken from the editorial of the first number of *The Halifax Free Press*, a new weekly paper, and may be of some interest to those who maintain, like ourselves, that the press must mix a little responsibility with its freedom.

"No press is truly free that is controlled by one source of power, whether that one source of power is the wealth of a man, or the police authority of the state.

"This is not yet a Communist or Nazi state, and so it remains possible for freedom to be exercised in order to remedy the state of affairs which has threatened Halifax this week.

"For one management alone cannot be allowed indefinitely to control the publication of the news—particularly when the participants in this week's newspaper merger control the local radio stations, and have begun their career by withholding the news of the wholesale dismissal of the entire *Chronicle* staff on forty-eight hours' notice—some 150 men and women in all, from managing editor to printer's devil. In our opinion, that is news for Haligonians. . . .

"Whatever else has been sold in this city, the journalistic tradition of such men as Joseph Howe, William Annand and W. S. Fielding cannot be transferred from one rich man to another like a piece of paper or a roll of bills . . ."

The event of the week in Halifax as the University reopened its doors was the "merger" of the two newspaper companies which resulted in the dismissal of the entire *Chronicle* staff. No less interesting than this "merger" was the mystery in which the whole thing was shrouded.

Except for one article (above) circulated by hand in the City, the one hundred and fifty *Chronicle* staff members filled out their unemployment insurance applications and left in silence, unsung and certainly unheralded. The only tribute they could expect of the profession some of them had served for fifty years was a tactful silence. While the public understood that merger meant combination, the hundred and fifty handed their ex-employer in effigy, packed up and went.

As well as the oldtimers who found themselves without jobs there were recent graduates of King's and Dal, who had just begun to contribute to a tradition. With the *Chronicle* gone some will remember the rather austere editorial page, others the book reviews, and some the only attempt made by any newspaper to tell a few truths to the muddled apple industry. There are many who, going into the Forum, will see the ghost of the man who failed to get an even break leaning over the press box rail, absently dropping peanut shells on the crowd below.

In a guide to journalists published by some firm or other there appear the twelve commandments of the newspaper profession, the last of which runs something like this:—

"... And if thou feelest that thou hast been betrayed, walk out the door without a backward glance, and worry not from when cometh thy next breakfast . . ." That's all very well if you haven't got a wife and children.

Graduate Record Examination

Tests will be held on Monday, February 7 and Tuesday, February 8. Application should be made as soon as possible and in no case later than January 20.

These tests are required by some Graduate Schools, especially in the United States, and are recommended by others. They are accepted by some schools of Medicine and Dentistry, and are required by McGill and some others.

The Professional Aptitude Tests specially prepared for pre-Medical candidates will not be offered at Dalhousie this year.

For further information apply at Room 6, Men's Residence, Dalhousie University, January 5, 1949.

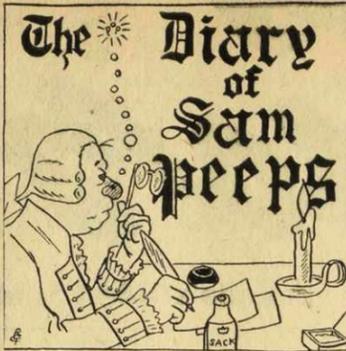
D. V. A.

Christmas Examinations

D.V.A. requires all students under benefits, and expecting their benefits to continue, to remain in all classes for which fees have been paid by D.V.A. To receive benefits during the session 1949-50 students must write final examinations in all classes, and supplementals in classes in which they fail.

Pending final action by the Committee on Studies, students under benefits whose failures make it advisable that classes should be dropped, should consult the University Veterans' Adviser before discontinuing any class.

Office of the Veterans' Adviser, Dalhousie University, January 4, 1949.



The Diary of Sam Speeps

Saturday, Jan. 1 — Blessed be God, though I am still in fear of my life as a result of the latest murdger in the old town, I am still able to write in the Spectator (early edition), which is free, I think. Freedom of speech is still upheld by the authentic tradition of western universities I am told, so the Spectator (early edition) will carry on as it hath in the past, despite the loss of a dearly-beloved relation. Although chronically ill the relation had been expected to live on for several years, but died unexpectedly last week as the result of a great blood-letting.

Although the festivities of last night were somewhat marred by the news of the death in the family, never-the-less a great ball was held and it is said that many were in their cups before the witching hour. Did hear of one Cant Swallow, who spent the early hours of this day asleep in his coach, athwart the main route of the highway which passes Quinn's Pool. As for myself, did spend a disturbing night on the stage from Paris to the old town. Great singing of a Scotch song took place, and I did find my fine voice in great demand.

All this day I have been disturbed by an aching head which is due to some rich food that I ate, I believe, I having indulged in scallops, a mighty fine shell fish, and boiled Spanish onions. Some did remark I had a hang-over, which is a ridiculous statement as I never have hang-overs, being a most moderate drinker.

To bed early, my head aching fiercely, that I smote my ugly wife a great blow in the mouth and slept alone, again.

Sunday, Jan. 2 (Lord's Day) — Home early after church where a dull sermon was preached by a new preacher, and made breakfast of an old herring which I found on the floor. Grumbled, as I ate, at the slothful habits of my ugly wife, with whom I have no patience lately, she being as the French say an "chienne vieille". While eating, one did come to me with news that a little man with a cigar was freshly come to the Spectator (early edition) seeking employment. He did claim he had great knowledge of athletic performances and did write about them for many, many years while employed by our late relation. Thought this most unlikely, and expect to hear no more of him, although he is a good man withal.

Out onto the highroad, and on the way to the Gym Inn did meet my old friend Buzzy Bender, who seemed most pleased with herself for some strange reason, and I did remark she was looking much better, which same was a fool's remark, methinks. However, I passed on to the Gym Inn where all were talking of the examinations, and great curses rent the air, aimed at professors and examination markers, who are a scurrilous collection of Knaves. Although the examinations have all been marked according to their merits, the results are not to be revealed until after the next tea party at which the university parliament will gather and receive the blessings of Dr. Otto for undoing the usual fifteen per cent of the scholars. I am told that I am to be a fifteen percenter, but I did but laugh at this, for it is impossible, I think. After a long day in the Inn, I lurched home and to bed in my suit, my wife being not at home, and I did resolve to search out this dancing master friend of hers and challenge him.

Monday, Jan. 3—Up early, hearing a newsboy on the road below, and purchased from him a sheet called the Free Press, which is new to me and appears to be against

(Continued on Page 3)

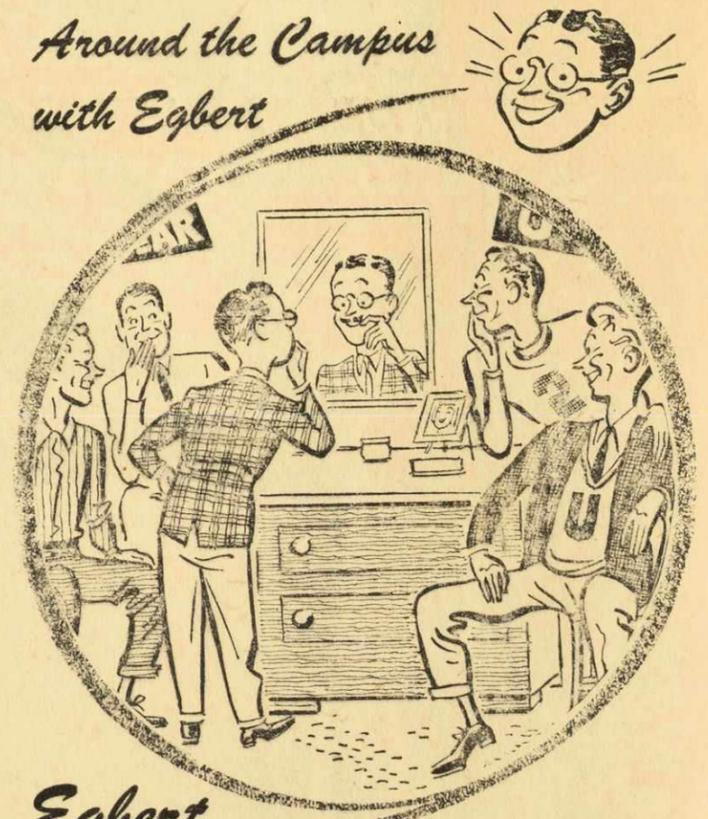
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Around the Campus with Egbert



Egbert says

"I've got to have something to show I'm a Junior"

Egbert seems to be having a little difficulty bolstering his dignity.

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