

# David Foohey Receives Ph.D. In Economics

New of great interest to Dalhousie students has been received in a letter to the Economics department of the University concerning a former Dalhousie student, David Edmund Foohey of St. John, New Brunswick, who has been awarded his Ph.D. in economics at the University of London School of Economics and Political Science.

Mr. Foohey, a blind student, attended the School for the Blind in Halifax and Dalhousie University. He was known as one of the most brilliant students ever to attend Dalhousie and was awarded the McKenzie Scholarship in 1944, the Bruce Bursary in 1945, the IODE, HMS Good Hope Chapter Scholarship in 1946, the University Medal in 1947 and later was awarded the Lord Beaverbrook Scholarship. He won his B.A. Degree in 1947 and his M.A. in 1949. From Dalhousie he went to the University of London.

In a letter from the University of London, Alan T. Peacock, Reader in Public Finance, University of London, said, "(We) found his work eminently satisfactory, and I am glad to say that we had no hesitation in awarding the Ph.D. degree to him. It is a credit to his intelligence and courage and to his previous training. His statistics on Canadian federal debt will be a great help to future research workers, and, with a bit of revision, I think his work is well worth publication."

Mr. Foohey's accomplishments are a magnificent tribute to his abilities and are a source of pride and admiration for Dalhousie, the School for the Blind and to all his schoolmates who have known him.

## \$250,000 Gift To Dalhousie

A bequest of \$250,000 to Dalhousie University was included in the will of Dr. A. C. Fales, who died in Wolfville last November.

The bequest is to be maintained as a district trust fund for the following purposes:

(1) To endow the Dr. A. C. Fales Chair of Theoretical Physics

(2) To provide a sum to be put at the disposal of the Department of Physics of the university, to be used in the sole discretion of the department for the furtherance of research in Physics, such as purchase of books, scientific periodicals and apparatus, assistance in the publication of research and similar matters.

Dr. Fales was born in Annapolis County and attended Dalhousie University and the Halifax Medical College. He later graduated from Harvard Medical School and practiced for several years in Nova Scotia locations and in Malden, Mass.

## Survey Conducted On N. S. Schools

Nova Scotians believe their schools are doing a good job in preparing young people for future life, a survey shows, but they also recognize a need for better trained teachers, improved school facilities and closer co-operation between the parent and teacher.

These opinions were expressed in a survey promoted by a joint committee consisting of representatives of the Provincial Department of Education, the Union of Nova Scotia Municipalities, the Nova Scotia Teachers' Union and the Nova Scotia Federation of Home and School Associations.

The actual survey was carried out by a committee made up of Dr. M. V. Marshall, Acadia University, Dr. Donald Campbell, St. Francis Xavier University, and Professor A. S. Mowat, of Dalhousie University. A cross-section of Nova Scotia people were asked a series of 75 questions.

Among qualities desirable in a teacher, they listed in order: teaching skill, attitude, knowledge of subject matter and community activity.

Eighty-five per cent of those asked in favor of homework but differed as to the grade in which homework should begin.

The divided as to whether religion should be taught as a school subject.

Nova Scotians were undecided as to whether adequate provision had been made for above average children but the majority said such provision had not been made for the slow-learning child.

# NINETEEN FIFTY-FOUR

Taken from the journal of an ex-slave labourer in Soviet Russia, by N. Vito

Translated from the Russian by O. V. Pudymaitis

### CHAPTER III

#### "A Camp in the Caucasian Mountains"

The night of June 23, 1941, was the most horrible I ever experienced in my whole life. Within twenty-four hours the number of inmates in our cell had diminished to half. The same was happening in all the other cells.

It was a silent summer morning. For the last time our native sun shone upon us. We marched along familiar streets without recognizing them—for such a commotion was filling them. The town was overflowing with retreating Russian troops. Soldiers everywhere, dressed in dusty overcoats; wagons, trucks and armour—all that was moving across our town from the west to the east.

When we reached the railway station we were pushed into cattle cars, 80 prisoners in each. We spent 22 days in those cars, eating only that which some of us were able to take with us before leaving the prison. On the 23rd day of our journey we reached Naltchike in the Caucasus. The doors were finally thrown open and a voice told us to leave the cattle car and climb into trucks, but many of the prisoners were unable to move. They had to be carried.

We drove along a narrow and crooked road straight into the mountainous region. The area was uninhabited and only at dusk we saw a few low, dark buildings.

"Well, this is the camp," said our guard in a voice which betrayed boredom. "We have arrived."

Although we were extremely tired and weak, great curiosity overcame us and we stared at the low, dark buildings, which were to become our new "home." Even the sick raised themselves to take a look at them. "Well, that is how they look," they thought. "The notorious Soviet concentration camps, about which we heard so many terrible tales even in Latvia."

Turning into a street, the trucks finally came to a halt in the middle of the camp. Huge mountains surrounded the camp and that was all. We were directed to our barracks and then given a piece of rye bread and three salt herring each. The starved prisoners threw themselves eagerly on the food. About half an hour later we were gripped by an unbearable desire for water.

"Water," voices came from all barracks, "for heaven's sake, give us water!"

But nobody answered. The guards stood silently and did not move. The night passed. Two days later, at dawn, the doors were unlocked and a voice shouted:

"Anybody here still alive? Get to work!" Soon we found out that the commander of that particular mountain camp had devised a personal "system" to re-educate the enemies of the proletariat. It was very simple: each new group of prisoners on its day of arrival, was fed with very salty fish and two or three days afterwards those prisoners were given neither food nor drink. On the third day the doors of the barracks would be thrown open and the commander or his assistants would appear. Solemnly they would announce that from that moment on "the prisoners would be given a chance to prove by honest work, that they are worthy of consuming the bread of the Socialist State."

When autumn came, infectious diseases began to appear in the camp, due, no doubt, to the dirt, lack of food and general exhaustion.

tion. We did not even dream of receiving medical attention. The camp doctor was just as big a beast as the rest of the camp administration. If any sick prisoners came to him for help his answer would invariably be: "If you could reach me, you can reach your place of work too."

Each morning the sick, who were unable to go to work, would be taken out to the camp yard, and there placed, like logs of wood, in neat rows on the ground. There they lay, in the dirt all day long. At night, when the prisoners returned from work, the sick men were carried back to the barracks and the next morning they were carried out again and dumped into the dirt. We were told that this procedure was necessary to discourage the healthy prisoners from "malingering."

During the day if any of the sick prisoners managed to crawl back to the barracks, they were immediately seized. Their clothes were taken off, and they would be thrown into a special pit, in the middle of the camp yard. That pit—two meters wide and three meters deep—was filled with a sticky, stinking substance. Very frequently the sick men died after laying in the pit 24 hours; but even if they survived, they hardly resembled human beings anymore. I personally saw 20 prisoners dying in that pit in terrible agony.

Once in September the commander of the camp appeared in our barrack and called out some prisoners; among them, two old officers of the Latvian army and an old friend of mine.

"Don't worry about us!" said my friend. That same moment the guard put handcuffs on him. "I pray to God that he will treat you better than he will us."

The guard interrupted him and pushed him roughly in the direction of the door. We saw the prisoners being placed in a car and driven off somewhere in the direction of the mountains. We knew they were being taken to an execution. The next day someone brought back some of their belongings which were found not far from the camp. Our friends were dead.

This execution created an uneasiness among the inmates of the camp. It resulted in six prisoners escaping from the camp some few days later. They were soon caught, beaten to such an extent, that their features could not be recognized, thrown into the pit and there shot.

the whole camp being called into witness the execution.

From day to day our living conditions grew worse. We began to protest. The commander was called to the scene. He came in company of several guards and asked us what we wanted. We told him that such food would prevent us from fulfilling our daily "norm."

Laughingly he replied: "You receive that which is proper."

One of the prisoners, a Latvian from Riga, hit the commander on the head with a lantern which he was holding in his hand.

One of the prisoners grabbed a stone and threw it at the guards. One guard sighed heavily and fell. The rest of them trained their guns on the crowd.

A few days later four more prisoners escaped. They were caught, cruelly beaten, and thrown into the pit. Next day, in spite of the orders to keep away from them I decided to crawl to the doomed men, and to give them a few pieces of bread which we had collected.

When I looked down into the pit I perceived a picture which I shall never forget. The men, swollen from the cold and the beatings which they had received, were constantly turning in the sticky, stinking liquid, groping with bloody fingers at the earthen wall of the pit. The earth failed to support them and it fell in chunks on their bloody faces. They crawled around like snails trying to raise themselves and constantly falling back into the liquid. It seemed to me that they did not realize what they were doing. Their movements were mechanical and senseless. I could not stand the sight and throwing down the bread, hastened back to the barrack. Only two days later the escapees were removed from the pit. All day long they lay without movement near the pit, expecting the black car. Their closest friends were unable to recognize them—they were disfigured to a point beyond recognition.

From then onward conditions continued to grow worse until one day rumors reached us telling that German troops were approaching Caucasian Mountains.

For a week or two peace reigned in the camp. Even the administration grew quiet. We felt that the MVD was becoming helpless and that the stick was slipping from their hands. Exploiting the situation, a large number of prisoners, I among them, prepared for a mass breakout.

## SWEATER QUEEN



—PHOTO BY COWAN

Shown above is the Sweater Queen Miss Sheila Piercey. Sheila was crowned queen by the president of the Commerce Society.

## Sweater Dance Success, Pharmacy Ball Friday Night

Last Friday night in the gym, the Commerce Society held their annual Millionaires Sweater Dance; it was (as it usually is) a dance enjoyed by all in attendance. The highlight of the evening was the crowning of the Sweater Queen, Miss Sheila Piercey, by Ted Irwin, the President of the Commerce Society.

An innovation was added at intermission, when the Master of Ceremonies, Mr. Richard Marshall, auctioned off various drawings of female pulchritude which adorned the walls of the gym. All things considered, the auction pulled in a tidy little sum for the March of Dimes.

Don Warner and his orchestra were in rare form for the affair, and during the course of the evening played Dalhousie's new song, written by Walter Bergmann, a first year law student. The song was good, but only time will tell whether or not it will become a solid favorite with Dalhousians.

Arrangements for the dance were ably executed by the Society's Social Committee chairman, Larry Doane, and his committee.

The Pharmacy Ball, one of the best affairs of the year, (as any good Pharmacy student will tell you) is scheduled for this Friday evening. Don Warner's orchestra, always a drawing card, will be in attendance, and many prizes will be given out during the evening's entertainment.

A banquet will open the evening with around 200 expected to attend. The guest speaker will be the General Manager of the Parke-Davis Co. Ltd., of Canada.

In charge of the proceedings is Sterling Feero and on the committee are Dave MacDonald, George Slipp, Chris Nolan and Bill Townsend, President of the Pharmacy Society. George Slipp is in charge of arrangements for the banquet. The whole affair, by the way, will take place at the Nova Scotian Hotel.

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Students are warned to exercise caution in the vicinity of university buildings wherever there may be danger from ice or snow falling from the roofs.

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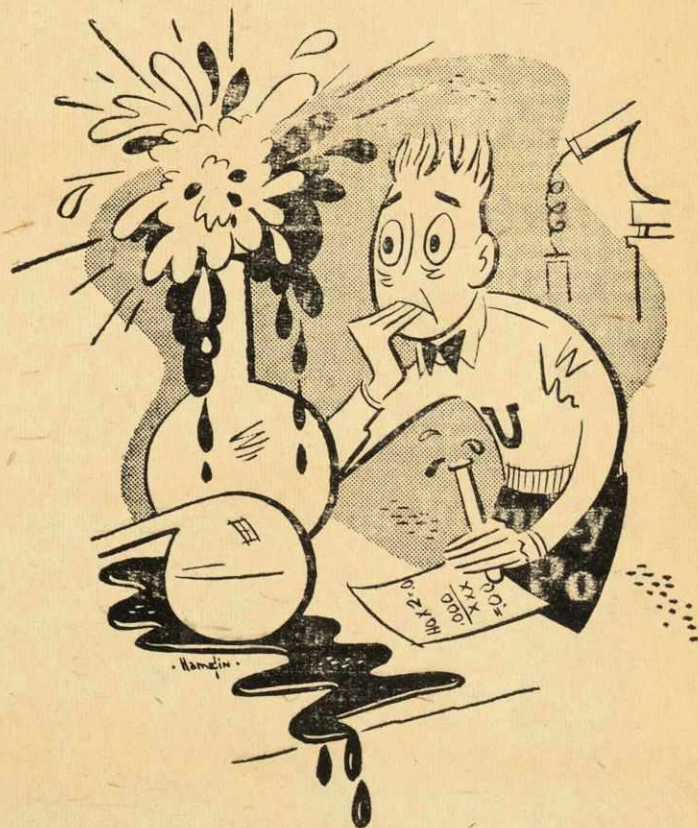
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## Letter To The Editor

Dear Mr. Editor:

The Halifax Theatre Arts Guild hopes to invade the Dalhousie campus within the next few days with a student membership campaign. Our objectives are twofold: (1) To offer university students a new avenue for the study, the cultural gain and the entertainment of living theatre; (2) To obtain for the Guild a young and vital group of members who may carry out its aims and mold firmly its ideals in years to come.

Because the Guild year is longer than the university year, this student membership will be scaled to match. For the balance of this year it will entitle the holder to see at least two plays and possibly three, along with full rights in other Guild activities. The cost will be one dollar and the first play for the new student member will be "Twelfth Night," opening on February 9.

Theatre Arts Guild, as you know, has a high reputation and a proud tradition in Halifax. Many Dalhousians have helped it and are working with it today. Our student membership plan has the blessing of your Glee Club president, David Peel, and it is our hope that the response to it will be large.

A. L. Murphy, Pres.,  
Theatre Arts Guild.

P.S.

As an ex-editor of the Dalhousie Gazette (ex by almost 30 years!) may I congratulate you on your paper. It has more strength and color than for many years back and does credit to the University as well as to yourself.

## Columbia Univ. Holds Convocation

At the first of three great convocations marking Columbia University's bi-centennial year held last week in New York, various honorary degrees were conferred upon some forty notable scholars and leaders in education, science, public affairs and law in several countries.

Among the recipients, Canada was represented by two men from the Maritime provinces, one of them being Mr. Justice Vincent C. MacDonald of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. Mr. Justice MacDonald, who is a former Dean of the Dalhousie Law School, was honored with the degree of Doctor of Laws, but unfortunately due to illness, was unable to be present to receive it. He will receive it at another of the Bi-Centennial convocations later this year.

Among others who received the degree of Doctor of Laws were Mr. Justice Ivan Rand, also of Nova Scotia, Sir Alexander Carr-Saunders, director of the London School of Economics, Oscar Hammerstein II, librettist, Doctor of Letters, and also other notables.