

DALHOUSIE Gazette

CANADA'S OLDEST STUDENT PUBLICATION

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE PRESS?

Last week newspapers all over the United States (and elsewhere) made themselves look a little foolish over their coverage of the U.S. elections, and some had the rather bad grace to try and make a joke of the whole matter afterwards.

Exactly how the American people—to whom freedom of the press is a household god—took the joke is not yet known. The pollsters are, we assume, gathering together the scattered remnants of their prestige before giving the question a try.

It was beginning to dawn on many people last week that freedom was evidently not enough, and that responsibility might have something to do with it.

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It all began like this:

Once upon a time some person began the rumour that the press was to be free. This was at a time when people were catching on to the idea that freedom was the great essential in all things, the universal solvent which would dissolve all our problems, and the rumour became a maxim of the great, new era then dawning.

The maxim received tremendous impetus from the work of a small number of genuine independents (now, alas, no more) who used their freedom with great skill and judgment and were admitted to the Mecca of the journalist, the syndicated column. Only a few remain, but they have for the most part forsaken the "free" press—except for one or two who linger in the comic strips.

The maxim, however, had reached the status of a legend, and, grown to vast proportions, it caused a great outcry when the British government proposed to investigate the newspaper "industry" with a view, presumably, to nationalizing it. Freedom of the press was reaching its peak, and developing from a legend into a purpose. Far from being a means, it was regarded as an end.

It will soon become a platitude, when people will realize that freedom is a means only, and that without a reasonable amount of integrity and responsibility it is vicious and dangerous.

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It seems to be a bad period for the papers. Even in the Universities undergrad newspapers were having a hard time of it. The University of British Columbia undergrad daily was solemnly censored by its students for inadequate news coverage and or spreading dissension among its students. Varsity magazine took a poll among U.S. college papers, and found almost without exception that editors were plagued by staff troubles, wholesale criticism and complete absence of respect. The great exception, apparently, was the Western University "Gazette", which promptly retorted with redundant unctious that the editor would sooner drop dead than be respected, that the staff was grand and everybody was happy.

A lot of people were beginning to think that University newspapers were beginning to overreach themselves.

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In the good old Maritimes the papers were dealing cautiously with a couple of touchy subjects. What exactly was the trouble in the apple industry? What did we think of the dockers' strike. Nobody was saying anything about either that amounted to anything.

Letters To The Editor

The Editors,
Dalhousie Gazette,
Dear Sirs,

In answer to Mr. Proudfoot who said he didn't know what kind of sport "general" was, please use your dictionary. The D.A.A.C. has to pay expenses towards trips to the M.I.A.U. and expenses towards joining leagues, etc. These are general expenses, similar to run any athletic organization.

The hockey budget is high but the greatest expense is payment for ice rental, and if Mr. Proudfoot can get this ice cheaper, please let us know and we will accept his offer.

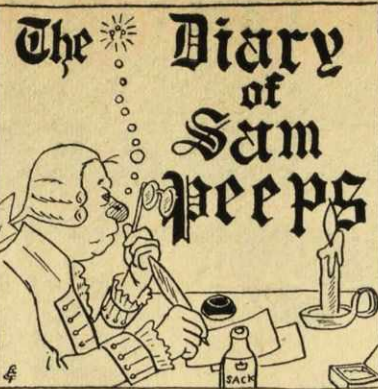
Canadian football was started last year and we are still buying equipment and I think the students

as a whole did exceptionally well on the amount we spent for the quantity and quality which was actually needed.

Mr. Proudfoot should be glad that the D.A.A.C. did discover such excellent coaches who offer their services FREE or these budgets would have to be increased.

I remain,
Yours truly,
LARRY LEVINE

EDITOR'S NOTE:—In addition to Mr. Levine's remarks we might point out that returns from Canadian football, which has been criticized for its expense, are far greater than those from all other sports put together, which is quite a consideration.



Wednesday, Nov. 7 — Up be-times and reading of a newspaper from Toronto wherein I did read that a man lately gone from the college on the hill has been acclaimed as a success in the practice of musique in the colonies.

In the newspaper there appeared a large notice, with his picture, amazingly done, and a fine likeness, complete with tall black hat and bow tie.

He was indeed referred to as "Bop" Warner, red-hot winner of the play, "Opportunity Knocks". The notice did presume to state that he was acting as an entertainer at musique in the Continental Room (for foreigners) in the Hotel St. Regis, an inn of some note.

This scholar was known here as Don Warner, and was most popular with his fellows, and all here wish him great success in the art of musique, which is most difficult, without a proper and good agent.

The colonies have taken him unto themselves, and call him "Canada's Jazz Sensation." Jazz, I am told, is a form of very fast musique, played on horns and bugles, to the beat of a drum. I am sorrowful to here that no viols of flutes are included in the playing of jazz musique, wherefore I shall never be a jazzer, as I am not able to master the horn.

Putting away the fine, big newspaper to read another time, I down to the Thames where I am employed lately at taking cargo from many ships, newly come here.

On my way to the docks I was pelted with boulers, and great, large fruit, by many men carrying placards, who did call me a "strike-breaker" and a "scab", at which I was bewildered, for I have not heard these expressions before.

I was told by some ruffians that I must respect the union, which was an amazing statement. I am married and certainly respect that union, but I have no other. They did say I should not work, but I shall. My exchequer has been deleted, and I am need of many more pounds sterling, which I perceive can be obtained by unloading bananas from ships at the wharf.

Home early, after being pushed down the hold of a ship, into a heap of over-ripened fruit, where-in I did ruin my suit, not my best one, though. Tired, after supper I to bed.

Thursday, Nov. 18 — Not feeling well, methinks it is a result of my fall into the rotted fruit, I early to the Dullhousie Apothecary Shop, where I was told I could have free treatment of my ills. Arriving there at nine o'clock I was told to sit down and wait. At eleven o'clock a shrewish woman in a white habit came to the door and with great surprise said, "Aren't you gone yet?" I replied that indeed I was not. She then said that I should be rested after sitting for two hours and should go home. I said I wanted treatment. She took my name and left. At one o'clock she returned. She took my temperature, with a most curious invention. Then she said, "Your temepature is normal, the doctor is out for lunch, why don't you drop in tomorrow?" I left, and I won't drop in tomorrow.

Friday, Nov. 19 — Sick a-bed, I sent for my doctor from the town. He came early and told me I must needs take a physique, which I did, and so staid at home all day, in great distress, and with much running to and fro.

He did say there was no good in going to the Dullhousie Apothecry Shop, as I would receive no treatment, except an old, old treatment, known, he said, as the "brush-off". And I think he spoke truly.

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