

# DALHOUSIE Gazette

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## IT'S A LONG WAY TO SWITZERLAND

Bearing a caption "Be sure and submit these to the editor of your campus paper", a report entitled "International Student Service; Statement of Receipts and Disbursements For the Nine Months Ended Sept. 30, 1948", was received by Bernal Sawyer, local ISS chairman this week. Mr. Sawyer dutifully submitted the report to the Gazette. And the report was most interesting.

It listed total receipts from 28 Canadian Universities and Colleges as \$40,233.47.

Under Disbursements, the chief item, and the first recorded, was \$30,214.40 as "Transfer of Funds to Treasurer, World Student Relief, Geneva, Switzerland . . ." The remainder, \$10,019.07, was expended on general expenses, or contained in "Excess of Receipts over disbursements."

In other words, three quarters of the money contributed to the I.S.S. National Campaign by University students was sent to Geneva, Switzerland. One eighth of total was spent on general expenses here, and one eighth remained on hand.

Now, to be called an "isolationist" is to be called a terrible thing. And no doubt, if one were to remark that "It's a long way to Switzerland", one would be branded as "Isolationist". Nevertheless, Bernal Sawyer has repeatedly stated that he could obtain no breakdown of expenditures by the World Student Relief organization. At the ISS conference at Toronto, which ended October 31, 1948, he was unable to get an answer to his question, "Where does our money go?"

He was able to find out that \$30,214.40 was sent to Geneva, but that was the end. Where it went from there, nobody could, or would, say. That is what has been wrong with the International Students Service since its very inception. The students could not, and still cannot, see where their money goes nor could they really learn, beyond repeated assurances by headquarters, if it was doing any good. Certainly, if the money is going to countries behind the Iron Curtain it is doing no good. We cannot strengthen our defenses in this ideological warfare by assisting students in Russian dominated countries.

It is a part of the ISS constitution, and always has been, that it acts in relief of students, "regardless of political beliefs, race or religion." On the surface that is certainly democratic. But our way of life is threatened by a political belief. You can ignore a bump on your foot—but when you find it is cancer, and slowly killing you, you don't encourage its growth. And certainly we cannot encourage the growth of Communism, for it is out to kill our present fairly satisfactory democratic system.

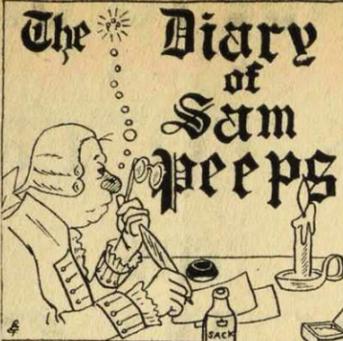
We can't go on blindly sending money to Europe, with no assurance that it is not being used against us. Apparently several delegates to the ISS National Conference agreed on this point. Several Canadian universities are going to use their ISS campaign funds to bring DP students and exchange students to Canadian universities.

In an ISS supplement in the Manitoban, the Minister of Education of that province says in part;

"Whoever first conceived the thought of Canadian university students bringing to Canada a number of DP students as well as exchange students from other countries struck an imaginative as well as responsive chord in the minds of organized Canadian university students." We agree.

The Dalhousie Council of Students, at Mr. Sawyer's suggestion, have agreed to use the funds raised in the Dalhousie ISS campaign to bring one DP and one student from a European university, to Dalhousie to study. The students will return to their own countries, to pass on what they have learned, when they complete their courses here.

At last we'll be able to see where our ISS dollar goes. There will be no mystery, such as has been caused by the long distance to Geneva. It is to be hoped that every student will contribute all he can to the ISS campaign at Dalhousie. Don't pass the buck—give it to ISS.



**The Diary of Sam Peeps**

Tuesday, Feb. 8—A man at my door today, demanding entrance. He is all a-panting with news from the school of engineering where there is a great scandal. He did say that one Gymnasium Less-daughter had been copying the drawings of one Jacques Linseed for to submit them to a professor. When the professor got there, all he did was glare, for Gym "scabbed" the name of Linseed. Being a glib-tongued rascal he talked his way out of a severe punishment by the minions of the law.

Much disturbed by this news of "scabbing" I resolved to return J. J. Freezer's notes on the Science of Politics to him.

Arriving at the Loseborough just on time to beat the "end-of classes" rush, did hear that the soldiery had Note Naysnor in custody. He was apprehended while trying to launch a barge at His Majesty's Yachting Club on Lord's Day afternoon. Some say he was merely suffering from too much rehabilitation.

Reports reach me that Count Lessgen disappeared from a dancing party held by the "Awful Gams", in search of a rare bottle of sack which he had misplaced somewhere or other. Truthful Curse—He had a rare time there, too, it is told about the Inns.

Am resolved to pay no attention to reports that Milord Quaker Oats is out to do me harm for some unknown reason. Possibly he is mad, or stood in the moon too long.

My head whirling with reports that I am now famous—there being a great discussion of my attributes at Arcadia recently by a most learned man—Dr. All-Fired Blackhead—I to bed.

Wednesday, Feb. 9 — Spectator (early edition) on campus of college on the hill today. My wife has composed a poorly written bit of nonsense named after the style of my Diary, which I am disposed to ignore for it doth show she is ever a fool, as I have oft times thought.

The pharamacists of the college on the hill are much concerned over a story that Master F. Bateman has been denied access to Noman's Land because of his tipsy rowdery there after the great ball held by the Pharmacists.

Great talk today that the Duke of Urphart will nominate as a candidate for the President of the Parliament one Ronald Shoutmuck. Some say it should be the other way around.

What is all this about Showman Slicker and his spouse? They were most friendly on Friday and Sunday—But Saturday he was away and she was too, in a sense, I think.

So pleased with what was said about my music at Arcadia by Dr. All-Fired Blackhead, I am resigned to return to the practice of my glockenspiel, on which I can now play two tunes, like several aspirants to the Prime Ministership methinks. Sometimes I will play, and other times I will not.

I am pleased that only I can write this diary, for then I can put in it only what I want. My conscience which bothers me on occasion is very bad tonight. To bed with a headache.

Thursday, Feb. 10—My portrait done today for the yearly publication of the college on the hill, called, I think, the Spare-Us because the portraits are so bad. Am assured by Ripe Farcial that I shall look as handsome as usual, which is comforting. He is a good fellow.

Old Watch-em Kirkstalin is at it again, I see. All the Arcadians are aroused, and the Upper Canadians, to, over what he said or did not say. He says many things, methinks—some of which are right good sayings.

From what I read about people (continued on page 3)

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