

SEEING
IS
BELIEVING



In re campus meetings.

During the past few weeks I've been either a welcome or unwelcome participant in several class and faculty meetings. The conditions I found existant at these meetings was appalling. How in the world university students have ever been qualified by the adjective mature or intelligent is beyond me. It's been said that upon our shoulders rests the destiny of the world. Pity the poor world.

Picture this as being a meeting held by mature and intelligent youths. Pull out all stops and make as much noise as possible. Especially when candidates for executive positions are being nominated from the floor. No matter what stage of the meeting has been reached, treat it as if the meeting was over and you and your neighbour can exchange choice morsels of gossip, or a new cross-hand technique for 'knit one, purl two, or discuss at great length the merits of an athletic supporter with nylon versus velvet pouch. Carry this on in a tone of voice normally aimed at beating the acoustical problem in the Metropolitan Opera House and you might get a vague idea of the resulting pandemonium.

The informal atmosphere of most meetings, enhanced by cigarette and pipe smoking, gum chewing and bubble gum popping carries right through to the executive. This element, appointed to conduct the meeting and represent the whole body over which they officiate, really has a job on their hands.

To get back to the positions on the executive referred to in the foregoing, try this for a rule of thumb in regard to their appointment. For president — pick out the best looking guy in the class, have him grin a lot, toss in a little ability (sports preferably) and he's your man. The gals ALL vote for him, hoping that he'll remember that ONE of them in particular did so and the guys in the audience won't vote because of the "I'll show you you're not so hot" theory. For Secretary — The second choice for President if possible, failing that someone who can write is a wise choice. For Treasurer — you guessed it, poor shmo.

That's not so you say dear reader, look around you!

In re guest speakers:
John Linton was his name and he had a message. The multitude of four that greeted him must have indelibly emphasized to him just how important his message was to the students of Universitas Dalhousionae.

To clarify:—One day in the not too passed past a richly encribed poster caught my eye. On it were these arresting words—"ALCOHOL, the problem of—Open forum Room 212 Arts and Admin. Bldg.—1200 noon—guest speaker John Linton—Bring Questions. Here, thought I, must be a rich source of material for discussion. Judging from the number I know personally whose recreation is directly connected with the current indoor sport I expected a substantially large number of the morbidly curious. S-o-o-o in a fever of anticipation and with my 4H₂ clutched tensely in my little hot hand I bounded up the stairs to 21. Emptiness greeted my enquiring gaze, then 1, 2, 3 people entered followed by Mr. Linton himself. No necessary implication need be drawn from this fact. "Gather 'round me chillun lest my message go unheard." Yes—we had quite a discussion. Very, very interesting.

Hither and Thither
Being a visitor to and student in this province, "Im not too well acquainted with Nova Scotiana. In order to alleviate this deficiency in my formal education I decided to see for myself some of the product and beauty of your own

A Moment of Peace

By ALAN MARSHALL

In the autumn, we regret that a long summer has come to an end, and reluctantly watch the approach of winter. But Autumn has its own beauties. The sky is so blue and peaceful now, and the feathery clouds, unlike the big puffy clouds of summer, move slowly and lazily across it. In these days, everyone is so wrapped up in the daily events of his life that he seldom takes the time to look around. The clouds pass over us, oblivious to everything we say or think. Not everything can be accomplished by laws which often go astray. A little less puttering around in busy purposelessness, and a little calm and reflection, and life would be a whole lot more satisfying. Never does nature appear more "successful" than in autumn, and never does it appear so peaceful. Perhaps the two go together.

Valley over the Thanksgiving week-end.

While waiting at the Acadia (X if you like) Bus Line terminal, I came to the conclusion that Valleyites are a very home loving people. Let me explain. The mob of people awaiting transportation could not possibly be lifted by the inadequate number of vehicles drawn up in front of the depot. To anyone the obvious answer was more buses to supplement the inadequacy, these were not forthcoming. For no reason good enough but that of going home would these passengers have put up with the following conditions:

1. Facilities and accommodations fit to serve not more than 50 people at a time.

2. Overcrowding of each and every bus going from here to Yarmouth to the following degree:

(a) On my own, the Yarmouth bus, there were 16 standees leaving Halifax and on my departure at Annapolis there were still 4 standing who had been since we left Halifax.

(b) One of those standing, a young college girl, fainted dead away as a result of her enforced stand and the closeness of the atmosphere occasioned by overcrowding. The quick action of an Engineering student stopped the bus, cleared the aisle, summoned aid.

(c) The only step taken by the company to ease the situation was a curious one called "shuffling". I overheard one passenger say in the ½ hour stop in Bridgetown that he'd been shuffled three times from one bus to another since leaving Halifax and he was STILL standing.

I am told that this situation is normal for holiday weekenders proceeding to this part of Nova Scotia and as such I think it's nothing short of deplorable. Surely to goodness not every consideration must be forgotten in our dog eat dog quest for the almighty dollar!



It Just Aint So

(Editor's note — the following is not to be taken seriously).

(This being the defense of the low-brow in reply to the article "Why Universities")

Why do we go to college? To learn a profession which will help us to lead comfortable lives in the future. We, the students, are not super-brained people whose wish it is to spend years in dusty halls of learning in order to obtain something which is termed a liberal education that will make us learn and think and reason logically—only. Students are not theorists who enjoy getting lost in abstractions, but young people who wish to make a career in life. Professions like medicine, engineering and architecture are of vital need to the people and without these professions where would we be?

Seven hundred years ago universities taught philosophy and theology and what was the result? Students obtained a liberal education but what good did it do? Where were the highways, comfortable homes, anaesthetics and other things that are produced by people whom the sophisticated (or should I say frustrated) Artsman terms practical plumbers.

Of course, 85% of the students are here to learn a trade! That is what the colleges are for. It would be very sad indeed if the institutions of higher learning would confine themselves to teaching literature, philosophy and other "Finishing School" subjects which in no way whatsoever contribute substantially to our lives, or to the maintenance of our highly technical civilization.

Undoubtedly we expect to make a lot of money after graduation. Why we did spend five or six years at college instead of taking up a job immediately after finishing high school? We are learning a trade, a profession and highly skilled one at that, be it engineering or chemistry or public administration. For that we expect to be paid accordingly. Anyone who considers money as irrelevant is either an idealist or a fool. We need money to be able to maintain social positions which our respective professions prescribe.

As for co-eds being brainless socialites I can only say that very few men wish their wives to be professors of literature or highly trained chemists. The basic thing that constitutes feminine charm is femininity. That includes gaiety, a certain degree of naiveness and a large amount of brainlessness. Indeed, it would be tragic to have a wife who would watch you through intellectual eyes while you are removing your sweating socks after a day's hard work; who would consider you immensely stupid for not knowing Chaucer. No, we want woman, intelligent yes, but heaven forbid, not "intellectual companions".

The proverbial ignorance and stupidity of college students is just proverbial. They may be crude and "illiterate", and they may behave childishly during initiations, but that is only during the initial years of their college course. Graduation does something to everybody. A professional will know how to behave and speak in public, he will immediately be distinguished from the working man. True, there may be exceptions, but there are exceptions everywhere.

It is our much-abused institutions which train "mathematical monkeys", that have made the world what it is today—a highly civilized community, in which even the labourer can afford commodities and luxuries such as cars, re-



Around tea-time we watched television. Even in Hell they have sponsors. After a brief soap ad, the announcer, a cute little devil, said that they would be translating a symphony for drums and harps directly from the Purgatory. The concert was rotten, and the audience dispersed after a while.

By 9 p.m. I was rather exhausted and spent my time playing peanuckle with Nero. He cheated like hell, and I went to bed dissipated.

I felt that Hell, in spite of its crystalline atmosphere, was getting me down. I slept in a dorm with several dozen distinguished persons. One of them was Don Juan, who kept telling dirty stories until well after midnight. He said he had recently discovered a secret passage to the women's quarter and recounted several picant stories concerning his visits there.

In the morning I resumed my interviews and visits to places of interest. The first fellow I met was Hamlet, who told me that he knew the whole play by heart, only, he said, he did not believe in ghosts and the whole thing about his father was humbug.

All inmates who were English citizens had received a complete set of false teeth and spectacles under the free medical service program several years ago. One could see Englishmen everywhere sporting their teeth in public, taking them out and putting them back to the great disgust and envy of other, older inmates, who were obliged to chew with their gums.

Anyway, life in general is weary in Hell. There is no interest in existing because there is nothing worth stealing, murder cannot be committed, and there is the complete absence of women. I think that mainly because of the last factor, Hell is being considered cruel. Everybody there feels homesick except Chamberlain, who incessantly repairs his umbrella. I was already getting sick and tired of the place when someone yelled in my ear, "Get up!" and I woke up.

FINIS

My Visit to Hell—

(Continued from page two)

I was taken to the Grand Floor, a huge hall filled with a multitude of people. All the guys were dressed in the queerest garbs conceivable. Some of them wore togas, some mail, some nothing at all. The smell in the place was hellish. The whole atmosphere was permeated with the smell of fish and chips and sweat. The inmates did not seem to mind it at all. I suppose they had ample time to get used to it.

In a corner I caught a glimpse of Wellington, who together with Napoleon were playing with toy soldiers. Between moves Napoleon read "Pix" magazine and lamented on the absence of a strong hand in the present French government. Later on I interviewed Milton, who said that English 2 overrated his merits. Shakespeare, whom I met later, expressed the same sentiment concerning himself.

At noon, lunch was given in my honour and I was rather shocked when afterwards I was introduced to a huge gorilla. "My name is Darwin", said the ape.

Everywhere I went I encountered chaps of renown. The atmosphere, apart from the smell, was invigorating and refreshing.

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