

The Alien Corn

In the month of December to this port city there arrived hundreds of displaced person from war-wrecked Europe to find, what they hope will be a new promise and hope in life, and a rebirth of individual liberty with a minimum of Governmental restrictions. These are the people who have been suppressed by authorities, herded like cattle into DP camps lately, and concentration camps formerly. They are bitter. They are skeptical, and justly so. Their whole lives, families and belongings have been destroyed by war, confiscated by Russians or abandoned. They are the children of an era such as History has never seen before. On the streets of Halifax one December evening, as one young alien gaped at the lights and well stocked stores, this interview assembled these interesting and pathetic impressions, partly reproduced here.

Q.—Where did you learn English? A.—At Prague University. I was there in 1938 . . . when the Germans came into the Sudetan

lands I left for my mother's home in Slovakia.

Q.—Your family was unharmed during the whole subsequent occupation? A.—Yes. My father was dead. I lived with my mother and a sister.

Q.—What happened when the Red Army came through? A.—Our home was mostly destroyed. My mother was ill and died soon after . . . from exposure.

Q.—Is your sister with you? I am trying to get a true picture of the Russians. I am not being personal? A.—No. I don't know what they did to her.

Q.—They? The Russians? Why do you suspect them? A.—I was in the village when a friend told me that were at our house. She was alone. Frightened, I ran to the house. There were five of them. Soldiers and an officer. They were leaving so I hid. Inside she was lying on the bed — dead. She'd been assaulted. She was only 14.

Q.—What is life like there to-

day? Generally, I mean. Not specific incidents. A.—Nothing like this. No big colored lights. No beautiful things in stores. Uniforms everywhere. Everyone is afraid.

Q.—Afraid of what? A.—Afraid to talk about the resistance movement. Afraid to do anything they won't like. Everyone knows no one can be trusted.

Q.—You mean everyone is tense and generally discontented? A.—Yes. They know that the work they do is not for their country but for Russia and we are a patriotic people. Great trains go daily to the East.

Q.—It's different here. What about the propaganda. Do the people believe all they are told? What do the majority feel about the West? A.—I think they know the West is not perfect but we all know that it is free. We don't mind restriction too much, but we love basic liberty and at least want security and happiness and dignity. There is nothing sacred there anymore. They have no God.

Q.—Is this defection total? Does it corrupt art and music and education? A.—Everything has to conform to their teachings. But what they don't realize is that they can't force ideas if the people don't believe them.

Q.—You mean they can evaluate? A.—Yes. But no one openly denies or argues. They know better.

Q.—Here you can have a hearth, at least, to call your own. Keep most of your wages. Buy comforts. Be free to worship and criticize the government. The Courts are as just as possible. There are imperfections, of course. But basically, does this sound better? A.—All these things we haven't got in reality.

SOUTH OF THE BORDER

(A.C.P. NOTES)

THIS IS TOO MUCH . . .

The Ohio State Lantern has had an irritating year. First the administration came forth with the "gag" law, forbidding outside speakers on campus without first being approved.

Then the Lantern's news sources started to cause trouble; reporters were thrown out of meetings and news stories were almost suppressed.

But last week the Lantern raised its arms in a gesture of complete disgust and helplessness. "Some things," it said in an editorial, "are so stupid and vulgar that they aren't deserving of comment. But this little verbal atrocity calls for an answer."

The Lantern's target was columnist-author Upton Close, who recently told a convention of Ohio Kiwanians, "Professors are men who can't compete in the business world and protect their weakness in academic freedom. Academic freedom to them means freedom to sponge off the public and freedom to think crooked."

"Such a statement," cried the Lantern, "is not only foolish . . . it's outrageous."

Regarding the speaker's "gag" law at Ohio State, Close said, "I would not trust the faculty as a whole. They have mischievous instincts and like to do sensational things. There should be a board of deans or selected older men of approved American instincts to make decisions as to who should speak. The average American is too confused to judge for himself."

" . . . If you want to destroy our society completely, just invite anyone you want to talk to our children in schools and colleges. Maybe we should bring in murderers and rapists and someone to preach free love and a free world."

Asked the Lantern: ". . . Are we to assume that 'approved American instincts' are to be designed as mere confusion? And when it comes to doing sensational things, after all, Close is better qualified to judge sensationalism than we."

"We could go on and on," continued the editorial. "He said a group of murderous Communists has control of the Fellowship of Reconciliation. He attacked internationalism. He . . . well, what's the point of going on?"

THE NAKED TRUTH . . .

Students at the University of Toronto have come to the conclusion that coeds do not make good dates.

The decision was reached after a debate intended to "strip off all pretenses and lay bare the naked truth."

Said one debator: "Coeds are of two species — the sexless work animal and the workless sex animal. The first one is of no importance to us and the second comes only to the university to catch a man."

The only female present did not fight back. "You see," she explained, "I have never had a date with a coed."

STUDENTS ON THE DEFENSIVE . . .

Because that which is sordid commands more attention than that which is good, college students today are definitely on the defensive. The white banner of American colleges must look ragged to the beholder.

The country has been told by newspapers, magazines and movies that we have lost our integrity, our morals, thrive on "fixed" athletics, are social snobs, and are carrying on other ugly practices which even the big ears of the press . . . have not caught but are willing to imagine plausible.

WE PROTEST. This sudden upswEEP of dirt by the press, radio and movies is dangerous because it is based partly on the truth. That there are cases of shady dealings in college sports, that there are many incidents of snobbery in Greek fraternities, that some students take illegal shortcuts to good grades, and that some have low moral standards cannot be denied.

What large segment of society is not vexed by the vices of some of its members?

We feel justified in charging that periodicals are really not interested in correcting such evils through exposition, but are baiting the public for increased circulation. The stories are usually one-sided and well-advertised.

If our elders are sincerely concerned with this supposed degeneration of America's youth, the logical course of action is the encouragement of the real achievements of American colleges. Too seldom do magazines feature the scientific research, play productions, books, poems, and short stories of college students.

The general public ought to hear about the contributions . . . if they are to hear about the scandals.

Thus we students of 1951 bear the burden of living down the charges heaped upon us from many directions outside our walls.

Our position is ironic when one looks back to the years when a student's primary concern was to meet the code of intellectual integrity which one accepted with the privilege of being an American college student.

Wow, What a Dame Was Angie!

By GOSH

*They tell the tale of Angela
When the party's drear
Or when the aimless chatter
Needs some spice to seer
It to a point of human interest,
For slander seems to cheer.*

*We all recalled the splendour
Of when she'd pass us by
And how her jewelled beauty
Caused us to yearn and sigh,
And how her name was magic—
And her deeds should never die.*

*The write-ups in the papers
Added to her fame
And of all the Nation's legends
Her's was the biggest flame,
But that was seven years ago
And now it's not the same.*

*For Angela lost her money
Upon the dice miscast
And alcohol and nicotine
Sowed the seeds, at last,
Of her decline and downfall
Shutting out her past.*

*Well, to make it even better
The story's told how she
For seven years degenerate
Lived in iniquity
And all her sordid lovers
Stole all her dignity.*

*Then one night in wet November
Drunken screams, 'tis said,
Rose and fell across the slums
And with shattered heart that bled
The glory that was Angela
Lay, in a gutter, dead.*

*And all the party goers
Make jokes, and rock with glee,
Of that pathetic killing.
All but one, you see.
For long ago, before her fall
She said she'd marry me.*

Female, Oh, Female

G. C.

Women have crowded pretty well all the way into the world of men. They smoke cigarettes, wear trousers, sit in saloons in most provinces, drive cars, trucks, serve on juries, get elected to public office, are judges, lawyers, doctors, engineers, electronic experts.

Most of them no longer expect to be given seats in street cars, buses. They have abandoned their illusions. They ski, play golf, poker, fly planes, swim, race, win championships against men.

But they don't smoke pipes. I have yet to see a lady reach into the hip pocket of her slacks and pull out a worn tobacco pouch, and, with the other hand, produce a fine old polished black brier and proceed to fill it with that far-away dreamy expression that belongs to men at such instants.

The pipe may be said to be the barricade behind which we men must take our last stand. Most types of men can duplicated, imitated, copied, mimed or impersonated by women. The business type, the athletic type, the scholarly type. Even the curious types among us, the artists, the Bohemians, the cranks and crack-pots can be simulated very accurately by the fair sex.

But away at the back of the broken ranks of manhood sits quietly at their barricades a company of last ditchers. They are the bronze-faced, carelessly-clad, shrewd, watchful-eyed, air sniffing, earth-watching, homely, thoughtful, original and primordial smokers of dank old pipes. They are male. At them, the invasion halts.

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