

# First Canadian I.S.S. Meet Held

By AL LOMAS

Two weeks ago delegates from 12 Canadian Universities met in Toronto for the first Canadian conference of the International Student Service. In attendance were representatives from three American Universities, a delegate from the World Student Service Fund, members of the Canadian Committee, I. S. S., and observers from several other student organizations.

E. A. MacDonald, Canadian Committee Chairman, opened the plenary session of the conference. An agenda was adopted, and a report of the Canadian Committee read by Gordon Campbell, Canadian Executive Secretary.

The next phase of the conference was one of the most interesting and valuable of the entire two days. Delegates from Halifax to Saskatchewan read reports from their local committees in a presentation of "I. S. S. Across Canada". Toronto delegates pictured a relief campaign conducted among 13,000 students which resulted in an average of 43c per student.

## REPORTS HEARD

McMaster indicated the nucleus of I. S. S. activities apart from relief drives—in international correspondence, discussion groups, and libraries. University of Western Ontario. . . "I. S. S. is one of the most important student organizations on our campus." Financial support from the Student Executive Council. . . wide range of activities. . . aim of \$1.00 per student for relief.

From l'Universit  de Montreal came reports of complete I. S. S. organization—to such an extent that each ten students has an organization to collect 25c per student per week for a four week campaign period. From Ontario Agricultural College, University of Saskatchewan, Queen's University, Ottawa University, came reports that I. S. S. was new on the Canadian campus, but that it was rapidly achieving an importance far exceeding its age.

## I. S. S. FILM SHOWN

Following this, delegates heard reports on the Student Service of America, and special reports to the Conference from European groups. A film, displaying in graphic terms, the work of I. S. S. in establishing and maintaining a student hostel at Camboux, and a sanatorium at Leysin, was shown. Resolutions and reports on organization, finance, public relations, were heard and considered, and the conference was split into four commissions to consider specific items.

Sunday morning these commissions met, and for four hours talked, argued, and eventually reached complete agreement. Here was the climax of the conference. Here was actual policy for the I. S. S. Decisions from the Commission on International Education included co-operation with such organizations as the Pax Romana, World Student Relief, I. U. S., I. L. O., the U. N. O., UNESCO and others. Suggested co-operation with foreign film-boards, collaboration with the National Federated Council of University students, a pool of public speakers, promotion of International Relations Clubs.

## ONE FROM DAL TO HOLLAND

From another commission came a constitution for the I. S. S. in Canada, and another for each local committee. A third commission laid down standards for selecting students to represent Canadian Universities in student exchange schemes, their choice on a representative basis (Dalhousie will have at least one delegate going to Holland this summer) and methods of financing such exchange to avoid dipping into relief funds. A final commission outlined plans for a cross-Canada I. S. S. month, plans for better publicity of the aims and work of I. S. S., and for closer contact with students in other countries.

That afternoon these resolutions were ratified by the Confer-

ence in session. The most striking feature of the Conference was the realization by all the delegates of the immense scope of I. S. S., and their honest attempts to reach agreement rather than compromise. That students from vastly different sections of Canada were able to meet, and, having a singleness of purpose, were able to agree seems a most significant factor. In this case Canadian provinces co-operated. Some-day nations of the world, with only a little less in common, will be able to meet to discuss, to argue, and eventually to agree.

# And Then There Were None

He became aware of the rain-drops tinkling against the remaining pane of glass in the dark opening which was the window. The acrid smell of brick-dust and gunpowder filled his lungs, and the terrible darkness seemed to press against him. He coughed, the sharp sound echoing through the empty ruins. "Strange", he thought "that coughing should hurt his face so much". Slowly as in a dream he raised his hand to his jaw to probe for the cause of the pain. As he felt his mangled feature, child-like, he whimpered. He cried, softly, and salt tears mingled with the drying blood. The dull ache began to throb and fill his whole being with a pulsing horror and he thought that he would like to pray but he'd tried it before and just then merciful unconsciousness claimed him. The rain continued to beat against the brave little pane of glass.

He awoke with the dull, grey dawn. Rain still fell and he was cold, and hungry. He looked around him. There was the gun in the corner, the barrel twisted, the ammunition mags partly buried under the rubble. Occasionally little avalanches of red dust spilled down from the pile of pink bricks and plaster which had once formed a partition in the two-room building. Streams of water ran down from the shell-smashed roof, and the rain kept up its incessant hammering at the little glass square, the survivor of the eight panes which had originally made up the window.

## CATHEDRAL COMMENT

The good news has broken out that the Munroe Day Committee has honoured Cathedral Barracks by selecting Lilo Brown as our queen, and I'm sure the Judges will do both Cathedral and the campus greater honour by making her the Munro Day Queen. The boys originally hoped to vote for our representative, but when Lilo was selected we were glad we could'n't. "The flower of England" (to Quote Rusty Milne) can now become the Queen of Dalhousie.

Inch by inch, he turned on his side, and raising himself on his arm, looked over the pile of debris. Where the south wall had once blocked his vision, he could now see straight down the hill to the valley where he knew there was help. If only they'd come up and get him. God, how his leg hurt. Funny, he thought, yesterday, or last night, or last year, or whenever it was, my face hurt, but now its my leg.

It was quiet in the little house. Too quiet. Only the rain drops, splashing on the little pane of glass interrupted the silence. He had once more passed into insensibility.

Three times during the day he returned to the world of pain and horror, and each time he crawled a few feet closer to the gap in the south wall. Then, as he rested, the realization came that with the advent of evening, the enemy would start to shell again. He peered at his watch, which, miraculously, was working. It was late; too late. Desperately he tried to pull some of the debris over on top of himself. Anything for protection. He screamed hysterically as he tore at the pile of brick and timbers with his bleeding fingers.

Then he heard it. A thin piercing scream developing into a full-throated roar. The shell hit the house with a blinding, searing crash.

The rain continued to fall, with a soft murmuring sound. The last pane of glass, lay with its companions, shattered, on the ground. The tinkling sound had stopped.

# Reminiscences Of Munro Day

"Of course," said O'Toole reflectively, "certain aspects of the business lead me to think that all undergraduates are incurably mad. On the whole, however, it is an excellent institution, and one of which the students should be careful. As I was saying, however. . ."

"Look," I interrupted. "If you're going to jaw all day about the abstract benefits to be derived from Munro day I shall leave as of now. Come on."

He rose obediently, and we strolled towards the Gym Store, where coffee of a particularly stimulating nature is served to those who want it badly enough. It was the sort of spring day on which you feel an unholy urge to throw your books into the Arm, and lead a coup d'etat against the University for having classes in the spring. Several frosh were gambling on the green (behind the Gym) and the whole atmosphere surrounding the campus was one of benevolence and good spirits.

"On such a day as this," quoth O'Toole, "The celebrations are held. Gawd, you should have seen some of the ones I have. There was the time three Communists tried to blow up the Gym. And then there was the famous "King" episode. That was quite an affair, that one; let me tell you about it. . ."

We settled down before two cups of brew, over which were suspended two cigarettes; O'Toole granted contentedly, and began his tale, fortified by a swig of the coffee followed by a drag off his weed that almost burned the whole thing.

"In the days when McGosh still chronicled, and when the governments on this continent were fighting the people's losing battle against strong drinks, it was the custom on Munro Day to select a Queen of

Munro Day. It was just as it is today; a committee of strong-willed and influential men sought frenziedly for a girl good-looking enough to be the "typical" co-ed. Typical—ha!

"One year they ran short of strong-willed men; the others had all died in the attempts of former years, and only nitwits were left. The Politburo of the Council called in Emma, and asked her to take charge of the situation. Emma really took charge; she elected herself a committee and told them to put up a panel of men for King.

"The whole business had been pretty hush-hush, and on Munro Day the undergraduates were shocked, literally shocked, when they saw half a dozen specimens of what was supposed to be masculine pulchritude standing on the stage. There were cries of annoyance, and shouts of anger. The President of the Council strode up to protest, but was floored by one of the candidates, a six-foot horror who felt insulted by the demonstrations. Well, a regular putsch began; agitators from the C. C. C. were busy rousing the rabble in the lower Gym, and Conservatives were serving free milk with the slogan "No Men, Dammit." The denouement came when the C. C. C. rabble tried to go upstairs, the Conservatives tried to descend and the President of the Council, unable to arise due to a headache, sank down again, and the other two groups clashed violently on the stairs. It was beautiful; but the powers didn't think so, and the political groups on the stairs, still pushing, were carried off to the local Bastille, and the President of the Council went to sleep."

At this point the bell rang, and O'Toole sighed.

"Damn these philosophy classes" said O'Toole, and left.

SEPTIMUS.

## N.F.C.U.S. Notes

To further acquaint students with the National Federation of Canadian University Students here is a brief summary of its past.

N.F.C.U.S. was first formed at a conference at MacMaster University in 1926. The organization continued to operate until 1940 when it was discontinued due to the war. During this period N.F.C.U.S. obtained a very good reduction on play royalties. The cost of athletic equipment was studied and a reduction of 33-1-3 per cent on all equipment was obtained. Debating was promoted on a wide scale, teams were brought here from Australia and South Africa. Canadian debating teams were sent to the United States and Great Britain. In 1938 a plan was put in operation where a third year student could spend a year at another university and return to his own university to graduate. The Canadian University Press was organized by N.F.C.U.S. This organization is also responsible for the reduced railway rates which students now enjoy.



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