

# DALHOUSIE Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE NEWSPAPER  
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## Editorial

Nationalism, a national identity, is a sore point to a lot of Canadians; there are those who are strongly for it and there are other who are emphatically against maturing a national cult.

When the issue reached a certain point it was finally included in a Royal Commission which, in its findings had very much to say about it, both for and against.

It seems then that the average citizen and the University Student is faced with making his own attitude concerning the pitch to which we must allow our Canadian culture and pride to be carried.

If the University Student asks why such a thing as Nationalism should concern him here are a few reminders. First, it is true, even if it is an old platitude, that University graduates are the leaders of the nation. And it is the University Student, who, upon graduation and entry into active life, is the moulder of the moral, aesthetic and spiritual outlooks of a nation.

University Students of today will one day be shaping Canadian foreign policy, forming our economic standards, determining the Laws and Constitution of Canada. Some day the present under-graduates will be in the pulpits, the laboratories, the factories. They will be writing books, composing music, editing newspapers and journals; and it is then that the forming of the Canadian attitude will be in the hands of those who are now reading this paper.

Considering nationalism as a field of culture there are two aspects in developing it. There are those who claim we should reject everything which is not of purely Canadian origin, not realizing at the same time that all the great world cultures were the result of borrowing from alien cultures.

On the other hand it is desirable for Canadians to "think Canadian," isolationist as that statement may sound, for the sole purpose of establishing a real bulwark with which to repel the cultural garbage that floats across our southern boundary in the form of radio commercials, slushy literature, commercialized music, corrupt politics and Hollywood films merited on their production costs.

In sum, however, there is only one general policy to remember about Canada. The United States of America, like Topsy, "just grewed," but Canada, unlike Topsy, "was builded," built on sheer strength and determination, all the way from St. John's to Vancouver and it is this same strength that will develop a national character which will not need too much outside assistance in the making of it.

In fact the best thing to do about developing a Canadian national culture is to do nothing and just be ourselves.

Canadians will always do well.

## Photo Club

The Dalhousie Photographic Club will hold its first meeting on Monday, 26th October at 8 p.m. in the basement of the Men's Residence.

You may not have known that there was such a Club on the Campus. Well, you need not be an expert to participate or be a member. All camera enthusiasts are cordially invited to attend, both boys and girls.

Our idea is to pass on what we know so as to help you make better pictures. Bring along your cameras too—whether it is a \$2 one or \$200—it makes no difference.

The Club is being reorganized and this year's program is to be planned, so come to the meeting and bring your suggestions; in that way you will be helping to make this Club the major success of Campus activities.

## Gate Receipts Committee

1. The Gate Receipts Committee of the Council of Students requires the services of at least ten students to assist in the collection of gate receipts at the rink and at other student functions.

2. Students will be paid at the rate of two dollars for every three hours work, the same system that was in operation last year.

3. Applications for jobs must be submitted in writing and left at the Student Council office in the Men's Residence. Those applying for the second time need not bother to submit a written application but may get in touch with the chairman of the Gate Receipts Committee.

4. For further particulars get in touch with David Bryson—3-3646.

# Jamaica is a Pleasant Place True or False?

By G. Henry Grey

If that article on page four of your issue of the 9th October headlined "Jamaica is a Pleasant Place" is intended to be "news" for the reading public, it might at least be factual and reliable, instead of savoring towards ambiguity and sarcasm.

Like other countries in the world, Jamaica can stand criticism, has benefited by wholesome constructive criticism in the past, and will continue to do so in the future.

For those who have never been to Kingston, Jamaica, and may be misled by this mischievous little article, I shall endeavour to correct the inaccuracies and fallacies that it contains.

Hanover Street runs for about a mile through the business section from North to the Waterfront. The price of poor rum, or any rum for that matter has no particular relation to Hanover Street. The standard of rum is a matter of quality and the taste of the individual. The price of the cheaper rums five years ago was not less than (6/1) per quart bottle, while rum of good quality and taste was sold at from (10/6) ten shillings and sixpence upwards per quart bottle. I have never known any kind of rum to be sold legally at three shillings per quart.

There is no truth to the statement that "most of the time there are not any lights on Hanover Street because the street robbers put them out." The Police Department does not have to waste too much time on Hanover Street, simply because it does not present the problem that your correspondent is attempting to convey.

This street is by no means a lawless area; the incidence of robbery there is no greater than on any other street. You need not consider the statement that "most of the light on this street come from the night-clubs and rum-houses." Instead, I shall name you some institutions and business places that you will find there. The Dept. of Lands and Forests; The Bureau of Statistics; The Govt. Audit Dept.; The Central Housing Authority; The Kingston Club; (a meeting place for business men for lunch and recreation); The Govt. Trade and Technical School; The Masonic Temple; A Branch of the Fire Dept.; The Kingston Police Station; The YMCA; The Jamaica Welfare Ltd.; two large restaurants; one theatre; a Tobacco Factory; A Chemist's Laboratory; three garages and filling stations; two schools; The Hanover St. Baptist Church; a reputed Brothel that only the rich can afford to patronize; several legitimate business; Law Offices; Groceries; Taverns, private homes; and store houses along the waterfront; wharves.

These are institutions that people with respectable intentions and legitimate business do not stay away from. You need not stay away from Hanover Street—that depends on YOU and what you go there for. Girls that frequent the waterfront obtain cheap living accommodation in that section of Hanover Street that is near the waterfront. May be the correspondent will enlighten the public as to what kind of "entertainment will cost from sixpence to six shillings, depending on your looks." People actually live at Hanover Street, they do not count life as a risk. Nothing is truly good nor bad, it is in the mind that makes it so.

If "Jamaica is a Pleasant Place" to that visitor only because there is a Hanover Street where he can obtain cheap entertainment in a place of ill repute or get himself in trouble then he need not have travelled so far. You can find it in your own home town. There are not so many problems on Hanover Street, if you stay away you would never know.

(14th, October, 1953)

## KILLED BY KINDNESS

By Kenneth Kalutich

Our North American civilization faces annihilation if we continue to overeat, overdress, face few responsibilities, make little intellectual or moral effort, learn what amuses us and continue to abuse our leisure time. The result of these abuses is that the moral environment of Canada is sickly. Moral disintegration has permeated large segments of our society business, athletics, the civil service, labor, universities and even churches.

Many reasons have been attributed to our moral decay. Some persons have maintained the consequences of the war, others blame the consequences of urbanization and industrialization, and still others maintain the reason why our society is fetid can be found in the worship of materialism and individualism. Material pursuits have partly debased spiritual values and individual success has partly lowered moral values because too often the end justifies the means. Yet neither the desire for material acquisition or worship of individual success can fully account for our present moral decay.

The reasons our society is rotting into oblivion is because we are crammed with food, sleep as much as we like, have no responsibility, and rarely make an intellectual or moral effort. The results are that girls today spend more time combing their hair than developing their minds, men spend more time in taverns talking about sex than developing their personalities, and young men spend more time driving cars than preparing themselves for the future.

Our race has degenerated to the point where we become easily tired, are extremely self-centered, are insolent to unorthodox views, have weak and moral resistance, lack intellectual acuteness and have little desire to improve ourselves.

If our degeneration of body and mind is to stop it necessitates effort, privations, hardships, discipline and spiritual awakening. Only when man goes without sleep, when his meals are occasionally scanty, when he must put strenuous effort to obtain his food, clothing and education, ONLY THEN will he develop his mind and body. When man is tired and relaxed, when he loves and hates, suffers and is happy, has authority and then has none—only then will man be able to develop his nervous resistance and the inner philosophy which gives peace to the mind. People are only strong physically and mentally who have submitted themselves to discipline, have endured privations and overcome adverse conditions.

The Law of Nature says that man must struggle for his existence or waste away. Once man ceases to struggle for his living then his body and mind degenerate. When society has many degenerating individuals then morals disappear. If moral decay seeps into large segments of society, as it has in ours, then society begins to disintegrate. Disintegration of society DESTROYS the existing civilization.

Unless we discipline ourselves, face hardships, undergo privations and find a new spiritual awakening posterity will record our extinction by the words—KILLED BY KINDNESS.

## We Need You

Oh pity the plight  
Of the poor Gazette.  
We put out a paper each week,  
And yet - - -  
You can hardly imagine  
The drains and strains  
On our poor unfortunate writers'  
Brains.

—N.W.

## The Tiger Grinds

The grooves are humming again at Dalhousie, and the students are running here and there, directed by the various grooves or whirlpools which they have entered. These whirlpools are individual agglomerations of studies and extra-curricular activities—nearly everyone has made one for himself within the first two and three weeks at Dalhousie, and is at its mercy for the rest of the year.

This is not a condemnation but a praise of the groove. Unless he has mistakenly entered a rapid whirlpool of too many interests, the groove is the only way an active student can keep his balance. He who has a certain time for studying, a time for debating or glee club or football, and a time for social brilliance, knows exactly how much to give to each.

The students in the groove are those who always have something to do. Sometimes others say of them, "They're in too many things. They'll flunk for sure." They do not realize that the students in question allot the same enthusiasm to their studies as to their outside activities, and therefore are surprised when those same students reach the end of the term with smashing academic and extra-curricular records.

## By the Way

By Alan Marshall

Last week, I described the origin of the two universities on the campus. This week, I am turning to something much less alive than a university. At least, one hopes that a university is alive. What I am describing this week is—a graveyard. A very famous graveyard: "The Graveyard of the Atlantic." This is Sable Island, a hundred miles off the coast of Nova Scotia, in the Atlantic Ocean. Far too many people have died on this island, for a description of its uses as a graveyard to be compressed into anything less than a book. This is just the way it began.

The island is a very long sandbank, like the Grand Banks of Newfoundland. Most of the banks are well under water; but this one insisted on breaking the surface. So there it is, an island ten miles long, with twenty miles of reefs at each end. Fifty miles of continuously breaking waves, on a bank two hundred miles long. It is provided with built in improvements to increase its efficiency as a graveyard. It lies in the track of Atlantic storms. It is surrounded by a network of currents. A cask dropped overboard will sometimes be carried round and round the island for days. A ship that gets caught in the current is very lucky if it escapes. Nor is that all. The currents are so unpredictable that ships relying on dead reckoning are often out by miles of their calculated longitude. So not content with carrying ships onto the reefs by force, they bamboozle the navigators as well. The island is frequently covered by fogs, and the slopes of the reefs are so steep that a vessel on soundings is wrecked with little warning.

The island is being constantly worn away by the waves, so that it has been getting smaller all the time. It must have been larger when it was discovered than it is now. Whether it had any trees on it once is a debatable question. Now, there is nothing but sand and sod.

John Cabot describes passing two islands on his first return journey. This may be the first mention of the island that we have. It appears on a map when the King of Portugal gave Nova Scotia to one of his explorers. (Some optimist!)

But it was the French who made the first attempt to settle it with men.

The French did not come on the scene till 1598, and no wonder. France had gone through no less than six successive civil wars, in the years of the last kings of the House of Valois. It was the misfortune of France that her kings became too weak to keep order, just at the moment when France was divided into two camps, Catholic and Protestant, who jumped at each other's throats. When the last king of the House of Valois died (by assassination) the throne descended to Henry of Navarre, the first king of the House of Bourbon. It took him nine years to conquer the whole of France.

The last to yield was Philip Emmanuel of Lorraine, Duke of Mercoeur, who held all of Brittany and the port of Nantes under his control. Mercoeur agreed to drop the war in return for a large payment of money. Henry bought off several of his enemies that way. Mercoeur comes into this story again. Henry entered the city of Nantes, from which he issued the famous Edict, promising toleration to the Protestants. (He had been a Protestant himself, and he hit on toleration

as a means of keeping the peace. After years of civil war, France was more than willing to give it a try.)

France could now breathe again. There was a nobleman in King Henry's court with the rather messy name of Troilus du Mesgouez, Marquis de la Roche. He supported King Henry, and had a bitter enemy in the Duke of Mercoeur. De la Roche asked Henry to support a colonizing expedition to the New World. Henry agreed, and gave him some assistance, including the authority to collect any convicts he wanted from the prisons of France, except those imprisoned for treason and counterfeiting. De la Roche crossed the Atlantic in a ship with about sixty convicts. He intended to settle in Nova Scotia, but first he put the convicts onto Sable Island. Along with the convicts was one Franciscan monk. De la Roche sailed to the Nova Scotia mainland, to find a suitable spot. On his way back to Sable Island, a storm came up, and drove his ship eastward for days. He was carried so far across the Atlantic that he had stopped in France, before returning to Sable Island.

When de la Roche arrived in France, Mercoeur grabbed him and put him in prison. De la Roche and Mercoeur were, of course on opposite sides of the fence. What their private quarrel was, I don't know. Certainly the years of civil war gave plenty of opportunity for passionate personal hatreds. So there were the convicts on one side of the ocean, marooned on Sable Island, while De la Roche languished in prison on the other.

Time passed. The days turned to weeks, months, years. The convicts had no fire and little provisions. They had to live on the animals they could catch on the island. For shelter, they built up embankments of sod which can still be seen. They quarreled, fought and killed one another. The Franciscan tried to keep the peace, but it was a hopeless task. Oddly enough, although the convicts pushed him around, they never killed him. Still no word came from home.

The men divided into two parties: those who accepted the rule of the monk, and those who did not. There were fights between the two groups, which thinned them further. Sickness and accidents took their toll, and still no word came from France.

The imprisonment of de la Roche finally came to the King's ears. He was ordered released from prison. His captain was sent out on a ship to rescue the men at long last. When he came to Sable Island, there were only twelve convicts left, along with the Franciscan, now in very poor health and expecting to die any day.

"I have no long time to live," he said, "perhaps only a few hours. I shall die in the little hut I have constructed, in which I have prayed for five years, as the anchorites of the desert. The winds and the sands will charge themselves with my burial." At his wish, he was left alone on the island. Strangely enough, he did not die; he recovered. For several years he lived there, bringing what aid he could to those who were wrecked on these shores.

## SYMPATHY

The Gazette staff wishes to express their deepest sympathy to Professor C. L. Bennet on the recent passing of his mother.

## Of Interest To All

Mr. Ross Dobbin, President, and Dr. L. Austin Wright, General Secretary, of the Engineering Institute of Canada, will be paying an Official visit to Halifax on Thursday, November 12th. During the course of their stay in the city they will, among other activities, address the Engineering students of the three Halifax Universities. Their meeting with Dalhousie students will be at 5:15 p.m. in Room 20, Engineering Building. In the evening the visiting officers will be entertained at dinner at one of the local hotels by the Halifax Branch of the E.I.C.