

DALHOUSIE Gazette

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Are We Next?

Once again a catastrophe has awakened Halifax. First the explosion of 1917, which brought about some reform in medical treatment, then the Queen Hotel fire, which brought about some publicity, then the explosion of 1945, which proved that people can live in tents on the Common, and now the fire at Kays Limited, which will result—?

It takes a great disaster, such as the recent tragic fire in which ten perished, before the public becomes interested in elementary safety precautions. Even then, there is only a slim chance that there will be any action taken to remedy the situation.

There is a general code of regulations governing building construction in Halifax. It is very unlikely that the Condition of the building in which the recent tragedy occurred was not covered by these regulations and certified unfit. If they were not forbidden, the fault must lie with the legislative authorities, whose duty it is to see that the public is adequately protected. In this case it would seem that resignations are in order.

If there were regulations covering the situation which apparently caused the loss of life, the administrative agency is at fault. There is a definite duty incumbent upon the administrative agency to enforce these regulations. The agency is set up for the protection of the public, not for the convenience of those who own buildings, and it is its duty to enforce the regulations to their fullest extent for the protection of employees and customers in the various buildings.

Whether there were such regulations in existence and whether or not they were enforced will be brought out at the public enquiry to be held this week.

If past actions are any indications, it is very unlikely that there will be any real action taken as a result of this enquiry.

If local governmental officials continue in their present course of indifference to the whole situation there will be no constructive legislation to cope with the problem and no tightening of enforcement.

Dalhousie students may be among those in the next disaster. It is up to the students as the future leaders of the community to add their voices to the public clamor. Their minds are as yet, it is hoped, unobscured by petty interests and prejudices.

But we bet nothing will be done.



JOE LEVISON, first year law student, who recently left Dal to join the Special Force, is reported on his way to Korea. Well known about the campus, Joe was a writer for the Dalhousie Gazette and is serving with Public Relations in the Canadian Army.

Letter to The Editor

The Editor,
Dalhousie Gazette

Nov. 23, 1950

Sir:

Re the anonymous article on page one of Tuesday's, Nov. 21 Gazette (it is easily seen why the author of the column headed "NO" prefers to remain anonymous). I don't mind saying that I too, would remain anonymous in his position (or condition).

We understand from his argument that he believes the Sabbath day to be a day set apart for relaxation. The Lord, never having skated, neglected to classify skating as work or play. Some people find relaxation from the cares and trials of the week in skating. For these people then, skating cannot be classified as work. If you want to class it as D . . . foolishness you might have an argument.

Some, like myself, and our unnamed philosopher, perhaps find it rather difficult to maintain our equilibrium for long on those perilous blades; to us it is work. We should not indulge on Sundays. Agreed?

Perhaps our friends the cockroaches should have been called in for consultation on this very difficult issue. In this age of enlightenment, to see such a feeble argument advanced against Sunday skating indeed speaks ominously of the advantages of education to our youth. Is it for this, then that we nurture them, for this that we allow them to drink at the springs of learning, suffer them to tread the hallowed halls of this venerable old institution. Are all the gems of philosophy and logic which our civilization has produced, being cast before—well, you say it, I

(Continued on page three)

If You Believe

"For a long time you have looked out the window, Rene. You like the country?"

The remark, made by Edouard Landor, and indeed made somewhat timidly, was addressed to the small lad who occupied the seat directly behind him. The lad, Rene Neville (as le conducteur had said he was called) had been sitting in like silence for some time, his gaze fixed upon the French-Canadian country side, as it hastily passed by their windows. At the remark, the boy turned turned his eyes to the man's face.

"It is a beautiful country, monsieur." His eyes twinkled, as child's eyes will do.

"The snow is all white and the trees—why they look all lighted from the shadows of the candles."

With this the boy fell silent again, an expression of sadness upon his face. Monsieur Landor for a time, paid no attention. His gaze also went to the snow and the trees of which the boy had spoken. It was Christmas Eve—and the blanketed snow and the laden trees, glistened with the red and blue of the lights that shone from a hundred scattered little homes that dotted the landscape. To Monsieur it was "tres picturesque."

"Does it remind you of France, Rene?"

The boy, who had left his country for Canada only a few days before smiled. "Oh, oui, Monsieur, oui!"

"You know, Rene," Monsieur Landor said, "Christmas in Canada is much like it is in France. There is here, just as there is there, la partie, the toys, the games and of course, we must not forget—le pere Noel." If he had expected a burst of enthusiasm from Rene, he was due to be disappointed, for the child remained silent. "What is it, Rene?"

The boy was near tears. "Monsieur, my aunts and my sisters—they do not expect that I should come so soon. It is Christmas! No presents, for le pere Noel will never be able to find me so far from my home. I know he will not find me, Monsieur."

Monsieur Landor smiled. "Mon enfant," he said gently, "le pere Noel will find you, I am sure. He comes to this country also, you must remember." He placed a

hand upon the lad's knee. "Christmas is a good time, Rene. Here in Canada, all try to be very happy. No one forgot le petit Jesus on Christmas, so why should le pere Noel forget you?" Monsieur Landor's deep laugh brought a smile to Rene's face. Monsieur Landor was pleased. He said, "Laugh now and be happy, mon enfant. A la Noel, all should be happy."

Putting Rene in the sleigh, which was at the station platform when they arrived, Edouard Landor directed the driver to take the lad to "la maison de Madame Landri," which was the name that the boy had given him. As the sleigh moved forward in the snow, he stood waving to the tiny figure that waved in return and called to him, "Merci, monsieur. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Rene," and Monsieur uttered a rather silent prayer that Christmas would truly be Christmas for the lad, that "le pere Noel" would not forget.

With Rene's appearance the home of Madame Landri became more upset than usual, if such was possible.

"Mon, Rene! It is early you have come. We did not expect you for two weeks. Ah, but is is good to see you." Her big arms but smothered the little boy and his gasping for breath was interrupted by Monsieur Landri, who shook his hand, patted his back and kissed him in French style on both cheeks.

"We are glad you have come, mon enfant. A la Noel, many strangers come. You are welcome."

Rene wandered from room to room in the old house, his eyes widening, as the huge tree, with the tinsel, the ornaments and the candles; at the big wreaths that hung in the windows.

Christmas Eve passed, with its candies and its games; with its voices that broke the night's still with the songs of the season. Rene, in his bed, closed his eyes to blink back the tears, as he thought of his home country and the goodness of the whiskered le pere Noel.

As Rene slept, the Lanri house buzzed like Santa's workshop, if one knows what Santa's workshop would be like. Little Marie, who was Rene's cousin had said, "We must make presents for Rene, mama. If not, he will not believe in le pere Noel." "He will believe," was the answer.

Monsieur Landri's red scarf was embroidered with reindeers, Mama's fur packet, discarded last year, became a hood for an Eskimo, who was manufactured from wood, cotten batting and cloth, plus a few dabs of the artist's brush, and every old toy that would interest a child, that could be done over to look like new, was made fitting to a prince, by the morning hour.

Rene opened his eyes to a world of gayly dressed parcels, and all that any homeland might have given him. Christmas day was filled with "Oh's and Ah's" from the little boy. "Ah, le pere Noel is so good," he cried, "even here he is so good. Canada is so good, too. I shall love this country, I know."

With each gift unwrapped, all gathered about the biggest Christmas tree in the village and they sang.

"I heard the bells on Christmas Day,
Their old familiar carols play."
"Oui, monsieur, it is a beautiful country."

OXFORD

Monday - Tuesday - Wednesday
"THE ROCKING HORSE
WINNER"
Picture of the Month

Thursday - Friday - Saturday
"THE FLAME AND THE
ARROW"
and
"GOOD HUMOUR MAN"

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