

DALHOUSIE Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE NEWSPAPER

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Wait— And Hear Their Report

It is not the object of this editorial to praise, criticize or condemn the action of Dalhousie's delegates at the national meeting of N.F.C.U.S. held during the past week at Laval University. It IS our object to place before the students the action that was taken by Dal delegates.

Before doing that, let us review in a few words the background of the lively issue of Russian-Canadian student exchange. Just a year ago a poll was conducted on the Dalhousie campus asking the student body if they were in favour of the principle of inviting a number of Russian students to tour Canadian universities under the auspices of N.F.C.U.S.. The question was given good publicity. It was the topic of a debate in the gymnasium sponsored by Sodales. It was kept before the students in five consecutive issues of the Gazette. There was no reason why students could not have soundly based opinions of the matter. It is a matter of record now that, in the referendum conducted on the subject Dalhousie voted overwhelmingly in favour of the proposal. Almost five hundred students recorded votes in favour of the idea, while less than two hundred expressed their opposition to the proposal.

Dal's delegates at recent N.F.C.U.S. meetings, therefore, acted merely from personal reasons in opposing the proposed visit of Russian students.

Laval and Ottawa universities were the only other delegations who answered in the affirmative to the question: "Would you have to reconsider your stand toward N.F.C.U.S. if the conference voted in favor of the proposed visit?"

As we said before, this little item is not intended to condemn, praise or criticize—at the present moment—until more complete reports are available from this university's delegation.

Meanwhile you have the basic facts concerning the result of the conference on this particular point. As things stand now, the majority of Dal's students are wondering on just what grounds Dal's N.F.C.U.S. delegates voted the way they did.

The delegates' reports, or explanations, should be interesting.

Letter To The Editor

Editor, Dalhousie Gazette:

Regarding a letter printed in the October 14th issue of your paper from a "protesting student" I enclose a letter received from Prof. Theakston which should help to clarify the whole matter.

Sincerely,
GEO. A. KERR.

October 17th, 1952.

To Mr. Roy Atwood,
From: Engineer i/c Buildings and Grounds.

Following a conversation with you a week or so ago I had notices posted in the Residence to the effect that bottles were not to be taken to the Common Rooms unless the contents were to form a portion of a meal.

Representations have now been

made to me by the President of the Students' Council, and several students individually, that the above regulation imposes a hardship on those who bring their noon lunch with them and who wish to take a bottle of milk (or pop) to the Common Room and drink with it. It had not been my intention to penalize such students.

I have therefore instructed the caretaker to remove the notice. Students may take the bottles with them.

I would suggest that you appoint one of your clerks to check the Common Room periodically and pick up empties which students have neglected to return to the counter. Probably, if you charge for the bottles, they will be more likely to return them, themselves.

H. R. THEAKSTON.

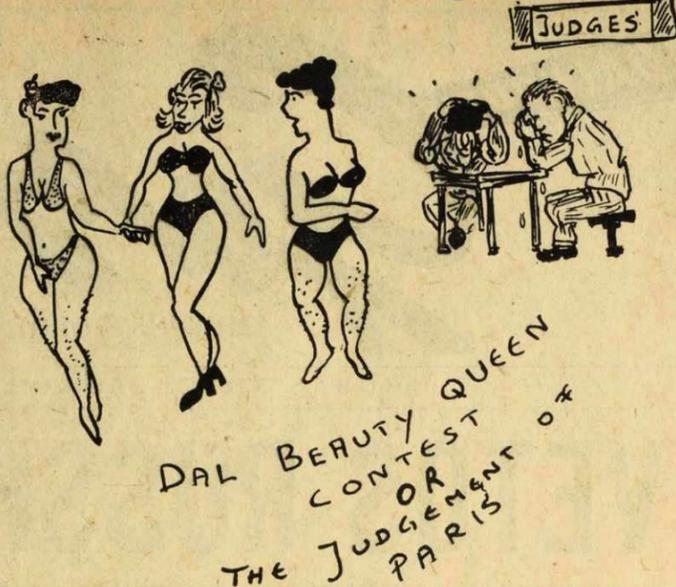
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Re-Sophomore Dance.



Mid-Autumn Fashion Fads

Let's face it girls—the male of the species is not a particularly snappy dresser. Of course that is just one woman's opinion. I have spoken to quite a few young ladies pretty well "in the know" who gave me their views, not only on men's clothes, but also on what "type" of men they preferred.

One bold, enlightened young woman claimed that she really went for the "tweedy" type, you know, tall, dark, saw-toothed with hollowed-out cheekbones, and (dig this), burning eyes. I suppose pipe and crew-cut just naturally chime in.

Another timidly put forth that she admired the tall emaciated ones with long blond hair, far-away eyes, French beret, black turtle-neck sweater, and a jaunty silk scarf waving in the breeze.

A typical co-ed said she didn't go for the arty type—"Gimme a nice football playin', Dal jacket wearin' rugged beast, with dirty-brown crew-cut hair, none of this arty type for me . . . And so the comments went.

Most Dal girls seemed quite content with Dal men, excepting your author. I am the one dissenting voice, and I think I have a right to rebel, having previously spent six years in the private tutelage of the notorious Madame Lazonga, where I met up with all kinds of spurious characters, notably Russian counts, Spanish torreadors, and fascinating French lovers—anyway to make a long story short, I think the situation could be improved.

For instance, if there's one thing that usually kills romance, it's baggy pants that slide down over the wearer's shoes, and even though they have been immortalized in song, bell bottom trousers are quite undesirable. Bow ties—

for some strange reason, always remind me of well-groomed poodles at a dog show, or more reasonably undernourished crooners, and wishy-washy "funny-men".

Crew-cuts are the scourge of the twentieth century. Where is the aesthetic individual of by-gone days, whose long, stringy blond hair terminated well beneath his coat collar.

No, for my perfect man, I would suggest black satin trousers in the style of the Congress of Vienna (or to more uneducated people, like what Napoleon wore) . . . El Gaucho leather belts studded with brightly coloured reflectors for walking in the dark, U.S. air force jackets emblazoned with gold and silver embroidery, black boots, and white spats reaching up to mid-calf like those of the Scottish clansmen, white turtle-neck sweaters underneath the bomber jackets and a jaunty silk scarf flung backward over one shoulder, fluttering aily in the breeze. (If you are the quiet, conservative type, and are already appalled by these suggestions, I suggest you wear your scarf backwards). To top off this attractive costume, I would add one, only one large, round, gold earring, you know, about the size of a curtain ring.

Any young man interested in my quick charm and success course, need only send in their applications to Box 13, and hurry, hurry, hurry, time is running short.

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MY VISIT TO HELL

by O. V. P.

The thought of going to Hell has always fascinated me and I was resolved to get there at my first opportunity that would present itself to me. Now, it so happens that the interest which I display for Hell, is motivated by the fact that the most interesting men and the most fascinating women reside there. Obviously, I was interested only in the former.

For one thing, it was hellish hard to get a passport. The authorities presented many difficulties; I had to belong to the Communist party or at least the C.C.F., had to undergo a character test, an X-ray and all kinds of nonsense before they would even consider me as an applicant. My past was carefully scrutinized and the lie-detector burst while testing me. Finally I made it. The official in charge congratulated me and said that I was the first person since Dante to enter Hell alive, and he added that it was his hope that I would not get such a bad impression of the place as the Italian did. And so I went on my way.

Near the gates of Hell I encountered a terrible commotion. Everything was in a turmoil. Thousands of people were trying to get in. Several policemen were regulating the traffic. A customs officer was checking the new arrivals for religious articles, bibles and atom bombs.

After the checking, I found myself in front of two entrances, one marked "Ladies", the other "Gentlemen". Without hesitation I entered the ladies' entrance. Several minutes later I was again on the outside, several bruises and swelling decorating my visage. Hell, it was as if I had tried to get into Shirreff Hall after midnight. My evictors had been rugged-looking spinsters and in spite of the short time I had been inside, I had a chance of seeing a multitude of pretty faces entreating the guardians to let me stay but one of the guardians (I think they called her Sappho) yelled that men were just an unnecessary nuisance and another added that males were the sole cause of their being where they are.

Rather downhearted I entered the door marked "Gentlemen" and was greeted by a tourist guide who assured me that it was indeed an honour to have such a highly disreputable mortal in this place. He added that he was sure the impressions would be so favourable that I would decide to return here later. He was ghastly insinuating in his remark but I ignored him.

(Continued on page three)

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