



## on second thought

—Peter Outhit

### TRIAL BY ORDEAL

Have you ever been within 30 feet of a class bell in the Arts Building when it went off?

From Alcatraz to Devil's Island there can't be a breakout alarm to compare with it. When those staccato steam-whistles explode into their hourly yammering, I've seen grown men tremble and freshettes turn pale.

Every congenial group, instantly hostile, springs to allow the participants to scurry to the sanctity of a classroom—or anywhere—to escape. And if someone doesn't cut down the volume of those machine guns Atwood gets yet another monopoly—cotton batten. This can be stuffed into the ears one minute before the period begins and removed one moment after it ends.

Or maybe they could hire a squad of J. Arthur Rank extras with those eight-foot brass gongs to summon errant students. Maybe even an Early Warning air raid siren or of a small diesel whistle at each end of the hall would be an improvement.

There is, of course, one thing worse than this cacaphony: to approach the alarm bell knowing it's due to ring any moment and it doesn't. There it sits, dominating and mute, and defies you; like Werner Von Braun awaiting the second firing of a launched Atlas your jagged nerves tense expectantly for the sound. Naturally it fails you.

It's all too easy to conjure up a fiendish little man in a secret basement room who periodically throws his weight against some giant electric switch to start the volume turbines.

If there is such a man, with or without the switch, I'd like to ask him: what does he think the Arts building is? The shipyards? Should we be riveting armoured plates instead of trying to talk to each other?

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Doesn't it seem to you that when people board a trolley bus their personalities undergo a fascinating change?

They become inanimate.

Having completed about 20,000 miles on the electrified quonsets myself, I have concluded that something dies inside a person after he drops his ticket in that little tin box.

Just stand beside the driver for a moment, and look at the file of faces stretching away into the Men Only compartment. It's death row personified. Nobody smiles, nobody laughs, everybody looks like he just throttled his grandmother or caught someone else at it.

And I'll guarantee that you'll see at least three lips curl while you're selecting a seat. Every eye watches you as you fake carefully twice before settling beside what turns out to be the local tavern advertisement.

It's the Men again the Women on every bus too. Females instinctively band together, and when they do they adopt a glassy-eyed, empty demeanor that gilds even the effect you'd have if you back yard were full of munching guernseys.

The most infinitesimal of incidents across the street will seize and hold their collective attention as if it were the approaching Red Army. If you happen to be waiting at the stop for another bus, rest assured every female eye will pick up that gray stain on the corner of your tie.

The prettier the female on a bus, the less she wants to sit near a man. She will adamantly refuse to trespass the final third of the vehicle at any time, and if she has to sit beside a man she'll perch there in obvious discomfort until she spies a chance to break and sprint to the unassailable safety of a window seat.

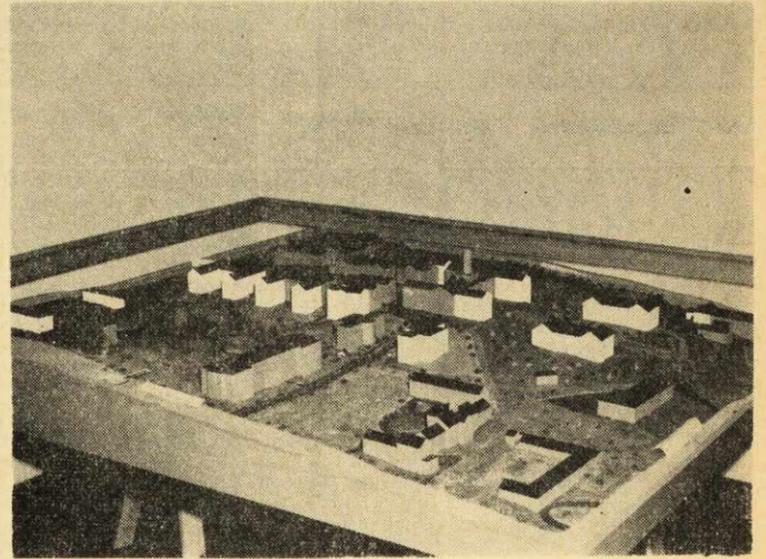
On the other hand, her amazonian sisters always invade male territory, bulging shopping bag, squaly child and all. Why? I suppose they've outlived the modesty of their finer halves. Is the kind of modesty sported by most of our young Halifax ladies an attribute or a detriment?

I know what the answer would be on the West coast.

A building program such as this is very difficult for Dalhousie, for it is not government supported and must therefore rely upon endowments. The money for these buildings came from a variety of sources. The stack wing of the library was built with the endowment from O. E. Smith, a Halifax philanthropist. We owe our new Science Building to Lady Dunn. The Men's Residence, which unfurnished cost \$1,500,000.00, was financed partly by a pledge of the Alumni Association of \$100,000.00 and partly by a Canada Council grant of \$634,000.00, leaving over \$500,000.00 to be paid by the University itself.

#### Plans for Professional Faculties

Having accomplished this area of expansion, the Board is now looking toward the professional faculties. Buildings for them are in the planning stage. The President's Report (1955-59) states that "a further development of the Carleton campus to meet the needs of Medicine has become urgent if not imperative." With this in mind the city has been asked to sell or cede Carleton Street to the University so that Carleton (Forrest) Campus can be developed to suit the needs of the University. An architect has been asked for a design to be followed for the future development of this campus. The land owned by the University in this area is bounded on the south by



An artist's tentative plan for university expansion on Studley Campus. Existing building are in grey; those proposed are in white. (Photo by MacDonald)

University Avenue, on the west by Robie Street and extends in the east as far as the east wing of the Public Health Centre. Concerning the architectural style of the proposed new buildings, Dr. Kerr said that of course this would depend upon the architect, but that usually buildings in the same area were the same design, and that he personally thought

the Dental Building to be a good looking edifice. The Dental Building has been described as "a structure of tapestry brick, trimmed with native sandstone in Modern Georgian style." (Continued on Page 4)

# Treasure Van Brings Wealth of 14 Lands

Hunger and suffering seen and experienced in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp in Singapore gave birth to the ideal of "Treasure Van." Ethel Mulvaney, founder and Honorary Director of Treasure Van, was taken prisoner while serving as a Canadian nurse in Malaya during the last war, and spent the remainder of the war in a POW camp.

This experience reminded her of the destitution and misery of many thousands of villagers she had seen while living in India before the war. She resolved to do everything she could to help people anywhere who were worse off than herself, especially

ally by stimulating a demand for the goods made by the hands of such people.

In 1947 Mrs. Mulvaney placed an order of \$3 worth of Manchadi Seeds from India. These sold for \$9, and the volume of sales grew at such a rate that in 1952 an order of over \$13,000 was given to various Indian craftsmen.

In the fall of 1952, Mrs. Mulvaney met some students from McGill and suggested they might co-operate with her to provide a market for the goods of the Indian craftsmen and, at the same time, raise funds for the work of WUSC. Thus Treasure Van, as such, took shape, a traveling sale that would visit each Canadian University once a year, to be operated entirely by students, professors, and their families and friends, with a minimum of professional assistance. The same year the General Assembly of WUSC agreed to sponsor a few pilot sales, and Queen's Univer-

sity was chosen as the first site. Cash receipts from that sale held in December, 1952, totalled \$8,901.58, a record so far unsurpassed by any other university sale.

Over the years Treasure Van has acquired a permanent collection of gifts, started by the Maharajah of Mysore with a donation of a beautiful gold and silver chest and a sandal-wood chest. In 1954 Treasure Van featured a display of "Dolls of the World" which had been specially donated by kings, queens, princes, princesses, prime ministers and other dignitaries throughout the world. This collection is still exhibited on special occasions from time to time.

There have been Treasure Van tours of Canadian universities each year since 1952, and sales have also been held in schools, teacher training colleges, fairs, and even on board an aircraft carrier in Halifax Harbor. Treasure Van or similar projects have also become an established and successful feature of WUSC activities in Germany and the Netherlands.

## Library Hours

### REMEMBRANCE DAY

In an attempt to extend its hours of service to the student body the Macdonald Memorial Library will Remembrance Day from 9 a.m. to 12 noon and from 1:30 p.m. to 5 p.m.

J. P. Wilkinson,  
Chief Librarian,  
Dalhousie University.

## Foreign Students Must Co-operate

In the debate preceding the abolition of FROS by the Student Council, several remarks were made that non-Canadian students at Dalhousie might well consider carefully.

Reporting to the Council on a foreign students' meeting, Sharon Connolly said that the feeling among foreign students was that Canadians were not doing enough to make them feel welcome and at home. She went on to make a rather surprising statement that the overseas students felt that it was up to Canadians to make all the advances.

Council members immediately took exception to this, and quite rightly so. The general opinion was that Council should give foreign students all the help they could WITHIN REASON, but that the students should do everything within their power to help themselves.

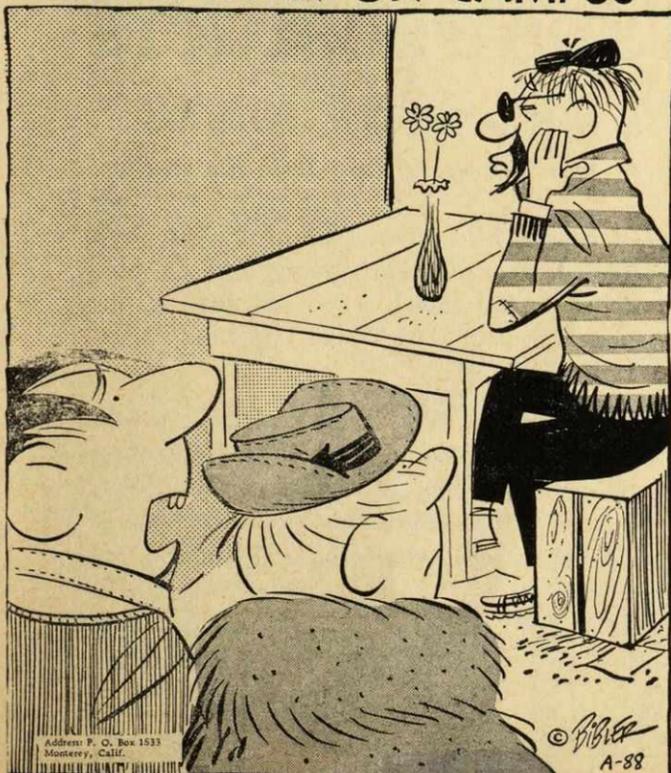
"How can we help them if they won't help themselves?" one Council member asked.

When you consider it objectively the solution to the whole problem lies in the hands of the foreign students themselves. They might feel they are left to sink or swim, but so are Canadian students coming straight from high schools. Every organization on campus welcomes participation by overseas students, but very few take the opportunities offered to them.

Jim Cowan, NFCUS Chairman, complained that foreign students just did not bother to attend NFCUS meetings, even when specially invited to do so.

The whole argument centered around the abolition of FROS, which is a classic example of poor relations between Canadian and foreign students. As its name implies, Friendly Relations with Overseas Students was an organization created to help foreign students feel at home. In this context it should have been the one society on campus to have a purely Canadian executive. What happened? It was taken over by an isolated group of foreign students and degenerated into a West Indian club. (Continued on Page 9)

## LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"I WISH I COULD BE LIKE RUGPAD—TO RELEASE THOSE PENT-UP EMOTIONS—HE SITS BY TH' HOUR AN' STUDIES SEX."