

DALHOUSIE Gazette

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Member Canadian University Press

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A TIME FOR ACTION

This year as in every year past, as the term gets under way the inadequacy of the common room and cafeteria facilities becomes apparent.

The situation rendered desperate last year when the snack bar in the Men's Residence was forced to care for every student on Studley campus with the result that no one was satisfied, was partially remedied this year by the installation of the cafeteria bar in what was formerly the men's dining room. But while this is an improvement, it is still inadequate. Aside from the cafeteria the students still have no place in which to hold meetings of the campus societies and are forced to call them at awkward times when the classrooms in the University buildings are free—times which are few and far between.

The answer lies in the erection of a Student's Union building on the campus with the facilities for all these needs. McMaster completed this term a new building to take the place of the wartime Recreation Hut and the University of Manitoba expects that the new Student Union building there will be completed by the end of the Christmas term. But while other universities proceed with this idea it is still a remote dream at this college.

It is time that something more than dreaming was done about it!

EACH MAN'S DESIRE

... early one evening, a strange excursion.

Not in the wastes beyond the swamp and sand or beyond the distant reaches of the seas, but in a land that is to men unknown, where for unrecorded times pale stars look down and where things happen that do not happen here, there lies the well of all the centuries. There, where the moonlight plays forever on its undiscovered shores and where soft breezes sing a constant song of love, where hate and sorrow never dared to tread, men's memories live. It is the land of the beginning and the end, the alpha and omega of the world's experience. It is the place of birth for virtue, the grave of vice, the hand-cuffs for human fallacy and greed. It is the place where men are lulled by the music of human kindness and where ambition is a word unknown. And legend names it Halcyon Vales.

Now Spud, a dweller of our unromantic world, early one evening wandered through the pines and reached a lake by which he sat alone. The moonlight march sedately through the woods, smiling a wan smile and stepping gingerly around many an amorous tryst, until it rested on the lapping waves below. There in ethereal silence it seemed that Time stood still, the cold embalmer of man's experience, yearned to suppress no more. And lifeless pine trees stood beneath the moon like silent sentinels or as star-witnesses of God, pointing voiceless fingers at the sky. So Spud, like the wanderers of old in lonely solitude sat in quiet cogitation of things to come and of his by-gone days. He thought of his dead love, the fair Katarina, and with heavy heart and brushing aside a reluctant tear, wished there was some way he could bring her back, or go to her. Then he remembered the legend of the Halcyon Vales where things happen that do not happen here, and dozed and waked and dozed again and dreamed. Dreamed of Elysean field and a pilgrimage through Time and of the summer laughter that had danced in Katarina's eyes until its winter came with frozen tears. And then awoke, but he was not alone.

Not alone, for, sweeter than But added politely: "Who are red roses in the rain, with the wisdom of the ages in her eyes, and as lovely as an angel in a myth, there stood a womanly form. With a voice as soft as April but with the power of the stars, she spoke: "Be not afraid, and wipe away your tears. Be happy now for I will take you where no living man has ever walked before. Back across the years. To no man's land where stands still and where beds of pungent Asphodel send sweet greetings to the craters of the moon."

"Where's that?", said Spud recovering some composure after his initial embarrassment. He thought this dame had nerve intruding in his personal reverie.

"I am the Goddess of Time. I can take you to Katarina in Halcyon Valley, where silvery waters lap at the undiscovered shores; where—"

"O.K., O.K.," said Spud impatiently. "What can I lose? But, of course, he had no intention of going anywhere.

Beneath his audacious exterior Spud was secretly nervous. His bold talk was just a cover-up as hesitantly he took this option on Yesterday and did not know he'd only find the fresh-dug grave of Today and the reservation for Tomorrow. So he yawned and stretched and when he opened his eyes his Goddess was gone and what was worse, he'd been moved.

It was broad daylight and he was on a road, in a valley, and sitting beneath a sign post that read: "Halcyon Valley—The Gateway to the Stars". And in brackets after it: "Please don't pick the flowers!"

So Spud arose, munching contentedly at a bunch of grapes that grew conveniently by, and wondered what to do. "Ah wilderness, thought Spud, were Paradise enough!" and started down the sleeping road that traversed the languorous vales, where Yesterday is but Today and where there is no Tomorrow.

Presently he came upon a wood with moss covered rocks beneath the stately trees, and in a small ravine a moaning waterfall, and by the falls, a youth lay dreaming. Now, thought Spud, as he drew near the incumbent, maybe I'll get some information on this place and where to find Kate.

"Pardon me", said Spud jovially, can you—"

The stranger gestured violently and plunged back into the labyrinth of thought.

"But—", began Spud again. "The sounding cataract", said the stranger, deliberately weighing every word, "haunts, no haunted, me like a passion—the tall rock—yes, rock, that's good—the deep and gloomy wood—were then to me all in all."

"What are you doing?" asked the bewildered Spud.

"I'm composing a poem". "You mean you think you are! That stuff was written before by a guy named Wordsworth".

At this the stranger jumped up and striking his chest vehemently cried: "Dolt! Scoundrel! And who do you think I am? I'm William Wordsworth. I'm re-writing it." He sighed audibly, and added abstractly "The still sad music of humanity", shaking his head from side to side.

"O.K., O.K., O.K." said Spud. "But take time out and tell me what kind of a place I'm in."

Continued on page three

BEST I'VE EVER TRIED!



New 'Vaseline' Cream Hair Tonic
It's got everything, men! Gives your hair natural lustre, keeps it in place with that "just-combed" look all day long. The only hair tonic containing Viratol*. Try it and you'll agree it's "the cream of all the creams".

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SEE YOUR MUTUAL REPRESENTATIVE ABOUT A SAVINGS AND PROTECTION POLICY

U. N. T. D.

UNIVERSITY NAVAL TRAINING DIVISIONS

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The following was written by a cadet, one of 150 cadets of the University Naval Training Division taking sea training on board HMC Ships La Hullose, Crescent and Swansea.

Six short weeks ago, I, like all my companions, was a college student, talking politics over coffee in the campus hamburger stand. But for the past month-and-a-half I have had little time to think of politics, let alone discuss the subject.

It has been an eventful six weeks. In that brief time I have been taken out of civilian clothes, dressed as a prospective officer and given the title of cadet. On arrival at the coast, I was put through a whirlwind navigation course, and sent to sea. I have crossed the Atlantic, been lowered in a sea-boat, toured naval establishments in Great Britain, spent a weekend in London and a day in Edinburgh—all this within 50 days of my first sight of salt water.

It has been an eventful six weeks—but no holiday. I worked harder, for longer hours, than any civilian job has ever demanded. And I have been seasick. Seasickness is a good joke when you are spinning a yarn ashore but while you are sick it is unmitigated misery.

I have come to feel the discipline imposed on me by my superiors, at first appearing somewhat unnecessary, was entirely for the well-being of both the service and myself. I haven't taken all this discipline meekly, having done my share of complaining, wondering at first but with much more understanding now.

But there have been pleasures to balance the nausea, the long night watches and the crowded messdecks, I have been learning seamanship and have come to take discomfort in my stride. I have felt something of the rough and ready companionship of men living in HMS Excellent, the Royal Navy gunnery training establishment at Whale Island, and in HMS Victory, the flagship of Nelson at the Battle of Trafalgar.

I have seen England with its lovely lanes and trees, such a contrast to my native prairie. I have stood 'midst "beauty's filtered dust" in Westminster Abbey and I have seen the final dress rehearsal for such famous and traditional pageants as the trooping of the colour and the Royal Tournament at Earls Court.

Yes, in the past six weeks in the University Naval Training Division I have learned worked, suffered, laughed, and seen. In short, I have lived more in this period of time than in any six months of my life.

Train for a Commission in either the permanent force or the reserve of the Royal Canadian Navy.

Pay your way through University and receive valuable leadership training at the same time.

If you have 3 years or more to spend at University and have a sound academic record, do not fail to investigate this great opportunity.

See

Lt. Cdr. H. D. SMITH, R.C.N.(R)
Commanding Officer Dalhousie-Kings U. N. T. D.

Room 20, Arts Building, Afternoons 2 to 5