

DALHOUSIE Gazette

AMERICA'S OLDEST COLLEGE NEWSPAPER
Member Canadian University Press

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WHAT IT IS

During the past few years one of the more serious problems on university campi across Canada has been the slowly ebbing tide of college spirit. Diatribes on the subject have appeared in the editorial columns of every major college paper but the net result of this sea of words has been disheartening.

If the truth be known the problem lies in the nature of spirit itself. It is not a tangible thing that can be measured off in cubic inches or feet—it is an attitude of mind.

In every human being, whether in an active or passive form, lies the seed of mob spirit! In children it is evidenced in cruelty towards those people and things which do not conform to the standard of the gang; at the high school age it is apparent in the adoption of fads and the worship of football heroes; in adults the desire to get on the bandwagon in morals, social conventions and politics makes it evident.

College spirit is simply another of mob spirit and like it thrives best either in an atmosphere of success or persecution. Indifference thrives in the vast land between these two extremes.

At this university being neither very good nor very bad in anything, (basketball excepted which, it should be noted always attracted a large crowd), we were without spirit. The spirit that was shown at the game Wednesday was the result of two things, first, that we felt that we were being discriminated against and secondly because we were winning.

Deep feeling in a necessity for spirit but you must have something to feel about first. We had that Wednesday, and while we continue to have a cause we will have spirit.

An odd thing about spirit is that once firmly established it is just as hard to tear down as it was to build up.

FRONTIER COLLEGE

in the forest primeval, a spark of life

No verdant campus marks its site; no lofty halls of learning house its students. Rather a bunk-car in British Columbia, a mess tent in Quebec, or a mining camp in Northern Ontario—anywhere where men toil to widen Canada's frontiers or tap her wealth has provided fertile soil for the masonry of Frontier College. Nor are its foundations founded upon sand, for behind it is the record of fifty years' service among the lumberjacks, the miners and the navvies. The service is one of companionship, instruction, canadianization, and leadership, accomplished by working side by side and during the evening, sharing with these men a measure of the educational opportunities which it has been our privilege to enjoy.

In such a pursuit, one finds many types; but all have that certain closeness to the earth. Their humor, always in evidence, is the humor of the day's work, nothing superficial and synthetic. They are eager to learn and their appreciation would be rewarded enough: Can you picture a clearing in the northern woodlands of Quebec, (We waited while bulldozers claimed our camp-site from the dense forest.) and in that clearing seven tents? Fifty-two men in seven tents beside the Nipissis River amid mountains of granite. The project — railroad construction; the goal — Knob Lake, Labrador, and one of the richest iron ore deposits yet unearthed. Who would think that after ten hours of toil these men would devote five evenings a week

in their endeavour for self-improvement.

We here at Dalhousie are not without laurels. This past summer five of our number were out on the job as labourers-teachers of Frontier College.

We must not be content to talk of past achievements. Dalhousians, shall we forfeit past gains and lose out on this unique educational experience? The qualifications are a willingness to work with a body fit to sustain that willingness, and a genuine interest in the nature of the task. The rewards for service: money (important enough to college students in these days), but of more importance, if not so tangible, gratitude, healthy associations, and invaluable experience.

Letters to the Editors Speak Praise; Spout Venom

Dear Editor:

... though I realize the difficulty in utilizing your small space to full advantage, especially considering that a good per cent must be paid for advertising, I think as a whole you have exercised discretion, good coverage and maintained a definite quality.

... the purposes of a College newspaper is to cover, firstly, news. Secondly, sports. Next in line are features and editorials. After these main classes, the 'extras' that make a paper are ... columns, poems, fiction. As a voice of the students it should give a wide diversification of appealing subject matter. This you are doing—keep up the good work. In closing remember that it is extremely easy to criticize, but difficult to perform. There are those who know only destructive criticism and their opinions are not to be considered. When you get constructive comments then you can pay attention and reap the benefit. Challenge the procrastinators and ... they will not only retreat, they will cringe.

A. R. (Arts & Science)

Dear Editor:

"My Home, My Native Land" left a strange taste in many a readers mouth, mine particularly. It is not often we have the unfortunate experience of meeting with a young man (or lady) who glances sardonically through horn-rimmed glasses and ruminates vague undefined moral and social theories in his long haired head; and has the kindness to throw up, from his rostrum in the face of his listeners, the pseudo-analytical thoughts he has collected in his pilgrimage to the Shrine of the True Values in Life ... writer M.A.J. ... has embarked on the wrong tack for his crusade. And this probably we can explain by his obtuse way of looking at things, of sizing up situations and peoples, of establishing correlations between the toils and miseries of men and poverty or riches.

It is undoubtedly certain that some men go about in life forever hearing in their hearts the echoes of the wails of prostituted trumpets, the filth-reminiscent hiccups of debased orchestrations, yes, false orchestration of things beautiful and sublime.

I have failed to appreciate the rugged beauty of the Newfoundland coastline, the infinite grace of a well dressed woman, the breath-taking sight of the Rockies, the throb of the cities, the smile from a passer-by. I have failed to feel the tears of love and tenderness which come to your eyes when you think of your native land. I have to find the spirit of the five million French-speaking Canadians ... It is revolting that such a piece of toxic argumentation and description be entitled "My Home, My Native Land".

J. D. V. (Law)

Dear Editor:

... M.A.J.'s feature, "My Home My Native Land" stood up well. I thought the authentic and precise detail which gave it point was adroitly selected and set down effectively. He achieved his atmospheres without any lush 'stuff', and made his points without manipulating the evidence. He developed a recognizable panorama — physically, emotionally, sociologically. I like the feature and I'll hang on to it.

Dr. F. F. B.

Prof. Journalism, N. Y. University.

The NOVA SCOTIAN

"DANCING SATURDAY NIGHT"



HALIFAX

Meet Your Friends at
THE Riviera Restaurant
85 Spring Garden Road

Ben Franklin Printed:

"He that can take rest
is greater than
he that can take cities."

B. Franklin

Poor Richard's Almanac, 1737

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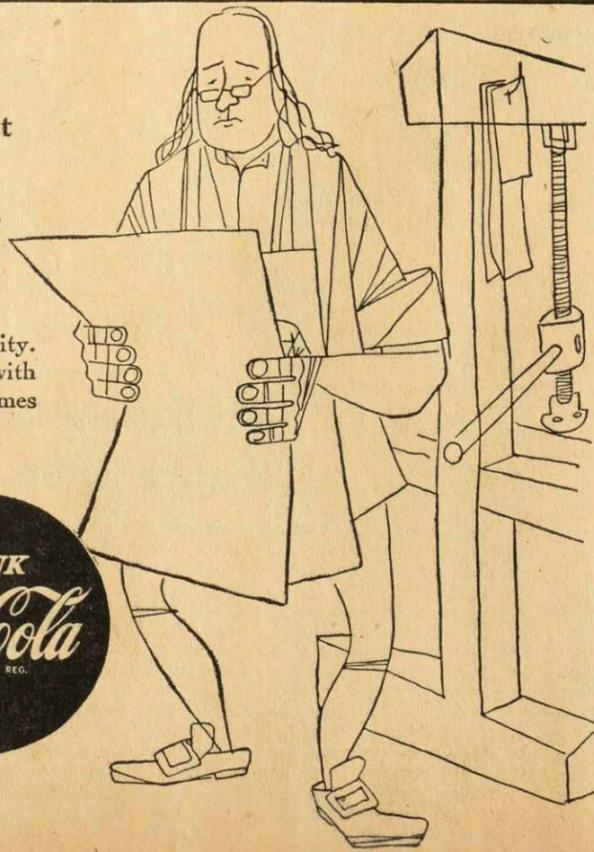
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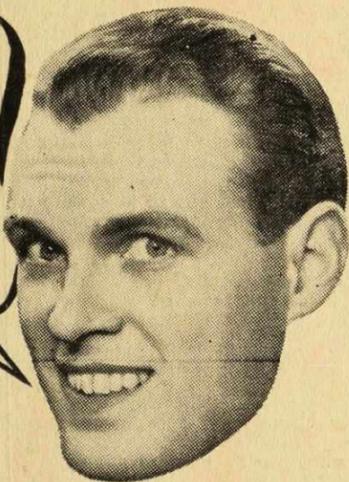
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special

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WITH AN EXTRA WIDE
BAND OF SATIN SMOOTH
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