

The Squid-Jigging Grounds

"There is more stubborn pride of a country in every cubic inch of the average Newfoundlander than will be found in any other people."

Nowhere in the world will you find anyone as proud of his island home as a Newfie. He cannot be out done by the Cape Bretoners, Spud Islanders or even by the modest Texans.

Why is he proud? Well! out in the blue Atlantic there is an island paradise of 150,000 square miles with 370,000 happy souls; and contrary to popular belief this little isle is God's chosen land.

Since there is only one university in the only city of Newfoundland, many students come to the hinterlands of Canada to attend our universities and to preach the unknown glories of "Terra Neuve." Too many people, those who haven't obtained the true facts from a Newfie scholar, Newfoundland is nothing but a desolate isle of rock in the storm tossed waters of the Atlantic.

Now that Canada has joined Newfoundland these fallacious and base views are rapidly being dispelled by the missionary zeal of its island natives. For it is truly a thriving country, with its large quantities of newsprint, iron ore, base metals and fish. Why they've got so many fish

its citizens are of British extract and follow many of the British customs, traditions and sports, as was revealed the other day at a gym dance. The Newfie began to apologize for his lack of skill in dancing, "I'm afraid I can't dance very well, I'm just a little stiff from Polo," and the girl replied, "That's all right, I don't care where you come from, let's try it anyhow."

Probably, the most impressive quality a "Beothuck" of Newfoundland displays is his pleasing dialect and overpowering urge to tell a short tale of the sea. He's an avid lover of the sea shanty and island folk songs. His national anthem "The Squid Jigging Grounds," is known to all men who enjoy the better class of music.

A Newfie is always an interesting person to know, jovial, loaded with energy and undaunted by the false impressions of his native isle, to put it in the words of one of its most illustrious citizens, Joseph Robert Smallwood, "Newfoundlanders are the most tenaciously nationalistic and patriotic people in the world and it takes more than a storm to destroy their pride."

-D.M.

By The Way by Alan Marshall

Dalhousie now has an art gallery. This afternoon (Wednesday), a room on the second floor of the Arts and Administration Building was set aside for use as an Art Gallery. President Kerr opened with remarks, and Mr. Eric Newton, an artist from England was invited to speak. Today was the first day of the first exhibition to be held there. A number of paintings were hung on the walls: Canadian paintings of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

Dr. Kerr pointed out that when the Arts building was designed, the university made definite provisions for cultural activities outside of the classes. For one thing, when designing a lecture room in the basement, (I have had Ec lectures there, and English is taught there, too), a stage was put in, to allow the students to produce small plays there. Then, a room on the third floor was set aside for music and a number of records and a record player were bought. This year, the art gallery room goes into operation. Dr. Kerr pointed out that Mr. Newton gave a very interesting lecture the day before: "How to Look at Pictures." Dalhousie was fortunate to be able to ask him to open the gallery.

Mr. Newton, in his remarks, said that he was glad to see the university encouraging the students to see the paintings. At Oxford and Cambridge, one would think that there was a conspiracy to see that the students stayed out of the university galleries. At least, one would think so, for all the interest they show. He was glad to see that the first exhibition was one of Canadian painting. The committee that runs the gallery will have to select the pictures that are to be shown; a task that would, he thought, cause many arguments over policy. He advised exhibiting works by local artists, rather than turning to the old masters. It was by local patriotism that the great artistic centres of the past had flourished. Venetians were proud of Venice and Florentines were happy to live in Florence. They produced works that the world has admired ever since, and Canadians might well follow their example. Local pride and local rivalry would encourage local artists to produce better works of art. He deplored the tendency of the old world to look with nostalgia. On this side of the Atlantic, people were more interested in the present, and more optimistic.

Turning from exhibiting pictures of the problems of collecting them, he was thankful that Dalhousie did not have enough money to make practical the purchase of works by the old masters. This is an activity now restricted to governments and millionaires. Dalhousie would have to choose between buying reproductions of the great works

and buying originals of less famous painters. He definitely advised buying the works of modern Canadian painters thereby supporting a school of art that has won international recognition.

After the official opening there was a tea at Sherriff Hall for those who had come to the opening.

The Tub-Thumper

by John MacCurdy

There are several beefs stewing around the campus this past week. The main issue, of course, is the halting of the initiation and of all times, on the night of the barn dance, just after the worst (if you can call it that) was over. The principle laid down by the senate last year was as follows, and I quote: "Hazing which inflicts personal indignity upon any students is not in accordance with the true conception of the university." The last issue of the Gazette showed an overwhelming majority of Freshmen and Freshettes in favour of initiation. Who, may I ask, are the true judges of this situation—the students or the Senate? I can imagine that way back in the days "Mother Wore Tights" that there were plenty wild escapades during the first week Nowadays it is primarily a social week in which the student is able to make a new "acquaintance" and familiarize himself with the campus life. I do not think that initiation should be halted, but perhaps the girls at Sherriff Hall could modify their first week activities. After all, isn't that where the whole affair began?

Speaking of modifying, I have not heard a mouse squeak from the radio committee. Last year, students were taken on a tour by the incomparable Studley, who now resides in Paris. Couldn't they find somebody else to replace Mr. Studley while he is on his leave. It's always nice to hear Dalhousie talent on the air. Where's the Queen of the Seas?

And now, as we slowly move from the Gazette office to the little room down the hall, where they sell books with built-in gold mines, we see a mass of frantic students trying to get waited on. The poor waitresses rush around the counter (without scooters), the hungry students barking for their lunch, the row of convicts along the wall, standing in line for their supplies, and next door a handful of students lounge around the common room. Wouldn't it be possible to enlarge that hole in the wall, Oh Mighty Hierarchy?

Well, having finished my commentary for this week, I would like to add this little item — PLEASE KEEP OFF THE GRASS WHILE IT IS GROWING!

Letter to a Freshman

Dear Frosh:

Perhaps you will walk down the road behind the Law building and squint into the afternoon sun as it sets behind Sherriff Hall and Doc Kerr's and think—"I'm at University. Now I'll really study, and plan my work, put a lot of time on it, concentrate on making high marks and graduating with a smashing success, the better to take my place in the world." And you will be wrong.

Or maybe you will clatter into the canteen, hike up on a stool, lean on one elbow, order a coke and think, "This is the life! I'm a big fellow now, a college man." And maybe you will turn to the fellow next to you who has been taking Latin I for four years now, and listen admiringly as he tells you that the Profs don't care if you skip classes, or hand in themes two months late, and why bother knocking your brains out this early in the term anyway? And of course you will be wrong again.

Because — college is neither Study or Fun. It is both. And it takes both to make a successful four years. If an "A" student has the magnificent ability which he must possess in order to make "A's", he has enough to spare for one or two outside activities. The canteen type, an all too familiar species, might remember, on the other hand, that one of the greatest sins is to be given ability and then to waste it.

Employers are looking beyond the marks to the outside activities of their University Graduate job candidates, because they know that a well-rounded personality is more desirable than a memorizing or calculating machine. Therefore the one who concentrates solely on marks is harming himself more than he ever will realize. The campus type is really in less danger of living a boring life because he is interested in people and in working with them.

Most of us here at college are entering the final deciding years in which our personalities and interests will cement. It is up to us to make them count in every way.

NOTICES

The attention of graduate students is called to the valuable I.O.D.E. Overseas Scholarships which are offered for award. Applications will be received by the Provincial Educational Secretary until October 15th, 1953. For detailed information, see General Notice Board in the Arts and Administration Building or apply at the Registrar's Office.

The first meeting of the Dalhousie Engineering Society will be held in the Engineering Common Room on Tuesday, October 13. All members are requested to attend.

CAMPUS COMMENT

Autumn is the time when students compare notes on how they spent their summer. Dalhousians, it appears, spent theirs by working in a variety of jobs, (and also by not working at all.) Here is a sample. There was no attempt to see that this sample is representative (which will horrify any statisticians who read this; but who cares). These comments were collected from students who happened to turn up at the canteen.

D. Hill, pre-med: I painted a house and loafed.

A. L. Dauphinee, Science: I was in the Reserve Army at Aldershot. I instructed the cadets in driving.

Seymour Rubensder: I worked in highway construction near Montreal.

B. Zebberman: I played baseball for the Kansas City Royals. It's one of the farm clubs in the States. We travelled around to other cities, Boston, New York . . . It's a good life . . .

Eric Mitchell, Science: I worked in a paper mill in Newfoundland. It's my third year there.

Dan Carr: I was surveying for a company near Amherst. We travelled around the district there.

Spencer Bridger, Science: I worked in a copper, lead and zinc mill in Newfoundland. I sampled the minerals that were going to be analysed. I'll be there next year.

Roland Langille: I worked for the Golden Glow Co. in Truro. You know, they make apple cider and apple wine. I worked on the presses for pressing rotten apples. They don't use good apples for making cider: they can get a better price for them on the apple market. I won't be going there again because the place burned down, and they aren't building it up again. (Which is unfortunate, because that apple wine is delicious—A.M.)

L. Kavanagh, Social Work: I went to Summer School at Acadia and finished off my B.A.

John Labisnick: Oh, I loafed, enjoyed myself, gave myself a sun tan, went fishing and sponged on the folks.

And where do you come from? From God's own country. That's Southern Ontario.

And what are you taking? I don't know . . . I think the school is taking me.

Joyce Harrington: I worked in the headquarters of the Eastern Command Signal Regiment.

C. W. Stevenson, Pharmacy: I worked for General Motors in Moncton.

I asked one student named Thornhill where he worked, but he had other things on his mind. On learning that I was interviewing for the Gazette, he asked me to report that a cockroach had been found in the Men's Residence. He drew it out of an ink bottle box in his pocket. The cockroach of contention is at present on the floor of the canteen in a badly flattened condition. Thornhill, by the way worked as a brakeman on the CNR in Newfoundland. He travelled from St. John's to Port aux Basques and return.

David Vine went to Europe with the C.O.T.C. "I went to Germany with the 27th Brigade. Also to England. It's a terrific way to spend a summer. I encourage everybody to join the C.O.T.C."

Stuart Blumenthal: I went to Big Cove Camp, as a counsellor in training. I'm not too sure about going there a second time. It was only for a month and a half. The rest of the time I just loafed around and recuperated.

Jim Lewis: I worked: I couldn't afford to loaf. I was assistant

paymaster and cashier at Fairey Aviation at Eastern Passage.

Sheila Piercey: I work at Digby Pines.

Madeline Mader: I took a typing course at the Maritime Business College. For the rest of the time I was yacht racing with R.N.S.Y.S.

William MacLeod: I worked for a construction company: T. C. Gorman. We built a new hospital in North Sydney.

Dennis Madden: I worked for Central Mortgage and Housing.

Ann Carrard: I worked at Keltic Lodge.

Ken Maclaren: I was in the Navy, the U.N.T.D. I was on the Navy yacht Oriole, and we raced from Marblehead to Halifax. We got becalmed and had to come in under power. But we weren't the worst off. One yacht without power was becalmed and had to wait until it was picked up. Not only that, but they had to live on 24 tins of beets because a mistake was made when it ordered its food before the race.

Jim Miller: I went to the C.N.E. with the Nova Scotian team for the Olympic trials. I didn't do anything there but I might the next time.

Oscar Pudymaitis: I studied Aristotle's Ethics in the original, and sold vacuum cleaners.

by Alan Marshall.

Salute to Rink Rats—

(Continued from Page Two)

Rats this year, and the profits will be added to the \$10,000 fund. As all these activities are student sponsored, your interest and presence are anticipated at all these events, and by supporting them you too will be helping to pay for a very necessary and even more enjoyable fixture on our campus—the Dalhousie Memorial Rink.

Incidentally, in case you're wondering who "Da Rats" are who head this committee, there's a representative from nearly every faculty — and they include John Nichols, Jim Fogo, Sheila Piercey, Patty MacLeod, Joan McCurdy and Jack O'Neil. They have shown much interest in The Rink Rats by their co-operation, so how about showing yours by supporting them? See you at the dance this Saturday night, after the big football game! (That's the 10th.)

Vive Les Femmes

"I think it's positively ridiculous," said Edith, thumping angrily through a fashion magazine.

"What is it?" said I, meekly preparing to endure another of her patriotic outbursts.

"These — French — fashions — why, the hemlines are going up again! Haven't you read about it yourself?" She showed me the magazine, and I saw the usual impeccably dressed, parsnipped models in the usual impossible clothes.

"Oh, are they?" I enquired, and earnestly, "Some people haven't yet realized that they've gone down."

She glanced at me with patience.

"It's not whether they go up or down that I mind," she explained. "But why, why do they say 'fifteen inches from the floor'?"

"I suppose it's as good a height as any," I commented, leaning back in my chair.

"But don't you see?" she went on—"if you wear a dress fifteen inches from the floor—if I do, it comes up to my knees! And supposing either of us wants to exchange high heels for low ones? Must our dresses have an adjustable hemline? It's not fair."

I had to agree with her. But I'm willing to bet my new short skirt that she's measuring off fifteen inches of leg right now and cutting her dresses to match!

Congratulations

There was a n excellent turnout at the Dramatic Club try-outs for "As You Like It" last Monday night. Congratulations, Dalhousie, and Freshmen especially, for showing so much enthusiasm. Producing a Shakespeare is a time-consuming job, but a very rewarding one, and these people are to be commended.

If you're hunting for real smoking pleasure... choose your cigarette with logic!

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