



on second thought

—Peter Outhit

THE DAY DARTMOUTH DRIED UP

—A Parable—

Nova Scotia is in some respects as dry as the town of Dartmouth was for a record-breaking two months this summer. That dry spell mercifully came to an end; this one is still in doubt.

Nobody believed the town water commissioner in late June when he sourly predicted the healthy reservoir—down a mere 18 inches from its normal 21 feet—at the edge of Dartmouth's suburbs might rapidly recede if the dry weather continued.

He was a rather doeful, publicity-conscious character, so nobody listened.

In July two Junior water officials noted in passing that the level had dropped another foot, but kept it to themselves, since "it was clear a couple of days of good rain" would bring it back up.

But it didn't rain. The clear sky hung over the shabby, sleepy little coastal town like the arch of some giant fish bowl, and the odd cloud that floated in from Tuff's Cove soon hastened into the shimmering horizon at Eastern Passage.

Towards the end of that month several miscellaneous town council committees debated, at the insistence of one or two of the community's more prosperous citizens, whether the water problem ought to have more publicity and whether "serious measures" should be taken.

No measures, serious or otherwise, resulted from those fruitful meetings, although the latest risqué jokes were heard and appreciated and the mayor's new Lincoln admired.

The near-record heat of July melted into the dry, cloudy days of August. One evening it was foggy, and the mayor proclaimed better days were on the way.

And the weeks went by, the fog went away, and the sun beat down hot and merciless upon the bubbling asphalt thoroughfare of the town.

After the second week of August the mayor picked a few cronies to "look into" the situation, since a few citizens began to feel twinges of alarm at the little restrictions that had begun to be put on the "excessive" use of water.

Out-of-towners found they couldn't get their cars washed, the hotels were cutting down bathing hours and plumbing conveniences, that sort of minor annoyance. They sometimes brought their own water supplies, but they didn't last.

The mayor solved the alarmists by departing the following week in his shiny Lincoln for a two-week vacation, well earned, in Boston.

His councillors continued to meet somewhat half-heartedly in their shirtsleeves, but refrained from discussing the water problem because the lake supply appeared stationary. People were getting used to the situation.

Then something happened. On the last day of August, a particularly arid morning, a small boy went fishing in the reservoir. He didn't catch a thing.

The lake was dry.

People all over the township began turning on their taps to begin another scorching day, only to hear the parched hiss-s-s of escaping air from empty pipes. Phones began to ring. Town hall, itself without a drop of compensation, was inundated with frantic requests from thirsty taxpayers to "get the water turned the hell on".

It couldn't. The water committee, hastily summoned, raced to the reservoir and peered over the edge.

There was the lake bottom, all dusty and parched like some gigantic tennis court that needed rolling.

All over town, people who had relaxed all summer with dry martinis began to announce "I knew it" and wring their hands. A merchants' committee went in a mob to the town hall and demanded help. But no one was there; the omniscient councillors had packed for "vacations".

Nobody came to town that day, or the next, or the next. Suburban people started digging their own wells. Townspeople started going to the country to get water.

The water commissioner, shaking his head, departed for greener pastures.

Then, in the long cool days of September, the exodus began. Shops were closed, hospital, jail, hotel, and boarding house inmates were transferred to Halifax. Mobile water tanks were too small, too few, and too late. At last, even the privileged few who could afford this water gave up on Dartmouth.

The last man to leave stuck it out until the 5th of October. On that day he packed his belongings, closed his (appropriately enough) dry goods store, and rattled across the bridge in his vintage Buick without a backward look.

PSYCHOLOGISTS:

GODS OR CLODS?

by MARTIN MORF

Every year thousands of Canadian students make a weighty decision: whether to take psychology I, or whether to choose psychology as their major.

They have few facts to base their decision on. For there are few things the public is more befuddled about than psychology. Some hail it as the science of the future, others dismiss it as a conglomeration of intuitive guesses. The psychologist is approached with mystified curiosity; scorned as a tin god who offhandedly rejects job applicants on the basis of "useless" tests.

His tests—the fruits of years of toil—are the object of derision; the cheap generalisations mass-produced by the pseudopsychologists, the subject of our literature. The rat experimenter is a hopeless clod, the Carnegies and Peales are popular father images and manifestations of the archetype of the wise old man.

The Psychologist Defined

In reality, the psychologist is neither a god nor a clod, neither a psychoanalyst nor a lecturer on "how to". He is a man who studies and practices psychology. He studies it because its field constantly expands. He practices it because he must make a living.

What is this awful thing that he studies and practices? Too many people think they know, and they all know something different. The psychologist himself is still trying to define his discipline. Is it the study of the soul? The investigation of consciousness? The description of mental life? The science of human behaviour? At present the last of these alternatives is generally accepted.

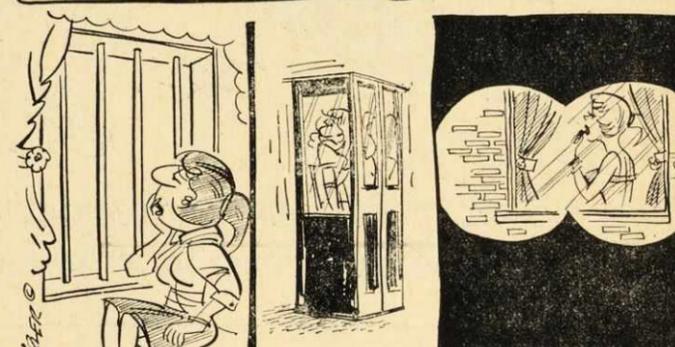
If psychology is a science, it must try to establish orderly relationships between things that can be observed. Since human behaviour is more remarkable for its complexity than its orderliness, the psychologist has a difficult task, and perhaps he will be forgiven if he chooses his own methods to tackle it.

Lab Tests Give Clues

Perhaps the critics, jokers, cynics, Carnegie and misinformed Freud fans will forgive him if he withdraws into a laboratory and starts out with rats. In the first place there is not as much difference between rats and humans as some people think, in the second place rela-

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tionships observed in rat behaviour may give us clues as to relationships in the behaviour of humans.

But, although the present stage of psychology may be crude, although its application hopelessly outdistances its theoretical maturity psychology might prove to be a small key opening a big door. The theory of psychology hasn't passed the rat stage, but the possibilities of its application look promising.

Already it is used in the clinic, in industry, in the schools and armed services. Psychological tests help

diagnose physical damage, psychological techniques are used to investigate the behaviour of groups and nations. Someday the psychologist may make a scientific contribution to the reduction of racial and international tensions.

Someday, he may be able to point out what's wrong with this darn affluent society of ours, which never seems to be out of bed.

But that day is far away, and in the meantime the psychologist remains a clod and sticks to his rats.

Experience With Espresso

by JOHN MYERS

I dropped my last two pennies into the parking meter and forced myself up the hill to Barrington Street. After all, when you volunteer to go out soliciting advertising, you don't expect to have an interesting time, and things were living up to expectations.

I walked by the place once or twice and tried to size it up: part store and part eating-place. You will realize that some places look like they might want student advertising and others don't. This one didn't. Nevertheless, duty beckoned and a loud clatter of bells over the door heralded an entrance I had hoped to make as inconspicuous as possible. I strode over to a man stationed behind the counter and thrust a copy of the *Gazette* and two order forms under his nose.

"Sir, would you like to place some advertising in any of the Dalhousie publications? You could always tell the students about your pizza." The surrounding signs indicated that this was the specialty of the house.

To my surprise, he said, "I'll take a big ad," and asked me for a copy of the *Gazette*. He motioned me to a chair.

"Do you know what this is?" He nodded to a shiny multi-levered de-

vice which defies description. "It makes espresso. Espresso is a special kind of coffee, made stronger and purer than regular coffee. Would you like to try some?"

A National Institution

Although coffee has never appealed to me, I accepted a cup, as my new friend went on to explain that in England, espresso is a national institution. The drink is well known in the United States and in a few parts of Canada, such as Toronto and Montreal, where it is becoming a big favourite.

"I'm getting a bigger machine soon," the proprietor said. "This one will probably be installed at the Jazz Club, down the street; I'm discussing it with the executive. Right now it is the only one in Halifax."

My espresso was ready. It was a small cup, for which I was thankful.

My friend dumped a great mass of sugar into it and then took his own cup and downed it in one gulp. I sniffed mine, and my head shot back. Good grief. How did I ever get into this?

I lifted the cup of espresso and swallowed a mouthful before I had had time to get scared. My stomach careened wildly about inside me and sent a convulsion up my spine. I held my breath and finished the cup. The rest of it didn't seem too bad. I rose to go, but when I tried to pay for it, he wouldn't let me.

"The first cup is always free. You send someone down for my ad."

Ads were far from my mind as I sped home. The taste this brew leaves in your mouth is unique. Fifteen minutes later, I was able to breathe normally again. George will never believe this, I thought, as I picked up the telephone.



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