

THE DALHOUSIE GAZETTE

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CHRISTMAS EXAMS

The Faculty is to be congratulated on the speed with which the results of the Christmas examinations have been compiled and posted. It is the first time in several years that students returning from their Christmas holidays have been able to learn their fate immediately.

The method of setting forth the marks is also an improvement. A student can far more easily ascertain his standing in relation to the remainder of his class than formerly, and no harm is done by setting forth the exact marks of first division students and failures alike, since both are usually of concern only to a limited circle of friends.

Now that we have just undergone a set of Christmas exams, it might be well, too, to consider their value to us as opposed to the yearly exams and monthly tests being used in two of our Maritime universities. Certainly no one can deny the value of our mid-term exams as a preparation for year end papers, and an indication of present standing. But it may be argued that monthly tests will accomplish this too. However, if we are to recognize the fact that even our exams are too easily passed by cramming, is it not true that shorter exams will be passed more easily in the same fashion?

Since all universities still use the year-end examination in its full glory, there is no basis for discussion with regard to it.

It will be admitted, we believe, that these past exams have done a great deal of good. Some, of course, will learn nothing from them . . . others will become complacent. But to those who truly desire some lasting good from their college education—those who learn by experience—the Christmas examination is of inestimable value.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE . . . OR CAN IT?

A CUP FEATURE
By NORM JONES

On more than one campus in Canada there have been pleas raised for an open war against student apathy. In some places, this factor has risen to gigantic proportions. A number of these situations are worthy of note.

Edmonton CUP—(U. of Alberta) Lack of a quorum at Saturday's budget meeting prevented passing of the University Athletic Board's budget. Although classes had been cancelled for the meeting, only ten per cent of the 3,575 students attended, and of these only 149 remained for the U.A.B. vote.

Four officials will carry on the work of the Junior class this year. These were the only four nominated and there was no election. The student paper, *The Gateway* has been discontinued. At a recent dance only thirty-five couples attended, and ten of these had complimentary tickets. Class dances have thus been banned.

Kingston CUP—The Queen's Journal recently reprinted an editorial stating: ". . . the right to criticize (the paper) is merited by these few alone, who fulfill the duty of contributing." The next issue said, "These are strong words; we do not like their implication. We printed them with the hope that someone would challenge them, for the idea they convey is surely contrary to our democratic ideals.

"But we are disappointed. Nobody on this campus, apparently, found them out of place. Nobody cared . . ."

Continuing on the subject of Queen's. "Year meetings are poorly attended and it takes a comic poster campaign to turn out a large vote in elections. The General Meeting of the A.M.S. is neglected. These are indications of an apathy . . ."

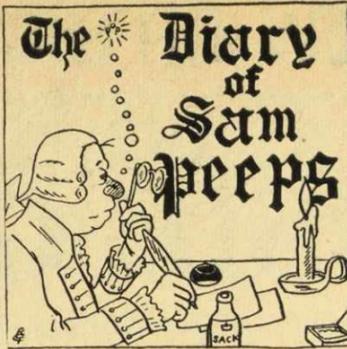
New Brunswick, N. J. A.U.P.—Sales have dropped at the Co-op store at Rutgers U because students are just as ready to patronize stores other than the organization in which they have invested. The Store Manager, addressing a crowd of fewer than twenty of the 1,900 student membership said, "You cannot expect your store to operate on the purchase of your share alone. Sales have dropped off sharply, and are now nowhere near the potential purchasing power of our large membership.

"Cooperation on the part of its members is what distinguishes a co-op venture from other types of businesses".

Montreal CUP—A comparable story comes from Sir George Williams College. Their Social Chairman writes, "Let us see more college spirit. . . There still is some spirit left at Sir George—how about bringing it out into the open.

Halifax, CUP—"The University, whether on purpose or not, has gone as far as it can to suppress college spirit without showing it," charged Art Moreira, Dalhousie University Students' Council president, last week. Earlier in his address he quoted from an editorial in the Dal Gazette.

"The growth and development of the spirit of Dalhousie has been stunted . . . by the oppressive shadow of conservatism (small c"—CUP Ed.) and obsolete university ideals."



January 1, 1950—Up about noon, suffering from a strange malady, for my tongue was covered with little green spots while my eyes could not bear to look at a strong light. A strange, piercing pain shot about my agonized brain until I thought my head would split. I endeavoured to sip a little sack but spilled most of it for my hands were suffering from an unaccountable palsy. Unable to bear the thought of dinner for (my stumick feeling uneasy) I retired again to my bed.

Awoke about nine and descended into the dining room, where I was confronted by my wife, an ill-tempered creature at best, and then in a towering rage. She did rebuke me for my overindulgence and did fall weeping, declaring that I had disgraced her before all the town the night before. I could not see what she complained of. She had asked me to entertain her sister, Martha, (a most disagreeable wench who was staying with us for the Yuletide season) and told me to stay at home and talk with this creature while she went out and paid her New Year calls upon her friends.

I suggested to Martha that we should go out and walk about the town, for it was mighty stuffy at home. She agreed and we two went out and walked down this street and that until we drew near a brightly-lighted house from which came the noise of much laughter and sweet singing. I told her that this was the home of a friend of mine, Lady Hamilton, and we went in to find some friends of mine, who had hired the place for the evening.

Did see Loose Blockhead, editor of the Spectator, talking to a young damsel named McHoundy and did think for a minute that I had, unbeknownst to myself, quaffed too much, for I thought that I saw two damsels and not one. I must have shown my amazement for he looked at me strangely and shook his head. I bowed politely, however, to Hector Doorman, who stood nearby.

Much befuddled I called for some sack to calm myself, and offered Martha some, which she accepted, remarking that it was very good elderberry wine. I did see one McSquirrel, who sat mournfully by himself at a table in the corner. I did ask him what the trouble was and he did declaim the duplicity of womankind and tell me the woes of his friends. One of his friends had spent his last penny to buy a Christmas present for his lady friend and she would now no longer speak to him for, she said, she did not associate with paupers. He told me of another friend who, thinking his lady friend was angered at him, since she would not accompany him to the theatre, had neglected to buy her a Christmas present and later had found that she had truly been with her cousin, but she now would not speak to him. He had begun to tell me of another friend of his whose lady friend did not understand when he studied for the tests of knowledge at the college on the hill but I could stand no more and left him.

Did see a small group of people gathered around a person who seemed to be orating to them. Pushing my way through the mob I found at its centre George Drawee, reciting his part in the masque to be presented by a group of actors and comedians of the college on the hill. I complimented him upon his ability, though I felt I could do much better if I had the time to study the part.

Another group of people were gathered about a person who played upon the mandolin and led the group in singing. Making my way to the center of this group I was

(Continued on Page Three)

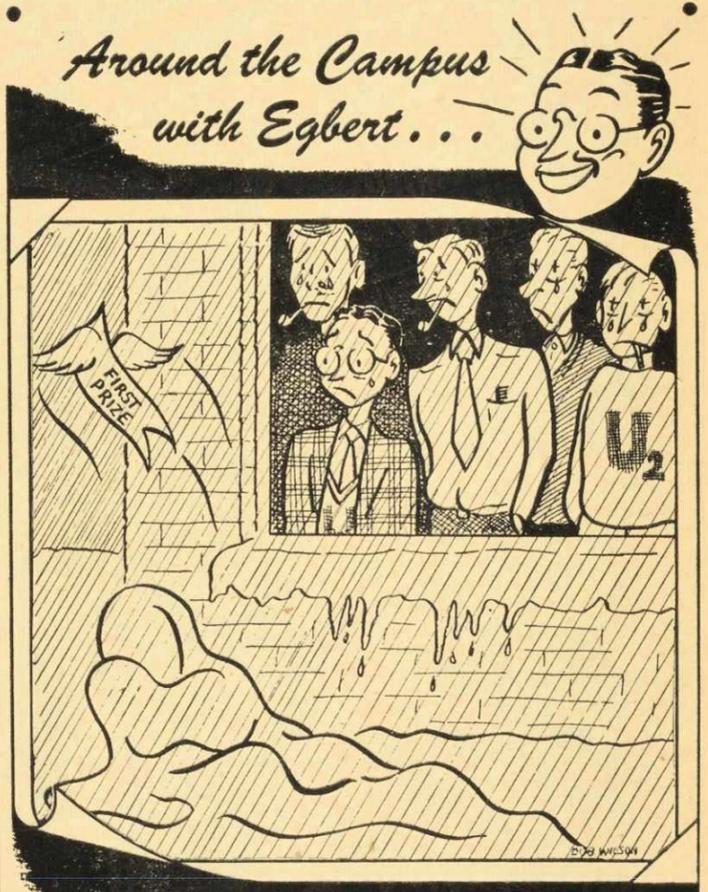
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Around the Campus
 with Egbert . . .



Egbert says "Guess I won't win the snow sculpture contest"



Egbert knows his chances are nil, even of winning the booby prize. But, he hates to admit the weather has him beat.

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Watch for the
Gazette Gambol
 COMING SOON!