

DALHOUSIE Gazette

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Editorial

In response to many queries received lately from those who wish to write for the Gazette but are a bit doubtful of what to write about, we are including here an outline of the Gazette's desires and hopes for the coming year.

To begin with the Gazette is striving for a superior literary quality; we realize that we often fall short of that mark, but it is only by constant endeavor that the Gazette will be able to print literature equitable with University standards.

As far as choices of topics go the Gazette leaves that to the discretion of contributors, however, it might help to point out the possibilities in many fields on which ideas, opinions or information might be written. Although there are really too many to include them all, here are a few random areas wherein contributions would be welcome.

Contemporary Morals — Utility of Religion, pro and con — the Haphazard Choosing of Mates — Communism vs. Capitalism — Contemporary Literature — The State of Art — The Integrity in the Workings of Canadian Justice — The Pros and Cons of Revolution — Adjustment of Sex Convention to suit Present Actuality — The State of Canadian Prisons — The Fate of Modern Education—, and so on. In a word the number of topics, both controversial and informative that are worth putting in the Gazette, are numberless.

Now there are those who will claim that many of the above mentioned topics are of no relevance to University students; for those people there can be only pity, for in truth there is nothing in the world that should lie beyond the concern of the University student.

Therefore if you have wondered about a subject which might be of interest to the readers of the Gazette we can only say that anything you care to put effort into has worth to worthwhile people.

Fact or fiction, write it down and hand it on to the Gazette, you do not have to sign it if you do not wish to—the Gazette is a Free Press.

"Judge Not!"

*In Men, whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still.
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot.
I hesitate to draw the line
Between the two where God has not.*

In our modern age, as in all ages, we are apt to spend a lot of time condemning or praising groups or individuals around us without trying to make an objective appraisal of the virtue of those we measure.

What it boils down to is that the little folk verse above is saying, in other words, or with a different mood, what was said by the Nazarene many years ago when he said "Judge not, that ye be not judged."

for with what judgement ye judge, ye shall be judged and with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."

Although it is banal to relate such a great truth to such a trifle as the printed page it is perhaps worthwhile to consider what we have to say about what we read in print. For every man who writes had behind it a thought or an ideal. Perhaps the writer is not always right but it is likely that somewhere in his thinking he is looking for truth in his expression.

Therefore when we disagree or criticize, it is well to remember;

"Thou hypocrite, first cast out the beam out of thine own eye and then shall thou see clearly to cast out the mote out of thy brother's eye."

In place of too much criticism let us apply enquiry and self effort to improve.

Instead of hostility let us apply charity.

The resultant harmony will be of benefit for all.

A Student Goes To India

It was my privilege this past summer to spend twelve weeks in India representing Dalhousie at an international students' Seminar sponsored by the World University Service of Canada (W.U.S.C.) About 40 Canadian students and professors attended the Seminar, which was held in Mysore City, making us the largest national group represented; as well there were ten from the U.S.A., ten from European countries, and about 40 others. In all, nineteen countries and four continents were represented.

Such a Seminar is an expensive undertaking, and it was made possible by generous grants from the Ford Foundation, from provincial governments of Canada (including the Government of Nova Scotia), and from local W.U.S.C. committees.

The five-week Seminar was designed to provide an experience in international living; by this means it was hoped: (1) through formal and informal discussions and contact

May 1. Stood at the stern rail of the Franconia and watched the Chateau Frontenac become smaller and smaller. The fast-setting sun, striking the green copper roof, for a moment gave it the appearance of a halo, then quietly slipped beneath the western skyline, to leave me staring down at the murky bubbleings of a new-born wake. A long sigh broke the stillness and I turned to see a familiar figure standing nearby, elbows on the rail, chin cupped in hands, and eyes fixed on the little twinkling lights dotting the St. Lawrence shore. "Kind of hard to leave," said Hughie, in a mournful manner, like maybe we were leaving to settle in the Fijis for life . . . As he picked himself up off the deck and brushed the seat of his pants off, he began to come to his senses. "Maybe you're right," he murmured, "maybe you're right. O.K., let's make every minute of this count. For instance, I can smell that turkey three decks down." That was it.

There were three varieties of salt water . . . rough, unbelievably rough, and slip-me-over-gently-but-save-the-flag. On our trip, I'm sure old Neptune came up with a fourth variety. There were eight people at our table . . . that is, there were eight places for people. One girl from Minnesota put in a momentary appearance the night before we docked, just for the looks of things . . . you know how women are. The headwaiter helped her back to her place at the rail. By the end of the second day out you couldn't buy a place at the rail. Funny how people like to look over the side of a ship when it's going. Watching the gulls, I suppose.

Those Cunard sailors really take pride in keeping their ship clean. The hoses were going twenty-four hours a day on the upper deck. We shared a cabin with two "characters". One was a sallow-faced baker from Montreal named Hebert, going over to compete in the motorcycle marathon on the Isle-of-Man. The other was a stolid English business man from Yokohama, Japan, who had spent part of the war in an internment camp. I can still see Hebert leaning green-faced across his bunk as Turner stood well planted in the middle of the rotating floor and expounded at great length on his voyage across the stormy Pacific. And I can also see poor Hebert, when he could take it no longer, stagger helpless across the room and lurch across the corridor.

Second day out I was putting on an act with the best of them, head held high into the wind (so as to get the benefit of the maximum amount of fresh air in my nostrils), and peering disdainfully at the mourners on the rail, when I felt a small tug on my left arm. "I say, old chappie, are you up to a game of ping-pong," said a voice, and I turned to see the mousy-looking little English bank clerk, who sat beside me at meals, occasionally. Horrors! Ping-pong on a rolling deck! The very thought was madness! But the honor of a nation was at stake and there could be no backing down. I would show this English midget that Canadians too could stand a rolling sea, whipping salt spray, and wicked back hand serves. An hour later a mousy-looking Canadian student navigated across the sport deck and eased himself down the companionway, utter dejection writ large across his countenance, and bearing upon his body the bruises of many a recent contact with floor, rail or table corner.

The upper deck lounge was a crossroads of nations and it was to this cosmopolis that we adjourned on many an evening after the supper meal had been put away. Here we stuck up an acquaintance with young people from Scotland, England, Wales, Denmark, Switzerland, South Africa, United States, Canada and Toronto. "And here there was rhetoric of the finest, well-chaired forums, intelligent discussions, sparkling patter, and dancing when the first class passengers would allow us to have the ship's orchestra. Funny how some individuals stand out so vividly in one's memory. I remember one particular Commerce student from McGill, half-Egyptian, half-French, who spoke with an Oxford accent although he had graduated from Cambridge. He loved Paris, but his favorite country was Italy. Then there was the moustached gentleman from Transvaal, who used the same line with all his feminine friends: "You must come down to my cabin and see my collection of Mau Mau spears." The girls nicknamed him "the Beast of Zambesi". And I'll never forget the Canadian army sergeant, who was the scourge of the weak-stomached individuals in rough weather, as he insisted on forming line at the rail each night at 11.00 and feeding the fishes by numbers.

May 6th: Beautiful sunny day; moderate swells (the chart said). We arose for breakfast for a change this morning. This was Hughie's first but the exertion proved too much for him and he retired to bed again immediately following the ceremony. Plague upon plague! While loading color film into my new camera on deck, the ship gave a roll, followed by a pitch and toss, and my camera

lay smashed in the scuppers. One of the old salts took me aside and whispered in my ear: "See, it'll happen every time. Always said it was bad luck to have women aboard." That made me feel better.

On the eighth day we sighted land. Hughie and I were out on B deck forcing down our mid-morning bouillon when it happened. "Sail ho!" cried a two-armed version of Horatio Nelson standing on the quarterdeck. We swung our strained eyes slowly across the foggy horizon and finally a white sail dove into view. He was right. It was a boat. Before long we ran into a whole school of fishing smacks. One came in so close that I thought he was going to try and board us and I was hoping the captain would let him have it broadside, but he veered off at the last minute and when last seen was making like the pendulum on grandfathers' clock. Soon the ship was buzzing with more excitement. I walked up to the other deck and ran into two old Irishmen dancing up and down with unabashed delight. "Thir's the Emerald Isle, boy," one of them shouted. I looked closely. How brown can an emerald get?

May 9th: Woke up feeling awfully queer, and suddenly realized we weren't heaving any more. As a matter of fact, we were hugging the dock at Merseyside, Liverpool. I swung myself out of the upper bunk, carefully placing my number tens in Hughie's face in order to bring him around. Through the porthole came the skirl of "Highland Laddie" and "Hundred Pipers."

"We're here," I said with an air of finality. I spoke decisively and my words were well chosen: "This is Liverpool!"

"Good," said my more practical companion, "then let's have breakfast."

The last meal over, we reluctantly bade good-bye to many a shipboard acquaintance, picked up our club bags, tipped the table and room stewards miserably (and ducked the rest of them), and picked up our train tickets to Edinburgh. The starboard rail was thronged with people trying to get a glimpse of somebody on the dock trying to get a glimpse of them. Down on the dock the pipe band of the Irish regiment marched tirelessly up and down, playing in a way that sent ten thousand little nerves dancing around inside me.

Soon a sleek Rolls Royce slipped up in front of the main gang plank and the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, with pomp and ceremony, stepped out to welcome officially our prize cargo—the first Canadian army Coronation contingent.

Several hours passed before we were able to disembark. The waiting was intolerable. Hughie suggested putting in a complaint to the captain, and I took an oath I'd not travel cattle class again. After the people had filed down the gang plank, they herded us off.

A half hour of rifling and prying by the customs men and we were set at liberty. Waving outside the eager redcaps, we staggered out of the customs shed laden down with baggage, and emerged into the sunlight of a beautiful May morning.

"So this is Blighty," I said, my head fairly reeling with excitement, and Hughie quickly pulled me out of the way of a lumbering hack.

"Get out of me blinkin' road!" screamed the hackie. We were in England.

Letter to The Editor

To the Editor,
Dalhousie Gazette
Dear Sir:

As of late there has been a deluge of frustrated voices being transmitted through the medium of your venerable newssheet. All those voices clamoring for a broader education; predictions of the "decline and fall" of Canadian morals and intellect have been aired. It sounds horrible. We seem to be on the verge of complete annihilation. Yet one has only to step on the street and mingle with the "corrupt" people and the realization dawns that all this clamoring is hogwash. The mass of the people never changes intrinsically. It has neither risen nor declined in the last 10,000 years. It is the upper crust that is in perpetual motion. Yet, this upper crust does not seem to exhibit any laxness. Appreciative audiences in symphony halls and operas exist. Good books are being read in spite of the danger to which they are exposed by various digests. Ballet has found in Canadians great fans and the L.P. classical records do not seem to be suffering any great sales reduction.

Hence why all this outcry? Because the mass of the people prefer comic books to Toynbee or Montaigne? Because Roy Rogers appeals to them much more than Hamlet or Mephistopheles on the stage? Environment and education play a tremendous role in creating an appreciative mind. How can we expect the mass of the people to possess appreciative minds if conditions do not permit? Culture has, since time immemorial, been reserved for the elite, i.e., ca. 10% of the population. Who would be digging ditches, laying cables, chopping wood, working on the farms work in factories, etc., if every member of society were suddenly to be educated? Believe it or not, the vast majority of the "common" people find just as much happiness (perhaps of an inferior sort) and peace of mind (which is what really counts) as the perusers of Plato and Spinoza. Men and women who thirst for knowledge (for knowledge's sake) will get their cup filled. As for the rest, don't bother them, you can't change the world.

Yours respectfully,
Simplicitus Simplicissimus.

know no father—but God.

On the twenty-fourth day of March, a messenger arrived at André's door. José an African nurse was desperately ill at a tiny out-station.

Without hesitation, except to prepare the necessary equipment André set off with two African companions. They arrived at the point on the river Mousangi, across from the camp where the nurse lay ill. It was the rainy season and the river was swollen a hundred fold. All bridges were out. André had with him the power to save a man's life. He was an excellent swimmer, and he decided to cross the river. His companions urged him not to take so great a risk, but he answered "I must go. I am not afraid, for God is with me. My friend may die, I have the power to save him. I must go." He plunged into the river and failed to re-appear. His body was found on the opposite shore. He had reached his goal.

What did André gain?

In Switzerland, a mother crying for her only son, given to the Lord.

At Caluquembe, in Angola, a young widow, after three years of

radiant happiness, clasping in her arms, three orphaned children.

But more really than that. In the hearts of all those—and they are many—who hear; this question;—"Why". For what good this supreme sacrifice? Can there be a life of such rich promise?

And to the African country, and to the hearts of the Africans, objects of such costly great love to André, there were answers. He died for us. He died that we might live.

And for me it is enough. Christ died that I may live. And through His life of perfection, I come and believe, with all my heart, in His words, "He that believeth and is baptized will be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned."

And a prayer—His own prayer, for the writer of the article on the non-existence of a life after death, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do". My friends the writer of that article can never have that true peace of mind which comes only with perfect faith in the Father. And until they find this faith, they can never get that true enjoyment from life, for this comes only with Christian service.

to advance mutual understanding between East and West;

- (2) to strengthen the work of World University Service;
- (3) to help the North American participants to evaluate the Point Four program and the Colombo Plan and to decide on the responsibility of Canada and the U.S.A. in helping Asian countries improve their social and economic conditions.

At the conclusion of the Seminar in mid-July the North American and European delegation, consisting of about 50 members, was split into three groups, each of which toured a separate area of India, Pakistan, and Ceylon (known collectively as the Indian sub-continent). The three tours together, which also lasted five weeks, were able to visit most of the important universities and development projects in the sub-continent. After the tours the three groups were reunited in Delhi for a week-long conference, where we exchanged impressions and observations.

There were two chief purposes to the study tours—(1) to bring North American students face to face with a large cross-section of Indian students and professors and convey the goodwill of North American students toward their fellows in Asia; (2) since the tours would visit areas not normally reached by tourists—especially universities and development projects—they should be productive of a report, to be evaluated in the final conference in Delhi, providing a useful bird's-eye view both of university conditions and of the economic and social problems of the sub-continent and the efforts already underway to solve them.

In these aims both the Seminar and the study tours were highly successful.

The theme of our Seminar was 'the human implications of development planning'. This is rather an imposing title, but it is in my opinion the best angle from which to approach the problems of modern India and to find the direction in which their solution lies. Development planning involves an assessment of the country's needs and resources, in the broadest sense of both these terms, and a planned development and allocation of these resources so as to add to the material and spiritual well-being of the people. As necessary background for our study of development planning we discussed in as much detail as possible in the short space of time at our disposal conditions of life in Asia and North America and the historical, geographic, and cultural factors in these two civilizations. The many informal discussions we were able to have with the Asian members of our seminar were most helpful in supplementing and clarifying what we learned in our formal lectures.

This has been a general outline of the background and purposes of our stay in India.

The Story of Andre Henry

André Henry was born in Switzerland on the eleventh day of July, 1918. André was an only son, and his father died when André was just four months old. He spent three years of his college life studying theology, and ended up with the conviction that he was not chosen for the ministry, so he studied nursing.

One day André met Dr. Rudolphe Breecht, a Swiss missionary to Anglo-Portuguese West Africa. Soon after this, he felt himself called to serve God in Africa.

In order for himself to be sent as a missionary, it was necessary for him to be married, so that in Feb. 1947 he was married to Suzanne Roselet, young, of won-

derful courage. In March of the same year they sailed for Portugal, to study Portuguese, the national language of Angola.

One year after their arrival in Portugal, the Henry's sailed for Angola. The first time I saw André and Suzanne was in June of the same year.

They walked into our house one day about noon, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, Suzanne gave birth to slightly premature twin babies.

When the babies were strong enough to travel, the Henry's returned to their own mission station, where they ran a small hospital. In Feb. 1950 Suzanne bore another son, a son who was to