

Letter To The Editor

101 Inglis St.
Friday, Nov. 7, '32.

The Editor, Dalhousie Gazette:
Dear Sir,—I would appreciate very much the publishing of this letter in The Gazette before the referendum.

In reply to recent letters to the editor, Gazette editorials, and debaters:

1. By withdrawing from NFCUS we would be denouncing the recent stand taken by the federation at the recent conference, the existence of a literal veto in an organization to which we belong, and the failure of NFCUS to prove its value.

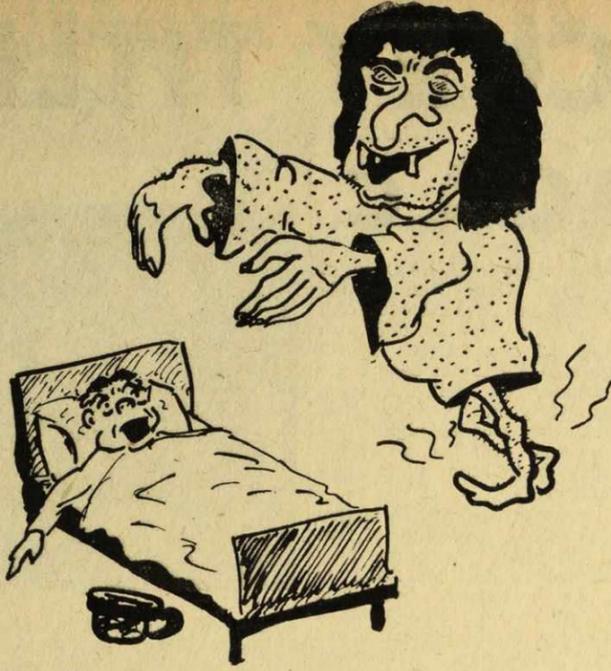
2. Many of the claims made recently by NFCUS enthusiasts lead one to believe that NFCUS is a thriving organization rather than a somnolent, listless group and that all the benefits, activities and organizations recently connected with its name owe their entire existence to NFCUS. A University does not have to be a member of NFCUS to be a member of and receive the benefits of C.U.P. Inter-collegiate debating occurs wholly without help from NFCUS, even though they may have arranged some debates in their day. (You can take that two ways). A local CNR official tells me that special students rates have been in existence for over fifteen years, and that, to the best of his knowledge, the plan was offered by the railways themselves. Supposing NFCUS was responsible for the whole thing (which I doubt), they were dormant for fifteen years and then undemocratically and unconstitutionally defeated their greatest project. Ancient Rome made some great contributions but it too crumbled from within.

Some of the other items of business at present on NFCUS'S minutes have been there for years and no progress has been made on them whatsoever.

Only three (possibly four) of the Maritime Provinces' 12 or 13 colleges and universities belong to NFCUS. It seems to me that a strong Maritime University Federation would be more beneficial than and more desirable to a languorous, undemocratic and unproductive national Federation which shows no hope of attracting many of these other colleges. Dalhousie should take the lead in the formation of such a federation. Many of the dust-covered and half-hearted projects could effectively be pushed through such an organization. For example: student exchange could take place between our Universities and any others we desire (including Russian), and Government assistance for worthy students (already in effect in some Maritime Provinces), could effectively be sought.

Purely Maritime benefits would be more liable to be achieved through such a proposed federation. Later, should it be desirable, we could rejoin NFCUS as a strong group and/or foster a complete renaissance of NFCUS.

Yours truly,
J. H. SMITH, '55.



The Ghoul

I awoke with a start. All was dark and silent but I could have sworn that something had moved in the room. I didn't stir, just listened. There! Again a faint sound coming from the direction of the door. Slowly I started moving my hand in the direction of the switch, but on second thought pulled it back. I thought, after all, if there is a maniac in the room my poor heart won't stand the shock and I'll be a corpse in no time—for I'm very scared of maniacs. I decided to wait; to wait and try to forget.

Sweat was covering my forehead and other parts of the body (never mind which). My teeth started chattering. O, I was ready to offer five bucks to anyone who would insert a lighted cigarette between my lips. I thought, I would even smoke a (ugh!) Buckingham. Try to forget, go to sleep, go to sleep, pocketa, pocketa, pocketa, I was telling myself.

A few minutes passed and nothing happened. I was beginning to relax when the chair at the window collapsed and some muzzling sound reached my ears from that direction. That did it! I couldn't help it! My hand went under the pillow and came out with my good friend, the flask. Ah, gin does wonders to a man in distress.

More muzzling and gruzzling came from the direction of the window. My courage left me again. Please, Lord, let that creature come and chew me up, eat me, kill me! I can't stand it any longer! Say, what was that? My sensitive nostrils caught a peculiar smell; a smell that reminded me of bad

cheese, Dutchmen and, let's see, goats. That's it! Goats! Goats! Holy smoke! Now I knew who my visitor was. I remembered suddenly an article which I had read only a couple of weeks ago in Halifax Mail-Star: "Scientists still have to solve the mystery of the Goat Men, abominable creatures, which dwell in mountains near the Tibetan frontier. Scientists presume that those creatures are descendants of a prehistoric race. They possess a peculiar smell, similar to that of goats". That was all I could recollect. But that was enough! Now I faced a double danger. If that stinker in my room is from Tibet, he must be a Red, for the Commies had "liberated" that place some time ago. In addition to being a Red he must be a spy, for why else would he be here in Halifax?

Damn, that smell was unbearable. Poor creatures, those Goat Men. How they must hate each other on account of that smell! My body went limp; I was paralyzed; couldn't even reach for the flask. That was that, I was fadin' out. But no, I couldn't even faint! O, cruel fate; that smell acted like smelling salts. To rest, to sleep; aye, perchance to dream. Yeah, gin is a consolation devoutly to be wished, but I couldn't reach it.

Blast it! That thing was opening my cupboard! O, no! He couldn't do that! He mustn't! My most treasured possessions were there—socks, baby brownie, two boxes of sardines and unmentionables.

Some more noise was coming from the cupboard. A satisfied

grunt, a ghastly suppressed giggle and some belching. Curse him! I wished I had a chance to put half a pound of lead in his belly. What nerve! Swiping my stuff while I'm still alive!

O, that smell was unbearable. What a confounded mixture of goats and Dutchmen! No, I couldn't stand it any longer; after all my nostrils are only human. I sneezed loudly. "I thought you were asleep", came a voice from the cupboard. Hell, I never fancied Goat Men spoke English! I switched on the light and there he stood before me, Ron, my next door neighbour, in his pyjamas, barefoot at that.

"Get out you (censored), you (censored), you (censored)!" Ron looked guiltily at his feet, "I only came to get the book which you took this morning."

He took the book and left muzzling something about psychos being allowed to live in the Residence.

Finis

Department of National Health and Welfare

OTTAWA, Nov. 6.—Scholarships amounting to \$4,000 for post-graduate study in physical education, recreation and allied fields are to be awarded again this year by the Department of National Health and Welfare, the minister, Hon. Paul Martin, announced today.

The minimum award per person will be \$300 and the maximum \$1,200. Mr. Martin stated, with the deadline for applications January 3, 1953.

Since the scholarship plan was organized four years ago to help overcome the scarcity of professional people with advanced training in physical education and recreation, 24 persons have been awarded financial help toward obtaining postgraduate degrees in these specialties. The scholarships are for postgraduate study only and are restricted to Canadians with at least three years' full-time experience in physical education or recreation in Canada, including at least one year's experience since obtaining an undergraduate degree.

In awarding the scholarships, consideration will be given, Mr. Martin stated, to the suitability of the candidate's proposed study in view of the work in which he will be employed and its contribution to his professional competence. Awards are based on recommendations of a committee of the Na-

American Students Support N.F.C.U.S.

Richard J. Murphy, President of United States National Student Association, is regretting his absence from the last N.F.C.U.S. Conference, extends greetings to Canadian students and pledges support from N.S.A. His 200-word wire reads:

"It is with sincerest regret and deepest humiliation that I offer apologies for the United States National Student Association in the absence of our representatives at your recent Congress. Our National Congress voted to move our National Headquarters from Boulder, Colorado, to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and the last few weeks have been a nightmare of confusion in transferring our National Site. Your most kind and welcome invitation went through a lengthy rerouting process from Boulder and came to rest in a huge back log of unanswered correspondence which our moving necessitated. Needless to say when it was recently received on my desk there was a deep feeling of disappointment and embarrassment, for I had looked forward most eagerly to attending your meetings and greeting your membership. Would you consider it too much of a burden if I requested you to communicate to your constituency the belated but none the less heartfelt greetings and best wishes from the membership of the N.S.A. Your Federation's warmth of friendship for and cooperation with the N.S.A. has been a source of great pride and encouragement both to the officers and the membership of our Association and it is our most sincere desire to extend and nourish our harmonious relations during the coming year. I am looking forward to receiving the results of your recent Congress, in publicizing them to our students, as well as to meeting your officers very soon. Very sincerely yours—Richard James Murphy, President, U.S.N.S.A.

tional Council on Physical Fitness, and scholarship winners must agree to return to Canada to work for at least three years.

Application forms are obtainable from provincial fitness or recreation offices or from the national physical fitness division of the federal health department, Ottawa.

On Not Being Inspired

Milton, Thou shouldst be living at this hour
To write this theme for me,
Precious time does not permit
Unreprové pleasures free.
I search and search for perfect words—
I've a desire to attain,
But help I need, oh ideal man,
I'm under greatest strain.
I feel quite pensive, but so so weary,
Dear Muse, come to my side,
I know a Comus soon will seize me,
Milton, be thou my guide.
Ah, my mind is weakening now,
I need some wise advice,
Milton, my life, my light, my hope,
Help me find a paradise.
Blindness threatens my future works,
Milty dear, make haste,
Lycidas has claimed me,
So there's no time to waste.
Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour
To emancipate me, quick,
I feel myself on ebbing tide.

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at the COTC Office in the Dal Gym, or phone 3-6954.

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