

The Dalhousie Gazette

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How About Industry?

Within the past few weeks two of Canada's leading educators have called attention to the fact that our universities, within very few years, will not be able to meet the educational requirements of young Canadians who desire to attend university. Dr. H. J. Somers, president of St. Francis Xavier University, and Dr. Sidney Smith, president of the University of Toronto, both pointed out that present facilities for higher education in Canada will be entirely insufficient to meet the needs of young Canadians. At the same time, leaders in both the educational and industrial fields admitted that Canada's progress will be limited because her universities are not turning out enough professionally trained men. These are problems which should concern every university student and every thinking Canadian citizen. It is a serious matter when a nation's progress is threatened by a shortage of highly educated men and women. This, then, is the problem. What is the solution?

Obviously, universities alone cannot finance the required expansion envisaged by Dr. Smith. They must find another source of income, which, automatically leads us to two probable sources of increased aid, and possibly, also justifiably, a third. The two probable sources are the federal and provincial governments, both of which help to a certain extent at the present time, and which must certainly increase their assistance in the future if they have any concern at all for the problems outlined by Dr. Smith and Dr. Somers.

There is a third possible source of income to which few people seem to give much attention. Industry—which demands such a large number of highly trained men and which benefits directly from the educational work done by the universities—makes comparatively little contribution to the cost of maintaining universities. Why is this so? Is it because institutions of higher learning have not tried to tap this possible source of income? Or is it because industry in general does not feel that it should make any contribution to the maintenance of universities? Or do the educators themselves feel that the autonomy of a university might be cut down by contributions from industry?

Whatever the reasons, it is time all parties concerned—educators, government, and industry—took a realistic view of the problem and came to some kind of conclusion on the best way of solving it. No one doubts that universities should jealously guard their right to carry out their educational programs in the way they see fit. At the same time, since it is quite apparent that they are having financial difficulties, they should not hesitate to take whatever steps are most advantageous to the youth of the nation. If that means they must call upon industry for direct help, it should be done. If it means, they should ask for more help from federal and provincial governments, they should not hesitate to ask.

The problem of finding adequate means to educate Canadian youth is not a problem concerning university administrations alone. It is a problem which should concern the student populations of today. After all, it is their children who are going to suffer if educational facilities are inadequate for the next generation.

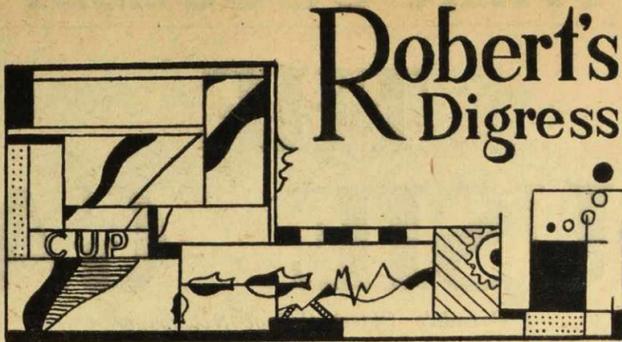
Dalhousie Needs a Winter Carnival

With the advent of all the snow that has blanketed the Dalhousie campus, it is a wonder that some enterprising organization has not come up with the idea of a snow carnival. McGill University has had several Winter Carnivals, and all have been outstanding successes. Now the idea has spread to other Canadian University campi and the University of New Brunswick has recently held their Winter Carnival.

Dalhousie has not had such a carnival for several years. Maybe it was because the winters in Nova Scotia in past years have not been very severe, and maybe it was because there were no artistic or spirited students at Dalhousie. Undoubtedly, this is not the case at the present Dalhousie. We have the snow and we have artistic minded students. We have some apathetic students also, but as all Dalhousians know, we have plenty of spirited students.

Well, now the idea has been presented, let's see a giant carnival on the Dalhousie campus within the next two weeks. With all the organizations, and student groups that are to be found on such a campus as Dalhousie, many exhibits could and should be entered in such a carnival. In several weeks, the University Art show will be on exhibit, and there is no reason why a University Winter Carnival could not be held at the same time. The weather of course is the fundamental factor in such a carnival, but the weatherman seems to be pretty reliable in giving us snow lately instead of warm weather.

With the prospects for suitable weather very good, somebody should get the ball rolling. It would be a good way to foster better University spirit as well as creating competition among the various societies and organizations on the campus.



Robert's Digress

U. of Montreal:

At their recent blood clinic they broke three records, McGill University with an enrolment of 4700 students and an impressive amount of 1730 bottles of blood received a challenge from them. Montreal out-collected 2161 bottles and they only have an enrolment of 3000. The previous Canadian record for the number of bottles collected in one day was 501 and was held by the Quebec Hydro. U. of M. collected 502 on the first day of their clinic and the following day broke their own record with 527 bottles. Congratulations Montreal.

Dal Gym:

"Thanks for the dance... The pressure was all mine."

U.N.B.:

There seems to be some controversy going on over there. On the first page we can read his Lordship's name seven times, which should mean that he has been generous lately. On the other hand, also on the first page, was an Arrow Shirt ad. Could it be some kind of a hint to his lordship that more money is needed?

A man and his wife were arguing. "You never take me any where," she whined. "Wot the hell," he replied, "never go anywhere. You travel around the sun once a year don't you?"

U. of Toronto:

They seem to have found a new way to elect a campus Queen. They do not base their choice on her beauty, nor on her scholastic achievements, nor on her extra curricular activities, nor on the shape of her legs, but their criterion is her ability to flip flapjacks.

ED: This seems to have obvious advantages for some of the girls. Why wouldn't we try some thing of the kind here at Dal?

U. of Manitoba:

The total amount collected in the advance sale of tickets for their play "Carousel" was \$4000. And this was a full week before production started. The amount was expected to be doubled.

ED: A good lesson for our own Glee Club.

Small boy: "Do they have skyscrapers in Heaven mama?"
Mother: "No dear, it takes engineers to build skyscrapers."

U. of Alberta:

Some years ago they instituted a campaign called:—"Buy out

Jim." Jim is the blind proprietor of their canteen, and every year the whole student body try to buy out all of his stock in a single day. They have not as yet succeeded, but they have come close to doing so a few times. This year they hope to do it finally.
ED: For such a worthy cause, I hope that they are successful.

Ottawa U.:

They recently came across the wonderful idea of holding a novelty dance. The girls were to pay one cent per pound or if they were too shy to get on the provided scales, their escort had to dish out \$1.50.

ED: If I recall correctly this idea is far from being original. We have been having dances of this type here at Dal for I don't know how long.

Dal Campus:

Sweet young co-ed: "My boyfriend lost all his money gambling last week." Second co-ed: "Gee, that's too bad." Sweet young co-ed: "Yes, he's going to miss me."

Controversy:

McGill U. has been bragging that Marilyn Bell will be enrolling in one of its faculties next year. They seem to be very proud of this. Toronto U. investigated and now came out with the statement that this is not true. She will probably enroll at Toronto.

ED: Well for one thing she will not be coming here at Dal.

All About Flies:

"Waiter!" Cried the irate lady "I must say that I don't like all the flies in this dining room." "Tell me which ones you don't like madam and I'll chase them out for you."

An Air Force Type was entrancing a wide-eyed one in the Gym. Said he: "Wanna fly?" Said she: "Ooooooh yes!" Said he: "Wait here and I'll catch you one."

MacMaster Investigates

Under the direction of certain people on the editorial staff, two students, dressed in costumes quite unfitting to the places to which they were going to dine, attempted to enter and eat in three of the most distinguished restaurants in Hamilton. Here is their story:

"We entered a well-known Chinese restaurant first. This in itself wouldn't draw comments, but our costumes definitely did. I wore a scarlet shirt, blue jeans, brightly colored windbreaker and a disreputable motor cycle hat. My companion sported a filthy white T-shirt, blue jeans, a battered porkpie hat and a burberry that cleared the floor by about three inches. Up the stairs we swept and confronted the hostess. She and the hat-check girl were well-trained, though, and showed no sign of disapproval. We were taken to a table and left with our menus. Other patrons, obviously too well bred to stare tried to stop smiling. Since we intended to visit several restaurants, a full-course meal was planned. Soup seemed the logical starting dish. Since there was a fifty-cent cover charge, we found the soup worth fifty cents a bowl. It was called Won Ton Soup. We asked the waitress what was in it.

"Oh, uh, um, Won Tons," she replied.
"We kept her on the run for water and I remarked as we left that the water in Hamilton sure was good.

Disappointed, we decided to try a well-known tavern across from a well-known hotel. Again we went up to the dining hall and were ushered by a smiling hostess to a table.

We ate and left, the stares of patrons the only indications that anything was out of line.

We then crossed the street and stood outside a plush Hamilton hotel. Somewhat awed, we entered. Luckily for our purpose there were few patrons around. The door man and the desk clerk stood talking at the main desk while the elevator boy stood by his post, conversing with a superior looking bell-hop. The way to the dining room lay between them. We approached the bell-hop and asked where the dining room was. The elevator boy's eyes popped and the bell-hop was too stunned to say anything for a minute. We swept grandly by the desk and I noticed the look of pain across the door man's face. At the entrance to the dining room was a small coat-check room. A well-trained woman took our coats without comment and we were just about to enter when a shocked looking waiter informed me that we were improperly dressed without coat and tie. He said we might use the coffee bar and flicked his finger in its direction. We asked if this was the only reason we couldn't enter, looking very aggrieved, and he said "yes," even offering to put it in writing. The woman then returned our coats and we left. We could hear her snickers as we turned the corner. Out past the bell-hop we went, and I could see his lip curl.

Our treatment indicated then that most spots are extremely tolerant.

THE ADVENTURES OF HAJJI BABA: In the old days when a Hollywood studio wanted a famous composer to write background music for a film, it had to play an expensive game of *Haydn* seek; nowadays, the film colony has a sort of *Bach* yard full of kept musical geniuses. The current favorite is a man called *Dimitri Tiokin*, who has filled the awkward pauses of *High Noon*, *Cirano de Bergerac*... etc. with stuff that one critic has called "Kaffe-Klatchaturian."

With *Hajji Baba*, composer *Tiomkin* rises above all that. He has not written his score to fit the film; the film has apparently been written to fit his score. The compliment is a dubious one. Allegedly based on some 19th C. picaresques about Persia by *James Morier*, *Hajji Baba* is all too obviously based on nothing but some old *Bagdad* sets that producer *Wanger* found around Hollywood.

From there out it's silks of *Ind*, accents of *Chi*, on with the swarth and out with the nautch. A heavy naval bombardment in which color is followed by dialogue ("Allah be praised") and swarms of half-naked warriors, women who kill their male captives with too much kindness. Enter *Hajji* the Barber himself (*John Derek*), who goes in for close shaves and comes out with a distant princess (*Elaine Stewart*).

All this is trussed together by hundreds of yards of *Tiomkin's* sound track—a sort of *Faroukish* turn ("Come to my tent, O my beloved") on the old snake-dance tune. It may not be much as music, but it's perfect as a truss.

A STAR IS BORN: This film is one of the most heralded motion pictures of the decade and

(Continued on page four)