

*Other Shadows, Other Hills*

*For many months I climbed,  
The path was twisting and steep.  
I looked to the top but could not see  
For it was hidden in the clouds.  
Onward I plunged through the darkening mist.  
Sometimes I would stop and let my gaze  
Rest upon the spots touched by sunlight  
Then, on, upward, stumbling blindly.  
Suddenly I fell. I sensed  
I had reached the summit.  
I was above the clouds, but  
As I arose and looked around  
I found myself on level ground.  
There had been no mountain—  
No path—only my imagination.  
I was lost in space—  
But there are other hills waiting.*

—MEN

**Lonesome, Calls the Waters**

Ed. Note—In an impersonal news clipping, concerning recent narcotic scandals in High School circles, lay tragedy.

"He was too indifferent," she said bitterly. It was like the voice of a lovely rose, but a rose of stone. I seemed to virtually see the despair and loneliness of ages in her face and couldn't understand why so much pain should belong to one so young.

We had come to the end of the pier and sat down on an old box. We watched the harbor briefly and listened to the lapping of the waves. With a low laugh she spoke again.

"You know, it's funny how persistent love can be. In face of all difficulties and misunderstanding it lingers on and on, until it wears itself out and kills you in the process. Carl and I were deeply in love but the price of it was unhappiness just as deep. He never understood me. How many times did I tell him I was like a child and needed attention and affection. That to neglect me, or to be careless, or not to remind me constantly that he loved me, would be fatal."

"And he didn't listen", I said sympathetically.

"No. He swore he would and did. But his memory was short and soon he'd forget. And then the same routine of wasting hours we could have been together, of secrecy, of love that I was supposed to take for granted. That routine was killing me slowly. He couldn't see what the dissatisfaction, the unfulfilled promises, were doing to me."

She stopped as if out of breath. I handed her a cigarette. She smoked slowly and deliberately.

"I was always escaping", she exhaled. "Whenever the dissatisfaction became unbearable I'd get on a bus and go. Anywhere would do, as long as it was away from this place. But my loneliness and unhappiness kept right up with me and I always returned". She looked at me and her eyes were cold and she added: "Like a moth to the flame that kills it."

"It was on one of these escapades of mine that the whole mess blew up. Maybe it wasn't escape but just a search for an answer or a new preoccupation to direct my attention, or just the want of a new adventure to satisfy a hungry youthful desire. I remember the look on my mother's face the day the scandal broke—the day they both implicated and released me from the whole sordid affair. It was the only thing I ever regretted—that in trying to save myself, I mean, I hurt her and my whole family. Disgrace, I guess, is no easy burden."

I watched a tramp-steamer move silently up the harbor. Somewhere in the distance the mournful warning of a fog horn called into the gathering dusk and mist.

"As I was saying, I got caught in the web in search of an escape, or something. I was sitting alone at a roadhouse counter looking into my coffee and seeing the happy face of Carl but he was not smiling at me. A man came up and sat beside me. I didn't respond to his conversation until he said 'I know what you need. Let me show you how to beat the blues'. I was curious so I let him. He drove me back to town to one of the places the whole city is now calling 'sordid dens of youthful iniquity'. I found escape, alright, but what a price to pay. But then I had nothing to lose so I was more than willing to buy what brief happiness I could."

"But", I said aghast, "It ruins you. You disintegrate. You lose everything that is valuable in life."

She smiled wanly. "There was no way out." And there was more futility, more bitterness, in her voice than I thought existed. I smoked and turned my collar up against the damp breeze. The waves were steadily lapping at the shore below and fog was gathering fast.

"What was the stuff?"  
"I don't know. Some said it was opium. Others said heroin. Maybe marijuanna. I only know that for a brief time I found elation and no

**A STUDY IN PREJUDICE**

The noble words spoken by such champions of democracy as Lincoln, against intolerance and in praise of equality, are fine to hear. There is no finer goal for man than that of downing tyrannical suppression of minorities, of intolerance and of prejudice. This is the pursuit of truth, but in order to achieve it the pursuer must to himself be true. This is difficult, for in order to see clearly he must wipe away the cobwebs of ignorance and hypocrisy and learn to recognize the latent pitfalls of rationalizing an action to acquire its justification. In brief, as the 19th Century's transcendentalists called it, we must elevate ourselves above ourselves and then look down from that ethereal but broad platform to escape a narrow point of view. The people of our times are blinded by greeds and passions and injustices, all of which, with their hundred ramifications, branch from the hypocrisy of selfishness, the basic infirmity of man and the root of all the evil.

The seeds of our destruction are within us. Never will we have peace on earth until we remedy our prejudices, and this involves a revolutionary change in our fundamental constitution. It is too easy to fan a quiet prejudice into the blinding, uncontrollable fury of hate. When this happens you have the riots, the race killings and the wars.

The very people who pride themselves in broad mindedness are capable of the most fiery prejudice. In one breath he will champion the down-trodden and in the next exhort violently against Catholics or Jews. How rational men are when two contradictory attitudes can be harbored in one 'educated' mind. The white section of Chicago break out into open violence when a negro tries to move in. In Ontario until recently the Courts protected restrictive covenants against Jews in certain residential locations. In the democracy of South Africa there is constant and open killing in an unparalleled degree between black and white. A few years ago there

was the incident of a local dance hall turning out a Dalhousie student because of the colour of his skin. As a colored student at Northwestern University remarked: "If you condemn me because I am dirty, I can cleanse myself; if because of my ignorance, I can educate myself; but if you condemn me because of the colour of my skin, I can only refer you to our God who made me." Or, in the words of Booker Washington, the only way to keep a man down in the gutter is to stay in there with him. Dalhousie University prides itself in its non-denominational standard, but is anyone inane enough to believe that all or any of its students, or its professors, are so far removed from the effects of too human prejudice that they would not mind if a negro married their white daughter, or a Jew their Catholic son, or their Catholic daughter a Protestant? They'll tell you they wouldn't mind, perhaps, but their song would change if it became a personal problem.

This is hypocrisy, this is the smallness of man. Must we add hypocrisy to our sin of intolerance? Better to be honest about it and admit what every thinking man knows. It was Diogenes who searched in vain for an honest man. A similar search for a truly great man would also fail, for the requisites of greatness are first and foremost the defeat of prejudice and until this is achieved we might as well forget about good will between men.

It is too easy to write the fine and noble words of equality and fraternity but until a white man can take a black man into his own home without a feeling of superiority; until a Roman Catholic can recognize the qualities of Protestantism and vice versa; until men can stop rationalizing erroneously through the coloured glass of hypocrisy saying 'I only am tolerant', the aspect of mankind, seriously trying for peace and justice and truth, while shackling his efforts with prejudice, must appear ludicrous indeed in the eyes of a Greater Being.

longer did I worry. Nothing mattered. And it was such a relief to be free of all that lonely unhappiness that I began to look forward to the distorted oblivion it brought me."

"Didn't you care what happened to you while you were in these trances?"

"It made no difference."

"And you knew?"

"Yes. When I'd 'wake up' I'd find evidence of—a little indiscretion. But then in the depression that always came I only wanted to retreat again to the dim sensations that were my insensible satisfactions."

"And where was Carl?" I asked, reflecting irrelevantly that really she was only a child.

"Oh, around. We were still together when it suited him. He was careless enough not to suspect and certainly left me enough time to myself. That was it, of course, he left me alone. I had to turn to something to erase my anxiety—something to tell my troubles to."

She laughed cynically and asked me for a cigarette. "I knew," she added, "our love was failing in its purpose. Carl was the one to offer me solace. Instead he let me burn inside."

"It's quite serene". She was looking dreamily at the harbor. "It sounds lonely but so contented."

"Yes", I said. Then suddenly.

"Let's take you home."

She laughed. "Home? 'I can't walk in there again.'"

"They may be ashamed", I said, "but they're also sympathetic."

"No. It's gone too far. I can't undo what has already been done. You go. I'll stay here a while."

I was suspicious. "What are you going to do?"

"Don't worry. I won't do anything that's not right."

"She sounded sure of herself and sincere so I got up to leave. Before I left I said: 'You know, nothing's hopeless. Even the harbor rats are lonely.'"

She laid her hand on my arm. "Thanks for listening", she smiled, "and goodbye."

As I walked up the pier alone I suddenly realized that she was poisoned physically by drugs and metaphysically by the loneliness of unseeing love. One had eaten at her beauty, the other at her stability, both at her desire to live. A spontaneous fear raced through me and I wheeled and started back to get her. But the end of the pier was vacated. No living soul was there. Only the sound of the waters on the shore, and the heaviness of the dripping mist. A few dim lights marked the black silent hulks of ships and over that void of darkness rang a tireless buoy bell and the call of the fog horn that warns fishermen of the perils of the sea.

**Letters to the Editor**

(Continued from Page Two)

ings of Christ. But the trained brains of the Kremlin representatives would beat any arguments put forward by the uninformed, sport-ridden brains of Canadian youth.

That is where the real danger lies—the powerful machinery of the Kremlin propaganda department, actively and unopposedly spreading poison among the young people of Canada.

Oscar Pudymaitis  
Dartmouth

**Student Referendum**

Be Sure to Vote next Wednesday in the NFCUS Referendum on the Russian-Canadian Student Exchange question. Polls will be situated in the Engineering Building, Men's Common Room, and Forrest Building.

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for information see F/LT. A. R. CRANE,  
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