

The Dalhousie Gazette

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The Disappearance of Christ

The approach of Christmas once again brings to mind the significance of this greatest of all Christian days, and as such it is a time for all of us to take a little time out to dwell on the significance of the birth of Christ the Nazarene, and what it has meant to the world.

For both Christians and non-Christians alike the birth of Jesus, no matter what doubts are cast on His birth by skeptics today, and the subsequent development of the Religion of Christ, even unto its diverse modern schools and forms, has had no western world particularly, and on other parts of the world to a lesser degree, an effect that cannot go unreckoned when we consider the merits of our modern way of life and our present evaluation of human life.

And it is because of goodness that Christianity has given to the world that all persons, no matter what their own religious belief, must, if they are to be honest with themselves in evaluating Christianity, hold with disdain the popular practice of aborting this greatest of all Christian Festivals with a crass commercialism that defies discretion.

Nowadays the practice of selling dog-food, cowboy records, canned goods, two-dollar "Christmas" cards, and gift-wrapped liquor, coupled with bizarre advertising on the radio, on posters and in newspapers can only be condemned as a disgusting unmannerly phase of commercialism that has bled the commemoration of the birth of Christ dry of the last few vestiges of sanctity remaining in a world devoid of contemplative hours and a world which would do well to grasp at this time of year called Christmas as a last remaining straw of appreciation of the greatness of the man called Christ.

For those of the Christian world who are determined to avert this prostitution of the Nativity it remains a great problem. The answers are at first not too obvious, but there is an answer; people must be made to realize what they are doing by means of kindness and understanding and by no other means. Perhaps force, resolutions, demands would have some effect in deterring this present corrupt commercialism associated with the Christmas time but it is doubtful whether or not it would be effective in the long run.

Christ was, if nothing else, a Man of great kindness and understanding, and a Man who, no matter what our present beliefs, it would do us well to emulate in all ways. Therefore the rapid disappearance of Christ from the Nativity festival can only be remedied by the means He Himself would have used; kindness, love and understanding.

Tub-Thumper

The priority of involution over seclusion is like the sergeant over the private. To become involved is to know the truth: "the invisible aspects were formed in love, and the invisible apheres formed in fright".

The musician expresses himself in writing compositions of music. To understand such a composition one must understand the musician—and this can only be congenial if the musician is able to convey his ideas in such a way as to be able to stimulate the listener. If one does not appreciate Mozart it means that he lacks an understanding; but he is not without knowledge. Each person is different; each musician is different. Is it because we do not receive a communication of some sort that one musician is said to be inferior to the other?

Let us take a local example. There is a restaurant on Groton St. which is called the Chinese Club. It does not look like a restaurant because it does not advertise, nor do you see people mingling about the place. If you walk by it your companion will not recognize it as a restaurant, but instead, as an old tenement house. Mention it to him. His curiosity will immediately be aroused and he will begin to ask questions. You have been inside it and have become involved in it and know its existence. You have eaten the delicious Chinese food and seen the pool tables and all the Chinese milling around, throwing their green-backs from one end to the other. Because you may not gamble or mingle with the men does not mean you do not understand its meaning.

One is frightened by external as well as internal events. If we can only know truth through involution what will happen to the secluded, the people who would rather sit back and watch the whole show? In college one becomes involved with other people and thus find out what they are like. In writing an essay, you pick a topic—read up on it and then write what you suppose to be the truth. It is, of course, not as simple as that. One must go on and search, he must meet more people and maybe through experience he will learn the truth. One is not a painter until he paints, one is not a writer until he writes . . .

PUT CHRIST BACK INTO CHRISTMAS

I believe in Christ. But the Christ I believe in is not some mythical character of the past. The Christ I believe in was born in a humble stable in the small town of Bethlehem. He travelled the length and breadth of a land only half the size of Nova Scotia to preach His gospel of love. He met only laughter and derision from His teachings of tolerance, charity and love. Yet He offered His life for those who hated Him and rejected His teachings.

Within a few weeks we will leave our studies and examinations to journey to our homes to celebrate the feast of Christ's birth, Christmas.

For many the real meaning of Christmas has been obscured by commercialism. From early November we have been reminded of the coming festive season. The special Christmas bargains, the reduced subscription rates, the ever-increasing warning of "only fifteen more shopping days to Christmas," the rush for train and plane tickets, the posters with Santa Claus taking a "pause that refreshes."

The over decorated Christmas tree, with its lights, tinsel and ornaments, Santa Claus and his reindeer. These have taken the place of the stable, the shepherds and the Babe.

Is Christmas now to be nothing but another 1st of July or New Year's? A time when the merchants increase their sales and profits. A time when everyone has an excuse to tie a good one on, a time of parties and hangovers? Will His name be used only when we spill a drink, or smash the radio, after hearing "Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer" for the 140th time? A time when we go to church only because of the enjoyable sermon and good singing? Is this really the kind of birthday Christ is to be given this year?

Then it's over, the tags and tissue paper fill the floor, ribbon and

tinsel clog up the vacuum. The old string of lights is at last burned out and the needles are starting to fall from the tree. You slouch back in your chair, wearing your new slippers and bath robe, then slowly you gaze into the leaping flames of the brightly burning fire. For the first time you begin to wonder—have I not missed the true meaning of Christ's birthday—with its shepherds, wisemen and guiding star filling the little manger with peace and serenity? Then your thoughts drift back to your Christmas celebrations with all its rush, last minute shopping and parties.

Is this truly the way He would want His birthday celebrated? Have you really "Put Christ Back Into Christmas?"

D. M.

Sonnet

I long for a soft tolling bell,
But you, the sputtering fool, know well
My designs—with no less beauty
To hide than a merry-go-round
Of stars—attempt to conceal pride, love,
And the subtly of lonely nights.
You blow the wild rose. In anger
You will bleed the moon. Alas! for a shadow
Will brush past by your high brick wall,
Crushing soft shoe steps in the garden—
Listen to the cry of the loon
In the spring, and then you will turn to sing,
"I have golden watches and red rubies
To sell in the square. Would you buy one?"

—John McCurdy.

Cambridge Clothes Auction Reveals Nice Form

Cambridge, Eng.—Authorities of Cambridge University here are probing a touchy problem with student leaders: When does a "clothes auction" become a "strip tease"?

The students claim that they organized a "clothes auction" to raise money for a charity fund.

A shapely college girl known only as Lola-Lola climbed on to a chair in one of the 18th century courtyards recently and offered to

auction her clothes. College boys gathered and threw 6,000 pennies toward the chair to encourage her.

Lola-Lola took it off almost down to the altogether four times, and each time seemed to get her clothes back.

"Clothes auction, nonsense", snorted officialdom. "It was a vulgar strip tease."

But the students held out and consultations are still under way.

THE KING'S COLUMN

The King's College Choral Society has already had some outstanding successes. In six weeks they worked out and practiced all the incidental music for the Choral and Dramatic Society's production of the morality play "Everyman", which was performed in All Saints' Cathedral last year: the 'incidental music' included Bach chorales from the St. John Passion, and plain-song hymns. Mr. Leonard Mayoh, who was the guiding light in last year's Society, is with us again this year.

The Society is about forty strong at the present time, and has already sung in public once this term, at the evening of one-act plays which was presented by the Dramatic and Choral Society. The music consisted of waltzes by Franz Schubert, which were excellently handled. Up to the time of writing, the choral singers have been practicing Mendelssohn's "Elijah", which is planned for presentation sometime in March, 1954. Every Thursday, at about one-thirty, the buildings of the College are pre-ved by the mellow strains of song. It is hoped that they will be able this year to travel outside Halifax to sing; currently Mr. Mayoh has been negotiating with Windsor about this matter, and it may be suggested that other towns be visited as well.

"Elijah" is too long for complete dramatization; therefore, some of the parts will be acted as well as sung, and the rest of the songs will be worked into this framework.

Later in the year the Society may give another performance at the Haliburton Club, as they did with great success last year.

The choir of the King's College Chapel, also under the direction of Mr. Mayoh, and with the help of Organist Jim Birchell, has been working this year both preparing the usual Sunday morning and evening services, and developing a psalter with a new type of 'pointing' which utilizes normal speech rhythm, and has been adopted for use at King's. Eventually this psalter will contain all the psalms, and perhaps the Canticles as well.

For the next term it is hoped that the choir will prepare special choral evenings, which would be sung every other week on Wednesday through the term, and also an anthem for the choir.

Thursday night last week, Peggy Preston and Gail MacDonald represented King's College in an inter-university debate at Mount Saint Vincent University, taking the affirmative in the resolution that "Modern advertising is a disgrace to the industry". King's College won by a unanimous decision.

This week, at seven o'clock Monday night, a decisive basketball game was fought between the college team and the Dalhousie Varsity, determining whether or not King's play in the Varsity league this year. Otherwise life has been quiet, as the examinations loom on the horizon, with 'the bigness of a man's hand'.
Fine.

Thank You!

Since this is the last issue of the Gazette before Christmas, I should like to take this opportunity to thank all the students who have so kindly contributed articles during the pre-Christmas season. We have been most grateful to them, and have gladly used their time and talents to make the Gazette more interesting.

Writing for a paper is not the easiest thing in the world, as our writers will tell you, because it entails not only writing the article, but submitting it to public censure. Nevertheless, after the first plunge has been taken, the next article seems easier, and so on until sometimes most reckless essays are submitted for publication. And this is a good thing, because it stirs up public interest and makes the paper interesting.

Our writers have been most proficient, and we are grateful to them. We hope that their number will be increased after Christmas, when everyone will have more leisure, more thoughts and less fear of the critical Dalhousie public.

Features Editor.

Stanford University

STANFORD UNIVERSITY, California—The Institute of Journalistic Studies is now receiving applications for graduate scholarships in journalism for 1954-55 academic year. Two fellowships and a scholarship to be awarded carry stipends of \$1,200, \$1,400 and \$1,800.

Requests for additional information should be addressed to the Director, Institute for Journalistic Studies, Stanford University, Stanford, California. February 15 is the deadline for formal applications.

The awards, in memory of former students at Stanford, are the Charles Samuel Jackson, Jr. Fellowship, the Melville Jacoby Fellowship (awarded to a student preparing to work in the Orient), and the Stanley Stemmer Beaubaire Scholarship.

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