

## Nifcus Notes

### Russian-Canadian Exchange — Its Relationship to NFCUS

The Russian-Canadian Student exchange has been the subject of conversation and argument among Canadian University students for over a year now. As far as NFCUS is concerned the subject is now closed. But the facts have been greatly misinterpreted, exaggerated and spectacularized. The result is that the exchange has been blown up beyond all proportion to its importance. A clear statement of NFCUS policy and opinion is necessary to answer numerous inquiries and explain the situation to Canadian students. Before going on, however, let me emphatically reiterate that the exchange has now no relationship to NFCUS.

Until the NFCUS conference at Quebec in October no definite acceptance had been received from Russians. At the most propitious time during the conference a cable of acceptance was received. Immediately threats of secession were heard from two universities, Laval and Ottawa. Consequently, a motion was made that; that the Conference approves the principle of the reciprocal Canadian-Russian tour "in so far as it will not cause any constituent member of the Federation to reverse its relations with NFCUS." The motion was carried 11 to 8.

The significance of this motion was that the dissenting universities had been given the veto by a majority decision of Canadian universities. Let me emphasize that there was nothing undemocratic or authoritarian about the procedure. On the contrary, delegates at the Conference felt that when the tour and national unity were carefully weighed side by side, importance to Canadian students than the 3 week exchange tour.

One can conclude that the Soviet tour failed not because the Laval students imposed an irritating and undemocratic veto, with the speci-

fic purpose of upsetting the rest of the student bodies of Canada, nor did it fail because Mr. Duplessis indicated an aversion to red blooded youth, it failed because the majority of the universities sincerely felt that keeping Laval and Ottawa within the NFCUS was much more important than bringing a group of Russians for three weeks with the almost unsurmountable difficulties attached.

The NFCUS organization that has emerged out of the Quebec Conference, according to some people, is only a paper unity. That all the Canadian universities could not agree on this issue, on the other hand, paper unity is a prerequisite to any action! And as such it has been able to go on to numerous other and more important points of its national programme, such as, implementation of the Massey Commission recommendations, rail fare reductions, unemployment insurance exemption and book price reductions. Who can say that for an organization whose basic aims are to promote student welfare and national unity these activities are not the most important?

A national federation is not just desirable but necessary. We must be united and effective to make our voice heard. Such an objective can only be reached if the NFCUS executive with the help of the students works hard on national projects. This does not imply less on the international scene. In this way NFCUS can be a living and active force on Canadian camps expressing the highest aspirations and ideals of our university students.

NFCUS' neutral stand on the Russian exchange does not mean that she will interfere with any other suggestions on the matter. Let all the Student Councils give their most serious consideration to the question. Meanwhile, let us take advantage of our renewed national unity and work to make this Federation a success — a voice of the Canadian university students.

## About Face

Several days ago I visited the tower of the Arts Building. I had grown very anxious about the clock situation and was determined to get right to the roots of the matter. After a long and tedious climb I arrived at a door which was clearly marked in red letters, "No Admittance". I tapped rather timidly and a small voice at the other end piped out: "Come in!"

I entered nervously and found myself in the presence of a singular, male individual, approximately three feet tall. His shoulders and arms were strong and muscular. He had a bald head and slightly pointed ears. His gray eyes reflected a look of grim resolution and his mouth was turned down quite glumly at the corners. My recollections of his dress are somewhat vague. But his general appearance was certainly most peculiar. The little fellow solemnly asked me the cause of this interruption. I replied that I was a simple student who was late for class every morning; and I naturally blamed it on the clocks, which glared sullenly in silence.

He lowered his head and sighed, "Well, it can't be helped, 'stoo-dent'; it's their fault, not mine. You see, I happen to be the gentleman what's in charge of these clocks. I keep them wound, oiled and so forth. But they made me do it!"

"Who made you do what?" I inquired with vising interest.

He motioned me to a seat. I sat down on an orange crate with a linoleum cover. I was offered a glass of Napoleon brandy, which I gratefully accepted. After the first burst of enthusiasm I quietly relaxed as the old man unravelled his tale of misery.

"I'm on strike!" he said.

"On strike?" I broke in.

"Yes, 'stoo-dent', against the board," he went on. "It's like this. I need more money to live in the manner to which I have been accustomed." He began rolling a cigarette.

"Why," he said, "even the professors around here are getting paid more than I am! Now ever since the term started last fall I've been threatening to strike. I stopped the clock a few times just to show I wasn't fooling. The board wasn't convinced so I had to take the final step."

"You mean?" I whispered.

"Yes," he continued, "I smashed the gears." He lit the cigarette and blew smoke rings gently into my nostrils.

"You're probably wondering," he said, "just what happened to the hands." Pointing to the opposite wall he exclaimed: "There are the missing hands!"

I glanced up and saw what seemed to be a pair of crossed swords fastened to the wall.

"Just thought I'd make the place more attractive," he said. The old boy, his hands folded behind his back, walked slowly to the window. Maintaining silence for some moments, he stared out bleakly and down University Avenue. The darkness had begun to descend over the city and far off the lights of the hospital wavered unsteadily. The street lamps had come on and were quickly engulfed in a smoky haze. After a brief pause he drew back from the window and resumed the conversation.

"They've brought it up at every board meeting," he said; "but no one thinks I deserve a raise. Little do they realize what I have to put up with. Especially during examination correcting time when those horrible screams from the third floor rock the air. Believe me, my life isn't an easy one. They can't find anyone else to take my place; so I'll hold out a little longer. They're bound to give in sooner or later. Just you wait and see. The only trouble is, I'm running short of cash. It'd be nice to have another job, meanwhile. Do you suppose you could do anything to help, 'stoo-dent'?" He stared directly at me, his brows arched quizzically.

"I might get you into the canteen," I answered hopefully. With that remark I rose to leave. He opened the door and pushed me out. I waved good-bye and descended into the night.

C. L. A.

## Mournful Song

*My soul hath Bathed in sorrow,  
and slept in dream filled torment,  
and now has come a mystic hour  
where every hope is swept away  
and only stay Tears, Despair,  
Come to me Life, joyfilled Life—  
Or Death, to ease this pale state  
But Time and Life are changeless still—  
and nothing stirs.*

*Then long I for a Twilight Mist—  
With the wind rushing in the Pines  
The sea beating against the rocks  
"and every star in Heaven swept away",  
While roll on endlessly the melancholy rhythms  
of the sea—  
Rising, falling, crashing, in the darkness.*

B. G.

## The Old Critic Speaks Again

Books? Books? I never read books. As a matter of fact I never read at all, which is just as well considering the rubbish that is currently being printed in the Gazette. However, although I never read the rag, it has been brought to my attention by those that do that a highly slanderous article was recently published in said yellow press concerning a feature entitled "The Critic Speaks." I have not and never have had any connection with this article but I have always admired its author for his fearless stand and cultured comments on matters of musical and dramatic interest. He is obviously a man of fine taste and I decry the attempt of the Gazette to discredit him in the eyes of its readers. Such true artists as Len Bubbington are rare indeed and should be encouraged rather than attacked in a childish and obscene manner. I assure you that as long as such attacks continue I will stick to my policy of not reading the Gazette.

Sincerely yours,  
Ken Stubington.

## Grand Finale for Rushing: Classic Conclusion

Reprinted from Cornet Daily Sun

Dear Ma,  
Everything up here at college is going right good, except I can't never find anything to eat. The first day a got here, I went to this cafeteria, and took what they had there on the table, and I was near full up okay, but it took a cow barn full of dough to pay for it, near four bucks. But now I am eating at the fraternity, and I am getting enough to eat okay now, but they don't know it yet. What I mean' is, I have a way of getting into the kitchen at night no one knows about. They think they got burglars, but they don't know it is only me, and I am getting enough to eat for a while.

Let me tell you about this fraternity business. About two weeks ago, in the middle of the morning, near 8 o'clock, three guys knocked on the door and walked in the room. They were three of the littlest runts, like everyone up here, even the football team, except two or three, I broke a guy's leg in practice yesterday.

One of these three little runts reached out his hands to shake hand, and shook hands gentle, but even so I would like to snap his arm off, he was such a little fella. The other two didn't shake hands, and they all stood around sort of embarrassed like. Finally the guy whose hand I near broke said they was from the Salvation Army, and had just stopped by to see if I was getting along okay. I said I was getting along fine, and if they was from the Salvation Army they could take a big pile of newspaper some one had left in the room from over the summer I guess. I gave him the pile of papers, and he was like to near sink through the floor. He got even more embarrassed then, and said they didn't really need newspapers this week, and they'd be back later for 'em, and they'd be going now.

Then one of the guys found out I played football from a clipping on the desk, and then they said they weren't from the Salvation Army at all, but were from one of these fraternities. So they told me to come over for a meal, and I said the sooner the better since I was near to faint from hunger most all the time up here.

After that, guys came from the Willard Straight Hall, the Campus Patrol, the CUAA, the radio station, and two birds taking a survey for a newspaper. I tried to get someone to say they were from

the Salvation Army so I could get rid the newspapers, but no one did. They all said they were different things until they saw the newspaper clipping, and then they were from some sort of fraternity. After a while no one more came, so I went out and left the clipping stuck on the door with the date book under it. When I came back, there were three bids tacked on the door, and all the dates I had were crossed out, and other names put in. It was okay with me, since I thought I might go both places everytime and get two meals.

The first time I went to a fraternity I near broke a leg falling through a trap door in the living room. I landed in a black room near the coal bin somewhere, and at first I couldn't see a thing, but then I saw there were a whole lot of other guys there too. We got to talking after a while, but then some one came all out of breath, and said it was a terrible mistake, and took me upstairs again. I asked if the guys in the dark room were in the fraternity too, and they were a little embarrassed, and said not really, but that they were from the fraternity across the street.

Right away we sat down to dinner, and they started asking me questions right off. They asked did I like the house, and I said I couldn't tell yet, I'd have to wait till I saw the food. I just said what I thought, but they all thought it was funny. Then they started telling me how cheap everything was. How much fun you could have at the parties for much cheaper than the Stork Club, for instance, and I said, look Buddy, now let me tell you something. I'm not very broke, but of turkey were ten cents a pound, I couldn't bite the tail of a blue jay.

They thought that was funny, too, but when they brought on the food, it was just like I thought, there wasn't enough to feed Pa's calf at home. One time there was just one roll left on the plate. Somebody reached for it, but I was too quick for him. I had him by the arm, and on the floor under the table so quick he didn't know what happened. Just before I took the roll, though, I thought I had been acting sort of bad up to now, and I should be more polite. So I asked if anyone wanted the roll, but luckily no one did, so I took it.

Love,  
Si.

### THIRTY YEARS BACK

"We had to shut down for three minutes out of every ten, in case there was an SOS message from ships at sea. During these periods, we all used to go up on to the roof of Marconi House, that's where the studio was, and peer down on the streets of London. The transition from those days to the polished and highly scientific art of broadcasting of today was so slow we hardly noticed it. In fact, I think if I was carried back to that studio I've been talking about, I really wouldn't know how to put myself on the air."—(Stanton Jeffries, BBC announcer, speaking about the early days of broadcasting).

### LET'S PRETEND

"Don't go around imagining that you, and maybe the nicer members of your family, are 'perfectly natural unaffected people'. You are nothing of the kind. If you are able to impose that illusion upon the dupes you meet, it's only because you are such an exceptionally accomplished liar and hypocrite."—Tyron Guthrie, BBC.

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