

# The Dalhousie Gazette

CANADA'S OLDEST COLLEGE NEWSPAPER  
Published Weekly at Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia

Editor-in-Chief  
**FREDERICK A. C. LISTER**

News Editor	William McCurdy
Assistant News Editor	Matt Epstein
Feature Editor	Nancy B. Wickwire
Sports Editor	George Travis
Business Manager	Al Hutchings
CUP Editor	Helen Scammell
Cartoonist	Bob Dickie
Circulation Manager	Bob Dickie

### SPORTS DEPARTMENT

Assistant Sports Editor	Al Sinclair
Reporters	Dave Bryson, Frank Milne, "Diggory" Nichols
Girls' Sports	Elise Lane, Ann Rayworth, Marilyn Oyler

### NEWS DEPARTMENT

Reporters	Chris MacKichan, Peg Fraser, Joan Clark, Stu McKinnon, Janet Christie, Ann Robertson, Lucy Whitman, Edith MacDonald
Features	John McCurdy, Alan Marshall, Dennis Madden, Joy Cunningham, Dave Millar
Proof Readers	Ed Campbell
Photographers	Fred Cowan, Merrill Sarty
Typist	Barb Chepeswick

## The Age of Longing

Koestler has said that ours is an age of longing; that the generations of today are moral wanderers seeking absolute values for all things; seeking an absolute criterion for the morality of our actions. We wonder if an absolute will ever be found.

Theologians say there is an absolute morality in their respective teachings. Philosophers assert each the rightness of his school of thought. Nations claim there is a finality in the ways of society. Everyman claims he has found the way.

It is therefore little wonder that our is an age of longing. Old ideas have crumbled; recent theories have feet of clay; fantastic idealogies are rampant everywhere; established hierarchies are divided.

Morally the world is waiting for the sunrise.

But in the meantime ours is an age of longing; an age of longing for a way of life and morals that defies the distortions of irrational man.

Will we some day attain the age of absolutes or will the world we know die like a stranded whale on the beaches of indecision, waiting for a high tide of infinite and eternal criteria to sweep us back again to life in the ocean of absolute knowledge?

Only man knows the answer.

## What Judicial Integrity?

Very often when one talks to a Law student the question will arise on the degree of judicial integrity found in Canadian Law Courts. Judicial integrity implies, of course, that a man will not be convicted or imprisoned unless such is justified. However, some doubt can be cast upon the integrity of the Canadian legal system when one considers the following facts and figures.

The following table taken from "The Case for Probation," by Daniel Coughlan, an article which appeared in the September, 1953, issue of Canadian Welfare, points up the difference in treating criminals in England and Wales and in Canada:

England and Wales	Canada
Population: 41,657,000	14,000,000
Convictions: 688,650	1,215,376
Prison: 34,825	98,602
Probation: 33,929	3,631

Somehow the above figures cast serious doubts on the "rightness" of the Canadian legal system. It constitutes a good question for Dalhousie student lawyers to ponder over during their school years.

## The Great Plague

By JAMES F. COLEBROOK

When young Byron fell at Missolonghi, They opened and found he had an old man's brain, The cortex cracked and dry and distortedly convoluted; Then they put him in a barrel and sent him back to England.

Byron died of the Greek Disease, The platonic poison in the heatho-hellene hemlock. Of course, there are the other victims; The list is long.

It includes civilizations, Not the Christian Civilization, but the western one; (There is a difference, you know) The one of the thought-inventors and the eternal city And eternal death.

—Reprint from the McGill Daily.

## BIRKS

specialize in the manufacturing of all types of college insignia and in addition, carry a full line of DALHOUSIE crests and ceramic ware:

gold bullion crest (without circle)	\$7.25
gold bullion crest (with circle)	\$8.75
gold bullion crest (with coloured centre)	\$10.00
ceramic beverage mug	\$5.50
ceramic bud vase	\$5.00
ceramic cigarette box	\$3.50
ceramic ash trays	\$1.00 - \$2.00

**Henry Birks & Sons Limited**  
Halifax, N. S.

## Letters To The Editor

Dear Mr. Editor:

It is unfortunate that one of the prospective candidates for the presidency did not include as one of the planks in his platform, a new bridge for those esteemed scholars who live north of Coburg Road, in the vicinity of Chestnut and Preston Streets. If he had, I'm sure he would have augmented his following by at least half a dozen votes.

But, it is still not too late to rectify the situation . . . and save a few alluviated ankles and slush-splashed shins. The present abortion, having been most unceremoniously turned up-side-down by unthinking vandals, is at present lying, like Ophelia, at the bottom of the creek. We don't want a big, concrete, extravagant Duplessis bridge like the one that fell down at Three Rivers: they're much more subject to the graft-ridden schemes of gold-digging politicians, and consequently less likely to be completed.

No, dear VIPS, all we want is a humble Bailey bridge like the one at Hantsport, even if it is only a one-lane job, and it doesn't even have to have handrails or a bronze plaque at one end.

And if we had to, we probably wouldn't mind too terribly paying a little bit of a toll, if we had to, to keep the other constituents happy. In fact we'll give you salvage rights on all the gold you can find in the teeth of those poor unfortunates whose mangled bodies lie at the bottom of the creek. The fools, they thought they could jump the creek and land in one piece, without either impaling themselves on one of the old, vestigial planks that wlay the poor traveller, or if they were lucky enough to escape being impaled, the chances are that they slipped the odd disc as they landed on the mucky mud on the right bank.

So kind sirs, whoever you are, wouldn't you kindly use your influence to get us a new bridge, so we could tread our weary way to classes on time and in comparative safety, and with our trim limbs intact. We would appreciate it more than you'll ever know.

We'd even change its name from the bridge of Sighs and name it after you, instead.

Yours Most Solicitously,  
J. Hill et al.

Dear Editor:

The poem "Song," which appeared two weeks ago in the Gazette was not written by John McCurdy.

In its original form, it was written by Dylan Thomas.

—K. A. Lund.

The Spectator  
99 Gower Street  
London W.C.1

The Editor, "Gazette", c/o Dalhousie University, Halifax, N. S., Canada.

Dear Sir,

You will doubtless know the Spectator, now in its 126th year, as the first of the independent English weekly reviews. You might not know that for some years a regular feature of the paper has been its Undergraduate Page, which has contained articles written by undergraduates of the universities of the United Kingdom.

There is no reason why contributions for this page should come only from the universities of Great Britain. The Spectator has consequently extended its scheme to embrace all the universities and university colleges of the commonwealth, hoping, thereby, to give further encouragement to the considerable literary talent which is to be found among undergraduates.

In short, the scheme is: the Spectator offers to publish articles of sufficient merit contributed by undergraduates of any university or university college of the Commonwealth and to pay a fee of £8 8s. for any article published. Articles, which need not be typed, should be of about 1,200 words. They should be sent in envelopes marked "Undergraduate" to, the Editor of the Spectator, 99 Gower Street, London, W.C.1., England.

I am writing to you as I feel that this matter will be of considerable interest to many readers of your publication and I hope that you might, therefore, be able to mention it in your columns. We look forward to receiving contributions from undergraduates of your university.

Perhaps a cutting of a recent undergraduate article, which I enclose, will interest you.

Yours truly,  
D. J. Howell.

You might care to know that, if the Spectator cannot be bought locally it can be forwarded direct to undergraduates for £1 6s. a year instead of at the normal subscription rate of £1 15s.

## SCATTERED COMMENTS

by ALAN MARSHALL

Following the referendum on council fees, the Gazette has been publishing a series of letters, each one further off the subject than the one before it. Beginning with an editorial criticism of the Medical students for not supporting the raise in council fees; followed by a number of angry letters from medical students, one of whom said that it was the duty of the editor to present the current views of the campus, not merely those of the editor; the debate moved into the next round, when the editor replied that for a paper to present only what its readers want to hear would be nothing but subservience to ignorance. A paper should lead, not follow. A very interesting point. We say that the Medical student is arguing for a reader's paper, while the editor is arguing for an editor's paper. Just whose paper should it be, anyway?

It is a depressing thing to see a paper publish only what it thinks its readers want to hear. It is the triumph of mediocrity, the exaltation of the harmless, the sake, the uninformed, and the uninteresting. It is also infuriating to see an editor publish his own views, while denying others the satisfaction of having their view heard.

The idea of a press being solely the voice of its editor is infuriating to many, who lacking a press at their disposal, cannot obtain a hearing. But lets take a look at the other side. What is it that is so infuriating about a press that prints not what the editor wants, but what their readers want? Is it not that a paper, to please its readers, will print only what is safe, and uncontroversial? Is it not that a paper, by printing what is safe, will prevent dissenters' voices from being heard? In short, the complaint is that views which are contrary to what the mass of its (unthinking) readers think goes unheard. The editors' paper denies access to those who think differently from the editor; the reader's paper, to those who think differently from the reader. So, looking at the problem more carefully, it appears that the same complaint is being made against both interpretations of the role of the press. This suggests that a paper should make a considerable effort to see that all views are heard, whether of the reader, the editor, or anyone else. In short, the paper should be a thinker's paper, and it should not make any difference whether the thinker is the editor, the reader, or neither. I might say that I think that the Gazette has done a better job of presenting all views than have many of the city papers. And, if anyone wants to get something off his chest, why speak up!

The high costs of today make their way felt. They make so many small scale ventures unprofitable. So many things, to be done profitably, have to be done on a large scale. This takes the pleasure out of them. The casual little papers that succeeded where today they fail. Only recently the "New Republic" was narrowly saved from collapsing and, oddly enough, by the support of one of those large fortunes created by businessmen that it has so often attacked. The same thing applies to universities. These were often supported from their endowments, but in these days, the income from investments has decreased, and the costs have risen to the point where tuition fees are becoming high, and the threat to independence inherent in government support is coming ever nearer. Too much of our life is dominated by economic considerations. We don't seem to be able to get away from it. It adds a heavy-handedness to our living. I wonder if that is why so many people have a chip on their shoulder. Certainly, there was a time when people took life less seriously.

As an example of this, a recent paper told how a man and his wife went to visit friends of theirs. Finding them not at home, the two visitors hid in a closet, and waited for them to arrive, in the hope of scaring the daylights out of them, by saying BOO! at them. Unfortunately, the young boy of the house came home, and, hearing a noise in the closet, he reached for a pistol. When the hiding joker jumped out to say Boo, he was shot. The paper commented that in earlier days, a noise in the closet meant that a dog was there, or perhaps the grocery boy had taken the wrong door on his way out, and been shut up in it. These days, the first thought is of a burglar. Practical jokes seem to be more painful than they used to be. Is this to say that I regret the passing of the practical joke? No doubt they were pretty hard to take at the best of times, but it is not much better to be living in a time when people take everything so seriously that practical jokes are squashed by a weight of heavy handed seriousness. If people had become more considerate, there might be more to say

for it. I fear, that they have become more sour. The artificial joviality of the past is disappearing, but the modern seriousness of those who cannot laugh is not better.

\* \* \* \*

One final comment on the heavihanded seriousness of the present. A Parisian Frenchman told me that one of the depressing things about Canada is its seriousness. It is so difficult to make friends, he told me, whereas in France, every man is every other's friend, whether they ever met before or not. It is something different from the joviality of the American stereotype, too. As an example of this, the only way to do anything in Canada is to join a club, and the only way to get anything done in Canada is to join an organization. It is becoming difficult for anybody to get anything done on his own. Businesses, and even universities, need public relations officers. Movie stars can get nowhere without a press agent. Legislatures, particularly in the United States are flooded with lobbyists. The small craftsman is becoming scarce. Research is being done by ever increasing teams. The role of the individual inventor is becoming smaller. Practically nothing can be done without enormous organizational backing, and these organizations have interests of their own to defend. The accomplishments open to the isolated human being are becoming smaller. One reason for the enormous interest in job security is the extreme difficulty of getting along without attaching oneself to some big institution, be it a corporation, the press, a university, the government. The whole system reeks of seriousness, importance, eminence and status. No wonder we are such sourpusses. No wonder we can't stand criticism. And if you don't think that we have thinner skins than we used to have I can only point out that Al Capp announced that he was changing the pattern of Li'l Abner, because he ran into such trouble whenever he made fun of anything. That was why he married him off to Daisy Mae.

## George Munro Was Native of Nova Scotia

George Munro was a native of Pictou County, Nova Scotia, and taught for a time in the Free Church Academy before leaving for New York where he became the dime-novel king of North America. By publishing the best English literature, as it came out in paper bound books, he was able to earn a fortune which he shared with Dalhousie by donating \$350,000 within five years. He was a benefactor not only to those who went to Dalhousie but also the reading public of America. These inexpensive paper-bound books helped to broaden the minds of those who couldn't afford other publications.

One of the great misfortunes was that Munro never attended Dalhousie. It was due to the fact that he was the brother-in-law of John Forrest, at that time President of Dalhousie, that his interest were turned toward the University. Munro also had great respect for his native province of Nova Scotia and felt that by rescuing Dalhousie from its accumulated debt, the province would benefit.

Altogether this great philanthropist expended \$350,000 in benefactors to Dalhousie—he endowed the chairs of Physics, History, Political Economy, Constitutional and International Law, Philosophy, English Literature besides supplying tutorships in Mathematics and classic and supplying valuable bursaries for properly qualified students.

Munro was a pioneer in this respect—no such sum had been given to any Canadian college previously and it is noteworthy in that it went towards the improvement of the staff and the students and not to the erection of buildings. The munificence of George Munro saved Dalhousie from financial disaster and set her firmly on her feet. In "the College by the Sea" he will be held in everlasting remembrance as the first and greatest of Dalhousie's benefactors.

## Tender Announcements

At the last meeting of the retiring Students' Council Tuesday morning, tenders were reviewed and the following applications accepted:

Editor of the Dalhousie Gazette, George Travis; Editor of the Pharos, Janet Conrad and Bill McCurdy; Business Manager of the Pharos, application rejected; Editor of the Student Directory, application rejected; Manager of Publicity Committee, to come; Business Manager of the Dal Gazette, no application.

The word snob was invented by Thackeray, who applied it first to George IV. He is said to have taken the word from the abbreviation S. Nob. (sans noblesse), "without noble birth", which was entered after such a one's name on college lists of the time.

## NURSING As A Career

Dalhousie University provides a five-year course leading to the degree of Bachelor of Nursing Science. Graduates will find ready employment at a high level in the nursing profession. Three years from matriculation standing are spent in university, and two and one-half years in hospital. Students interested who are now pursuing Science Course should communicate with the Registrar's Office for further details.



**Player's Please**  
CANADA'S LEADING CIGARETTE